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SKETCHES

OF

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS,

WITH A GLANCE AT

POLAND, HUNGARY, & SWITZERLAND,

IN 1834, 1835, AND 1836.

85911 ac B.1161

BY

AN ENGLISHMAN RESIDENT IN GERMANY.

Die Länder wirst du sehen, die das wilde
Gespann des Kriegs zertrat;
Doch lächelnd grüst der Friede die Gefilde
Und streut die gold'ne Saat.—SCHILLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER & CO. AVE MARIA LANE.

1836.

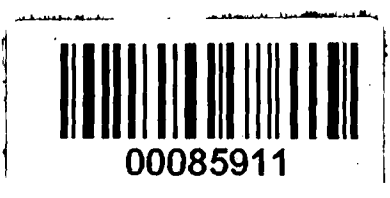
914·3
Ske/Ske
85911

ref: 914·38

ref: 914·391

ref: 914·94

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



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SKETCHES

OF

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS,

In 1835 & 1836.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cologne — Treves — Mayence — Frankfort — Germanic Confederation — Prusso-Germanic Commercial League.

ALTHOUGH description is exhausted upon the picturesque beauties of the banks of the Rhine, and the general tourist, finding that every observation has been anticipated, is inclined to hurry onward, yet the antiquarian will linger long in its mouldering cities and decaying towns; for he will there find many interesting remnants of the greatness of the imperial mistress of the world. Among these, Cologne (Colonia Agrippina) holds the first rank. Here Agrippina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, was born; here Vitellius was proclaimed emperor; here Agrippa, Tiberius, Drusus, and Germanicus occasionally resided; and it was here

that Christianity first dawned upon the inhabitants of Germany. In the middle ages, Cologne was the head of the Rhenish Hanseatic towns, numbered a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and maintained in her pay thirty thousand disciplined troops; and such was her wealth, that "as rich as a Cologne merchant" became a proverb in Germany; and were there no other monument existing, the beautiful, though unfinished cathedral, would alone tell an eloquent tale of her greatness.

Treves (Augusta Treverorum), on the Moselle, is another town in the neighbourhood of the Rhine,—rich in historical recollections, and certainly one of the oldest in Europe; though the inscription on the Rathhaus, announcing that it was built in the time of Abraham, probably carries its antiquity a little too high; but that the Romans discovered here an elegant city, inhabited by a people familiar with the arts of civilized life, is perfectly authenticated. It abounds with the remains of Roman splendour, and other striking monuments of decayed magnificence: but how changed are the destination of the public buildings! The fine Electoral palace has been converted into barracks; the sons of Thespis defile the convent of the Capuchins; and smokers, and beer-drinkers, have succeeded to burgomasters and senators in the Rath-haus.

Treves disputes with England the honour of giving birth to the Empress Helena; for one of its old legends informs us, that about the middle of the third century, Constantius, a Roman commander, of great military

fame, and nephew of the Emperor Claudius, happened to pass the night at the principal hotel of this city, on his way from Britain to Rome. His high blood, however, did not prevent him from becoming a captive to the maid of the inn—a young girl, of the most surpassing beauty. To wed her, was, of course, not among his calculations; and to become his mistress, was equally repugnant to the inclinations of the pure-minded Christian, for she had recently embraced this faith; and be it recorded, to the honour of the soldier, he forbore resorting to any harsher method than solicitation, even though his fair enslaver was a slave. Finding all his endeavours to seduce her ineffectual, he determined to try if absence would not change the current of his feelings; but the beauties of a court, and the bustle of a camp, availed nothing against the charms of the beauty of Treves, and he returned, hoping that time might have operated some change in her resolution. Vain were his expectations! he found her still inexorable, declaring that she preferred death to dishonour. At length, the high-minded warrior rewarded her virtues; for he elevated his gentle victor to his own rank, by making her his bride; and, as the Empress Helena, she has left behind her a name gemmed with every virtue that could adorn woman.

Among the numerous towns on the banks of the Rhine, there is none more delightfully situated than Mayence. Its position, in a commercial point of view, is most advantageous; for it is built at the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, but trade and fortifica-

tions seldom flourish in the neighbourhood of each other. It is very ancient; and, according to the city historians, was founded by Moguntius, a Trojan chief, who gave it his name; but this is all conjecture, if we credit Florus, who asserts, that it owes its origin to Drusus Germanicus, who built more than fifty strong places on the banks of the Rhine. The garrison, which, in time of war, requires twenty thousand men, is composed of equal numbers of Austrians and Prussians; hence, we may study the character of these two nations, without journeying to Vienna and Berlin; and if report speaks true, there does not exist much friendly feeling between them. At least, they associate very little together, either in public or private.

The traveller who proceeds from Mayence to Frankfort by the Maine, will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing Worms, a town linked with some of the most interesting historical reminiscences of Germany; and as it is only a few leagues distant from Mayence, the road passing through a most charming country, a few hours spared to the investigation of its antiquities will not prove the least agreeable he may have to record. Worms, with hundreds of other towns and castles in this part of Germany, remains a striking memento of the ferocity of the Gallic conquerors.

We shall now give a more detailed description of our route; and, first conducting our readers through the Black Forest, and part of Switzerland, we shall then descend the Danube to Hungary, and afterwards traverse the interesting alpine provinces of Austria to

the Adriatic. The seven leagues' tour between Mayence and Frankfort runs through that part of Nassau which produces the celebrated Hochheimer wine, remarkable for having given the name of hock to the whole of the Rhenish wines. Soon after passing the pretty town of Höchst, we enter the small territory of Frankfort, when the number of vehicles, many of them elegant, passing and re-passing, reminds an Englishman of the approach to one of his own commercial towns; but the delightful associations of home and independence are soon dissipated, on perceiving the legions of Austria and Prussia, who now usurp the place of Burgher guards.

I was detained at the gate of the city, at least half an hour, while my passport was examined by the Thorwächter, with as much caution as if I were about entering the dominions of the Autocrat of all the Russias. I remember, only a few years since, that a passport was quite unnecessary to gain admittance to the free town of Frankfort; but then she was, in some measure, free, at present, I cannot but think that her independence is on a par with that of the republic of Cracow!

The first objects that strike us, on entering Frankfort, are the fine bridge over the Maine, the noble range of houses on its banks, and the old Gothic cathedral, whose tower, like many others in Germany, remains a monument, either of the supineness, poverty, or parsimony of the inhabitants; for it has never been finished. In order to gain an entrance to this venerable edifice, I was obliged to wade through a labyrinth of dirty

little booths, occupied by fishmongers, butchers, and cheesemongers, whose united odours, on a warm day, made me feel very thankful when I found myself within its cool, refreshing aisles. The fine painting of the Assumption, by Rubens, the Dying Magdalene, by Brendel, and the monument of the unfortunate Gunther, of Schwarzbourg, are among the most remarkable ornaments of the interior. These ancient walls once echoed with the powerful voice of Saint Bernard, whose extraordinary eloquence in favour of the crusades not only enrolled thousands of the laity under the holy standard, but sovereigns deserted their thrones, princes and nobles their fair dames, and even priests their comfortable abbeys. The most ancient church is St. Leonard's, and the most popular St. Catherine's. The former contains some curious monuments, and the latter is adorned by a fine painting of "Jesus on the Mount of Olives," by Boss.

The Rath-haus, or, as the Burghers term it, the Römer, was most probably erected by Roman merchants, as an entrepôt for their merchandise: its antique appearance, at least, warrants such a supposition, and offers as little to interest a stranger as its dark and dismal interior. After passing through a labyrinth of corridors, we enter the ill-shaped hall where the Electors of Germany formerly assembled to choose their emperor. From thence we pass to the dining-room, where we can amuse ourselves by studying the countenances of all the emperors of Germany, from Conrad I. to the late emperor, Francis of Austria, in whose

feeble grasp was broken the sceptre of an empire which had endured for a thousand years.

Frankfort is a town which presents such contrarieties of aspect, that nothing is true which can be said of the whole; it is at once clean and dirty, splendid and mean, has broad streets and narrow alleys, with gaudy palaces and wretched hovels: the quarter inhabited by the Jews is pre-eminent for every thing that can offend the senses; this is not surprising, when we reflect, that this very contracted space was until lately all that was permitted them as a residence: as they multiplied, their houses rose in height; and it was not unfrequently the case, that one of these dwellings, or rather barracks, contained upwards of a hundred inhabitants; add to this, the extreme narrowness of the streets nearly excluded the cheering rays of the sun, and they were compelled, under a severe fine, to close every night the gates of their prison, which they were not at liberty to quit till morning. The tyrannical restrictions imposed upon this unhappy people by the Senate of Frankfort equalled the bondage of Pharaoh; they were subjected to a *leibzoll* (poll-tax), obliged to wear a yellow ring, to distinguish them from their Christian brethren, and strictly confined to the unhealthy atmosphere of their protracted range on Sundays and holidays, from all of which they were emancipated by the French during the late war, when they purchased equality of rights with their Christian gaolers for the sum of half a million of florins.

The most splendid buildings in Frankfort are the

hotels, which rank among the first in Germany for elegance, accommodation, and moderate charges. The Englische Hof, Weise Schwann, and Hotel de Russie, are princely establishments; the Speise-saal of the Weidenbusche is superior to any other I have seen on the continent, and when the numerous lustres are lighted in the evening, the effect is very brilliant; during the fair, from two to three hundred persons frequently dine in this room. The custom, so foreign to German usages, of the servants at the hotel demanding *trinkgeld*, has within the last few years very much increased at Frankfort; in this mendicant accomplishment they are, however, far eclipsed by their brethren on the Rhine, who there not only demand it with arrogance, but insist upon it as a right. This is not only an annoyance, but an imposition; for the servants, unlike those in the hotels in England, receive wages. The Germans complain bitterly, and blame the English for introducing the custom, who, they say, lavish their money with a prodigality which makes it disagreeable for the natives of any other nation to travel over the routes they usually take.

Among the club-houses and literary societies, the Casino is the most distinguished. It contains a good library, and not only the principal periodical publications of Germany, but several of England and France; the scissors, however, of the censor leave the contents of the home manufacture of a very insipid character:

> Affairs of state no more the people know,
> Than secret movements of a puppet show.

A stranger would be inclined to suppose, that one theatre would be insufficient for Frankfort, containing, as it does, a population of sixty thousand; yet although, when I visited it, Rossini's Barber of Seville was performed by a good company, the theatre was any thing but crowded: the illuminated clock over the stage is at once ornamental and convenient, but we cannot apply the latter epithet to the benches in the parterre, for being formed without backs, should the traveller be disposed to take a nap, he will probably be received into the lap of some fair lady. The indifference of many of the inhabitants to dramatic amusements was very plainly manifested some years ago, when the theatre was on fire, as the puritans were heard most vociferously crying, "Last das Teufelshaus brennen" (Let the Devil's house burn). This neglect towards the disciples of Thalia and Melpomene is amply atoned for by their attention to their suffering brethren, as few towns contain more benevolent institutions; that of the late Dr. Senkenberg is certainly the principal. This munificent philanthropist laid out his whole fortune, which was very considerable, in the endowment of an hospital, to which is attached a school for the study of anatomy, and a botanical garden.

Commercial cities, in general, are not the favourite abodes of the arts; yet Frankfort possesses a tolerable picture-gallery, which she owes to the magnificent legacy of one of her citizens, a banker, named Städel, who bequeathed a fortune of a million of florins towards its support, the interest to be laid out yearly in the

purchase of works of art, and the remainder appropriated to paying the current expenses. I cannot, however, compliment the directors on their selection, as it contains an abundant crop of mediocre paintings; but the modern frescoes, by Julius Schnorr, of Munich, are deservedly admired; and, assuredly, no traveller will pass through Frankfort without paying a visit to Dannecker's Ariadne. This beautiful work of art, for which the late banker Moritz von Bethman paid fifteen thousand florins, was completed in 1815; to me it was doubly interesting, as I had seen the original cast in the studio of the artist at Stutgard, and received the various details connected with it from the venerable sculptor himself. It is judiciously placed on a revolving pedestal, and being enveloped in a soft light, which streams through a rose-coloured curtain, a sort of breathing animation is diffused over the whole group. The ferocious expression of the leopard is admirably contrasted with the graceful figure and feminine features of the beautiful Ariadne, and taken altogether, it forms an imperishable monument to the immortality of the great artist. It is much to be regretted, that Dannecker has not been as fortunate in the material as in the execution, for the whole group is streaked and spotted with blue so provokingly, that they are indeed *plague spots* to the spectator.

One day, while inspecting the lions of Frankfort, I was accompanied by two French gentlemen, travellers like myself. On crossing the bridge, our attention was arrested by a mouldering cross, surmounted by a cock,

when one of my vivacious companions suddenly exclaimed, "Francia Orientalis!" and immediately wrote it down in his note-book; adding, with great energy, "Behold the Gallic cock, the arms of France!—what a convincing proof that Frankfort constitutes a rightful portion of the Gallic empire!" However, on our return to the hotel, we found, on demanding of our host, that an eagle was the arms of the town; and that the proud chanticleer had a very different reason for appearing on the bridge, as it seems he was placed there by the architect, in commemoration of his having outwitted his Satanic Majesty, to whose assistance he was indebted for building the bridge, and for which service he engaged to assign, as a recompense, the first living being that crossed it,—the wily tempter conjecturing that, on such an occasion, he should certainly catch one of the great ones of the town, a bishop, or perhaps even a cardinal. But the architect was too good a lawyer, even for the Evil One, and fulfilled the letter of his agreement by chasing over a cock!

I know not whether the French gentleman I have alluded to intends publishing his travels, but, if he does, the world will be edified by some very surprising discoveries; for instance, he read me the following extract from his note-book: "London, Regent's Park, the letters S. M. B.[1] for Sa, Majesté, Britannique, are painted on all the iron posts, to mark the boundaries of

[1] For the information of such of my readers as live at a distance from this delightful promenade, the letters in question signify nothing more than St. Mary-le-bonne, the name of the parish.

the king's domains in this quarter. How proud we ought to feel at this additional proof of the universal adoption of our most civilized language!"

That part of Frankfort on the left bank of the Maine, called Sachsenhausen, is inhabited by a race of people distinguished from the rest of their fellow-citizens, not only in manners, customs, and general appearance, but in their language, as they still speak the Platt-Deutsch of the Saxons, from whom they are descended. They resemble neither the drunken Irish of London, the dirty Lazzaroni of Naples, nor the Trasteverini of Rome, but are amongst the most industrious of her citizens. They keep all the little cockney gardens in order about the city; supply the market with fish, and their broad shoulders alone transport the bales of merchandise, and the effects of the traveller.

SAXENHAUSEN PEASANTS AT FRANKFORT.

One of the most interesting public monuments is that outside the Friedberger Portal, erected by the king of Prussia, to commemorate the brave Hessians, and their courageous commander, the Prince of Hessen-Philipsthal, who fell on this spot while defending Frankfort. A colossal mass of granite rocks are grouped together, on one of which is inscribed the names of the officers and soldiers, over which there is placed a lion's skin, with a sword, shield, and battering-ram, encircled with laurel, cast from the cannon taken from the French; the whole surrounded by weeping willows, that impart a pretty rural appearance to the landscape.

Frankfort, although a republic, was not exempt from invasion during the late war. The protectors of liberty and equality coveted her treasures, and, under the flimsy pretence of requiring money to conduct their operations against the despots of Europe, she was obliged to furnish two millions of francs; this was only the commencement of still more exorbitant exactions, for, in 1796, she was bombarded by Kleber, who, after having reduced a hundred and fifty houses to ashes, compelled the town to pay him six additional millions, for abstaining from a general pillage. In 1806, she again paid her millions, and finally lost even freedom itself. It, however, redounds to the honour of the citizens, that, when the greater part of Germany was infected with Gallo-mania, they displayed traits of the purest patriotism; the consequence of being accustomed to liberal institutions, based upon moderate principles. What a contrast to that of her neighbours at Mayence!

Long the victims of priestly despotism, any change to them was for the better; and, when the French arrived, under Custine, they opened their gates, and received them with joyous acclamations.

At the peace, Frankfort was again declared free; and, as a recompense for the losses she sustained, was made the capital of the Germanic Confederation, Bundes-Tag. The sittings of the Diet are held in the palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis. In a niche, at the top of the principal stair-case, we see an antique statue of a Roman Vestal, holding in her hand an artichoke, whose leaves amount to thirty-five—symbolical of Germany, and her thirty-five sovereigns, united in one! But what a shadow is this of a substance she possesses not, and which, if she did, would enable her to cope with the most powerful state in Europe. Without referring back to her more ancient history for examples to substantiate our argument, we find her, during the late war, though the bravery of her sons is indisputable, trampled upon by a foreign conqueror. But neither superior courage nor military talent in the enemy were necessary to accomplish this: Germany was already distracted by factions,—torn by disunion, jealousy pervaded the whole of her sovereigns, from the mighty monarch of Austria to the petty margrave that ruled over a few hundred subjects; the French revolution had done its work in demoralizing the great mass of the people, who were eagerly pursuing the ignis fatuus of liberty and equality: in short, there was no nationality of feeling, no unity of purpose. The Bavarians hated the Saxons, the Aus-

trians the Prussians, and Prussia was detested by all; unfortunately for the future welfare of the country, this animosity still exists.

Napoleon treated the empire as he would her symbol, the artichoke, first tore asunder the different members, and then, after draining them of their best blood and treasure, destroyed the very core. In order to achieve this master-stroke of policy, he bound together the denationalized confederation of the Rhine, divided the territory of his opponents among his minions, whom he exalted to the rank of independent sovereigns! directed their movements like men upon a chess-board, and marched at the head of his confederates to the spoil of the great malcontents, Austria and Prussia. Thus German swords became crimsoned with the blood of Germans, and the thousand year sceptre was succeeded by the iron sceptre of the Corsican. At length, all that was noble and patriotic in the nation awoke in horror to a sense of their degradation, for they found that they were merely stepping-stones to accelerate the march of their conqueror towards universal dominion. It was then that the tocsin of fatherland, liberty, and independence, resounded from the Adriatic to the Baltic: it was then that the heart-stirring songs of Körner and Göthe roused the spirit of the people: it was then that a band of voluntary patriots moved forward to conquer or die, and the flag of victory waved over the triumphant heroes on the field of Leipsick.

But, say the Germans, how have we been rewarded for the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure? By

promises which have been broken, and by the Germanic confederation!—a clumsy constitution, plausible in theory, but defective in action. The votes, it is true, they say, are fairly distributed according to the population of the different states, but these being composed of a heterogeneous assembly of petty princes, the majority sovereigns over merely a handful of subjects, it appears to have been framed solely for the purpose of enabling Austria and Prussia to rule all Germany! which they most effectually do, in virtue of the insignificant portion of their territories actually within the empire; to which they add the whole weight of their overwhelming political and military influence; thus, in fact, merging in their own interest, that of twenty millions of pure Germans, whose sovereigns have become mere puppets of the two great leading powers. Even the kings of Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and Würtemberg, who reign over a population of twelve millions, cannot decide on the important question of peace or war, without first obtaining the sanction of the Diet. Again, freedom of the press, a representative constitution, or any other liberal measure, they dare not concede without the sanction of the same august assembly; and we know that the courts of Vienna and Berlin are too anxious for the public tranquillity to allow it to be disturbed by the introduction of such agitating institutions. Nor is this the only evil attendant on such a system; the interests of Austria and Prussia are for the most part foreign to Germany: nevertheless should a war break out, the

whole Germanic confederation may be compelled to take up arms in defence of a soil not one foot of which belongs to a German; and if they refuse their quota, a hundred thousand Austrian and Prussian bayonets can supply the place of recruiting officers and tax-gatherers!

Such is the despotic sway exercised over the most intellectual portion of the inhabitants of Germany. They have been gradually deprived of all their popular institutions, until, at the present day, they have not even the shadow of independence; and they now watch for political appearances, not in their own individual capitals, not even at Frankfort, but at Vienna and Berlin. Is it not then humiliating to an enlightened people, and must they not feel degraded on contemplating their common country subjected to the domination of powers they can neither respect nor esteem, and whom they regard as foreigners?—for, with the exception of a few millions of Germans, the vast population of the Austrian empire are composed of Hungarians, Italians, and various tribes of Sclavonians, whose armies, in all the wars that desolated Germany, marked their progress by the most atrocious barbarities. On the other hand, the Prussian government, though decidedly more intellectual and liberal, yet, being linked by the dearest ties of kindred and interest with Russia, no sympathy exists between her and the German people; add to which, the majority of her subjects, though termed Germans, are in reality Sclavonians.

Prussia, in the true spirit of her ambitious ally,

determined to acquire the entire ascendancy over Germany. In order to accomplish this gigantic project, she formed her very clever commercial league, most adroitly taking advantage of the moment when the revolutionary ferment succeeded that of Paris, and shook so many of the thrones of Germany. Supported by Russia, she wrought upon the fears of timid Austria, gained over some of the minor princes by bribes, and others by intimidation. Under the guise of magnanimity and disinterestedness, she lulled the fears of the patriots: her numerous agents and paid press teemed with praises of her truly German patriotism, in sacrificing her own private interest, nay, even revenue, for the prosperity of their common fatherland! Thus we find a power, that little more than half a century ago numbered only three millions, now the despotic ruler over thirteen millions! and, self-elected, assuming the dictatorship of Germany! absolutely exceeding in the rapidity of her march to political power the Colossus of the North!

Every traveller who has visited Germany before and after the establishment of the Prusso-Germanic Commercial League, must admit that the measure itself has been one of incalculable advantage to the country, in so far as it has at once swept away a multitude of petty custom-houses, with their intolerable vexations, and thereby afforded an uninterrupted transit for merchandise over a tract of country extending from Memel on the Baltic to the German Ocean, and from thence to France, Switzerland, and Austria, with a population

of twenty-six millions; the exact boundaries of the League are defined by the red line on the map.

The patriotic party hail the measure with unalloyed satisfaction, as the first step towards uniting the whole of the Germanic people; and thus realizing their grand project of consolidating the empire under one chief. This is the favourite theme, not alone of poets and philosophers, but the majority of the people: for this thousands have been incarcerated—for this thousands have been expatriated. On the other hand, the adverse party, consisting of a portion of the aristocracy and the employées about the minor courts, denounce the new system with great bitterness, lament the degradation of their sovereigns, who, they assert, are now merely satraps, depending upon the court of Berlin, or rather St. Petersburg, for their very existence; adding, that in the event of a war, Prussia, the great custom-house officer, can withhold from them a considerable portion of their revenue. May we not, therefore, infer, that the first general war will either sever every link in the chain, or bend the whole of Germany beneath the sway of one ambitious chief.

I am inclined to think the latter event the most probable, for the popular wish of consolidating the empire extends to all classes; even the very peasants, formerly so celebrated for their attachment to their native princes, are now actuated by the same desire for a united monarchy; and all are ashamed of the subjugation of their country to Russian influence. The dislike of the German people to the

present state of things, originates in various causes. Many of the minor princes exhibit in their style of living both ostentation and extravagance, hence taxation presses heavily upon the people; their dissolute habits and manners have also tended to alienate the affections of their subjects; for many of these petty sovereigns, even though the fathers of families, do not scruple to reside openly with their mistresses, consequently provoking the contempt of the reflecting and right-minded; for the Germans, taken in the mass, are a moral, thinking people; witness the burst of indignation manifested in 1830, against the Elector of Hesse Cassel; and it is notorious that the Duke of Brunswick lost his throne entirely through his misconduct: and, if report speaks true, a certain sovereign prince, not many degrees removed from our own succession, has even added murder to his licentiousness. There are, however, among the minor princes many honourable exceptions; and of these the Duke of Baden is distinguished for his public virtues and private worth.

Prior to the July revolution, the King of Bavaria was so popular that he was unanimously selected by the patriotic party as the only native prince worthy the high dignity of emperor. It is even rumoured that overtures were actually made him to this effect: for the accuracy of this statement I cannot pretend to vouch; it is, however, very widely circulated, and generally believed. At present the King of Prussia is the most influential; but then he is very unpopular, in consequence of his alliance with Russia, and the

active assistance he afforded his son-in-law in crushing Polish independence; for the deep feeling of animosity entertained by the Germans against the Russian government is not exceeded even in Poland itself.

That Prussia is most industriously endeavouring to increase her influence, and arrive at supreme power, is no secret in Germany; for we find her propagandists in every part of the empire. Whether we reside at Dresden, Munich, Stutgard, Carlsruhe, or in any other of the capitals of the minor states, we meet with her intellectual, intelligent emissaries,—as editors of newspapers, members of literary societies, &c; and these are well paid; for however parsimonious Prussia may be in other respects, she is generous to the talent that serves her; hence her political functionaries are generally clever, and not inferior in tact and adroitness even to the employées of Russia. How different from those to whom the political and commercial interests of England are confided! We appear so engrossed by domestic squabbles as to be unable to attend to our foreign relations, and, perhaps, no country is worse represented on foreign stations than England: during my travels I found several of our consuls, though estimable men, yet totally disqualified for the appointment; evidently deficient in talent and political information; and in one instance, the guardian of our commerce had actually sunk into dotage, while his deputy was vulgar and ignorant.

Notwithstanding the indefatigable activity of the Prussian government to arrive at supreme power in

Germany, yet I should be inclined to think, when we take into consideration the sentiments of the majority of the people, that she will find it a difficult enterprise to accomplish: she must in the first place modify her military despotism, shake off the influence of Russia, mitigate the severity of the censorship; and above all, grant a constitution to Germany: for however desirous the Germans may be to behold their country under one ruler, they have no wish to become the puppets of a government whose military despotism pervades every social institution, even to teaching her subjects to read and write by word of command. Nor is this all, for allied as Prussia is with the interests of Russia, and absolutism, her elevation to such great political power might be dangerous to the liberties of Europe. Let England remember this, let the forethought and wisdom of her councils anticipate the contingency!

In making these statements, I am actuated by no hostile feeling towards the Prussian government; on the contrary, I admire many of her social institutions, and her religious tolerance cannot be too highly eulogized. But during my long sojourn in the country, I heard these opinions repeatedly expressed by some of the most enlightened men of Germany; men who desire nothing but the prosperity of their fatherland, and a constitution in consonance with the spirit of the age, which would guarantee not the wild theories of democratic equality, but rational controlled liberty,—a constitution which should compel prince as well as peasant to bow to the decisions of the law; for at

present it is computed that there are two hundred princes in the empire, whose rank and privileges place them above every legal tribunal, and who enjoy perfect immunity from punishment, so long as they do not sin against the decrees of the *Bundes-Tag*. I must, however, in justice add, that the princes of Germany rarely, very rarely, overstep the bounds of moderation in the exercise of the unrestrained power they possess.

But to return to the Prusso-Germanic commercial league. The reluctance of the minor states to give in their adhesion was plainly manifested by their tardiness, at which we cannot feel surprised, when we remember that they were required to surrender the administration of a great portion of their revenues to the hands of a foreigner, and also the less manufacturing districts must have known that the equalization of duties effectually put an end to those which then protected them against their more active and skilful German rivals; thus, for instance, at this moment the clever, energetic Saxon outstrips all his competitors: that he should triumph over the slow and heavy Swabian we are not astonished, but even the mercurial and certainly quick-witted Prussian has been obliged to yield.

France, Switzerland, and England, are the manufacturing rivals of Germany. With respect to the woollens, cottons, and silks of France, their superiority is not so decided over those of Germany as to compensate for the advanced prices, the consequence of dearer provisions and labour; for though in the last mentioned article, the excellence of the French is incontestible,

yet good silk is expensive even at Lyons, and the German will purchase nothing except it is cheap. The embroideries, bijouterie, and fancy articles, with which France supplies Germany, are consumed only by the wealthy, and these we know constitute a very small class in Germany: hence it is doubtful whether the league will have any material effect upon the industry of France.

However, it is not so with Switzerland, and this Prussia well knew; she was perfectly aware that the German states, to ensure their continuance in the league, must be protected against an inundation of the wares of a rival, who can fabricate better and cheaper articles than themselves. The calicoes and muslins of Switzerland are inferior to none but our own; her silks are equally good, while in consequence of the low rate of labour, and the quickness and cleverness of the people, the Germans would be unable to cope with them; therefore, I am inclined to think the non-admission of Switzerland to the honour of a participation in the *blessings* of the league, was founded upon reasons more commercial than political; for though Prussia is by no means anxious for extended intercourse between her *well-disciplined* subjects and the sturdy democrats of Helvetia, yet be it remembered, she took under her protection the Canton of Neufchatel, a measure certainly more calculated to encourage communication with Switzerland, than the mere exchange of commodities. The pretence put forth by Prussia to the world, namely, that the Swiss will receive no return, is too flimsy to be entertained for a

moment. What, the Swiss take no return! Where then, do they procure corn? Do they grow it on their rocky mountains, or snowy Alps, or in their narrow valleys that are annually flooded by the melted snows? No; they import it from Germany.

But England,—manufacturing England,—it has been chiefly against her interests that the blow has been levelled: and here, the first thing that strikes us is the substitution of a duty upon the weight of the articles imported, instead of an ad valorem one,—a cleverer plan for taxing the poor man, and protecting the rich, was never devised. In an ad valorem duty, the poor man, who pays two shillings per yard, and the rich, who pays forty, are taxed in an equal ratio; but by the Prussian duty on the weight, the poor man is obliged to pay for his coarse, and consequently heavy article, a much greater amount of duty than the rich man for the fine, and therefore light, fabrication. Prussia had, however, very good reasons for this proceeding: she knew that the wealthy of Germany, with the exception of the nobles of Austria (and she is not included in the league), constitute a most inconsiderable part of the population, and that their consumption is extremely limited. It is the people, the great mass of the people, that consume manufactures; and this is the class, who, if they could procure them, would take our calicoes, printed cottons, velveteens, fustians, woollens, and hardware; hence Prussia took care so to frame her duties, that they should compel the German people to consume the home manufactures.

Much has been said by Prussian pamphleteers upon the liberality of framing a tariff upon the principle of non-exclusion; but let any of my readers look over the extravagant scale of duties, and they will find them in many instances amounting to a prohibition, particularly on cotton goods and coarse woollens. These pamphleteers also dwell with much complacency upon the admission of cotton yarn at a duty of six shillings per cwt.; but this has been conceded for the best of all reasons, that the Germans can neither do without it, nor spin it,—the raw cotton they import, amounting to about one-fourth of the weight of the yarn, being merely used for stuffing counterpanes, &c., which serve as substitutes for woollen articles. The Prusso commercial league has had at least the effect of elevating one species of Berlin manufacture to a high degree of prosperity, that of pamphlets! for every town of Germany has been furnished with a most abundant supply; and those among my readers who may have perused these clever productions will perhaps find their judgments in some degree enlisted in favour of the beneficial results to English interests which the league is adapted to produce, and the almost paternal solicitude manifested by the considerate monarch of Prussia for our prosperity, and the advantages we must derive at having an uninterrupted transit for our manufactures over such an extensive tract of country, provided we can once get them across the frontier! But the real truth is, that the whole efforts of Prussia, ever since her alliance with Russia, have been directed against

our commercial prosperity. How far this will increase her own, remains to be seen; for England is, if I may be allowed the phrase, the heart of commercial industry, whose arteries and veins branch off in every direction; and any attempt to check their circulation through the surrounding nations must divert the tide to other countries, and consequently poverty and ruin will be the portion of those who thus suicidally roll back the life-giving tide from themselves.

For the present, cupidity has availed itself of the channel afforded by illicit traffic, which has increased, and continues increasing, to an extent only paralleled by that carried on under the prohibitory edicts of Napoleon; and we cannot feel surprised to hear, that societies are established, avowedly for the purpose of transmitting every species of foreign manufacture at so much per cent., maintaining in their pay regular bands of smugglers, between whom and the revenue officers the most sanguinary conflicts frequently take place, thereby not only injuring the honest trader, but demoralising the people.

How much is it to be regretted, that the civilized rulers of Europe continue so blinded to their real interests, as thus to interpose impediments to trade; for assuming that at the commencement of a more liberal system their manufacturing subjects might be outstripped in the race by some of their more active and quick-witted neighbours, yet most countries are able to produce a return, in some shape or other, which would ultimately lead to the prosperity of all; for

commerce not only encourages industry, but disseminates intelligence, and unites nations in a closer bond of fellowship.

It is, however, certain, that the Prusso-Germanic commercial league will not injure the manufacturing interests of Great Britain to the extent intended by her adversaries; for even granting that illicit traffic is put down by the strong arm of the law, and Prussia perseveres in the prohibitory system, yet other causes will intervene; new countries will gradually open new channels for commerce, and English capital will minister to their prosperity; the isolating system of Prussia will tend to destroy emulation, and the manufacturers of Germany, in the absence of competition, or any other stimulus to exertion, will sink into the lap of indolence. Hence, after the lapse of a few years, when circumstances shall compel Prussia to adopt a more liberal system, she will find her subjects poor, and, at the same time, a century behind their more liberal neighbours, not only in the improved state of manufactures, but in general intelligence. For commercial competition tends not only to further national prosperity, but the diffusion of knowledge; of which England is at this moment a practical illustration; for the liberal, the intellectual, and the industrious, ever have, and ever will perform the principal character on the great stage of the world; and, if the withering isolating system pursued on the continent were adopted by the rulers of Great Britain, notwithstanding her great wealth and manufacturing superiority, she would rapidly sink into insignificance.

CHAPTER XV.

Darmstadt—Heidelberg—Students—Manheim—Absenteeism—Schwetzingen—Carlsruhe—Baden—Hints to Anglers—Bergstrasse—Freiburg Badenweiler.

A STUDENT in a library, a child in a toy-shop, and a traveller at Frankfort, are pretty much in the same situation—that is, surrounded by agreeable objects, yet not knowing of which to make the first selection. For instance, there are the mountains of the Taunus, with their romantic valleys and mineral baths; the picturesque banks of the Rhine, the Maine and the Fulda; with these I hope my readers are, in some degree, familiar: but the banks of the Neckar, the vast forests of the Spessart and Odenwald, still remain untrodden ground. I therefore determined to proceed to the beautiful valley of the Neckar.

Upon leaving Frankfort, we traverse part of the extensive plain, which, commencing in the territories of the electorate of Hessel-Cassel, terminates at the Swiss mountains near Basle. It is divided among the sovereigns of Hesse-Cassel, Darmstadt, Baden, Bavaria, and France; and every where beautifully intersected by the Maine, the Rhine, and the Neckar.

The drive to Darmstadt, over sandy fields, possesses little to interest; the tolls were extremely heavy, as is the case throughout the whole of the country in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. The peasantry also looked squalid and miserable, and it seemed as if all the wealth concentrated in the capital, which was as gay as broad streets, white houses, and a most spacious Exercierplatz, could make it; including a couple of very smart, well-conducted hotels, the Traube and the Darmstädterhof. Like every other residence town, Darmstadt possesses a Schlossgarten and a theatre; the former, as usual, a delightful appendage to the town, but the latter somewhat shorn of its glory; the present duke not exhibiting so violent a predilection for the science of sweet sounds as his predecessor, who carried it so far as to cause all the church bells to be changed into most musical chimes. No traveller should quit Darmstadt without seeing the gallery; many of the pictures are first rate: of these Raphael's Saint John in the Wilderness, Titian's Venus and Magdalen, Domenichino's Saint Peter, Carlo Dolce's Dorothea, Lucas Cranach's Madonna, Correggio's Shepherd's Boy, Rembrandt's Christ Breaking the Bread, Le Brun's Magdalen, and a fine Landscape by Claude Lorraine, are the most valuable: the whole collection amounts to upwards of six hundred.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country from hence to Heidelberg; we pass along the Berg-strasse, (via Montana,) which takes its name from winding at the base of a chain of hills, the road itself being one of the most level imaginable. The mountains of the

Odenwald, occasionally crowned by some mouldering ruin, and covered with orchards, vineyards, forests, and fertile fields, rich in every species of agricultural production, are spread out for the amusement of the traveller; and few scenes will live in his recollection more vividly than the valley of the Neckar.

Heidelberg takes its name from the quantity of Heidelbeeren (bilberries) that grow on the surrounding hills, and is chronicled in the annals of renown principally for the past glory of its palace, vast Wine-ton, and university. The remains of the first, now the most imposing and majestic ruin in Europe, is eloquent of the power and splendour that once reigned here; as the ton is of its former hospitality and festivity: the genius of blight seems to have breathed over all that lingers of the importance of Heidelberg, for she has not even spared the university. The students, a few years since, manifested a spirit of turbulent resistance to the constituted authorities, not academical, but political, and the leading powers of Germany, determined that their youths should not be inoculated with such dangerous doctrines as were there promulgated, peremptorily commanded them to stay at home; and as the prosperity of the town principally depended upon the students, it has suffered accordingly.

The academicians of Heidelberg resemble those of most other German universities; the same affected eccentricities, the same want of good breeding, and attachment to beer-drinking and smoking: with hair curling down their back and shoulders à la Raphael,

shirt collars à l'Enfant, coats that resemble themselves alone, to which we may add monstrous jack boots loaded with spurs, and pipes frequently a yard long; they may be seen parading the streets and promenades, their arms most lovingly entwined around each other's waist, or neck, just as we see in England muslin-frocked misses in their teens; for to be dressed, to act, and look different from every other person, is the boasted academical freedom of a German student.

HEIDELBERG STUDENTS.

Like the other universities in Germany, Heidelberg has also its duels!—but, fortunately for themselves and their friends, these are seldom more fatal than the battles of children; as the combatants are dressed and muffled in such a manner that no part is left exposed to a mortal wound: their weapons also contribute to their safety, as they invariably use the sabre, whose capacious guard effectually secures the hand from injury,

while the head is protected by a broad-brimmed hat, strengthened with strong wire, and at least a couple of dozen of handkerchiefs are twisted around the neck: the body is also covered with a thick leather belt, the legs with stuffed leather gaiters, and the right arm incased with thick wrappers, so that no part is left exposed except the face, the left arm being constantly held behind the back; therefore, unless the sword enters the ribs or under the arm-pit, a most unlikely occurrence, there is not the probability of a serious wound; the blows are generally directed against the face, which accounts for the number of scars we see on the countenances of the Germans. The seconds wear similar hats and belts, but are only armed with blunt rapiers; they measure the ground, and give the word of command to commence: the slightest scratch, or twelve rounds, terminates the contest. The seconds are usually chosen from among the best swordsmen in the university; and, to do them justice, fair play is invariably enforced; they keep close to their friends, and parry the blows with their rapiers as often as they have an opportunity. These farcical exhibitions are not, however, always resorted to for revenging an insult, for the duel sometimes ends tragically, when the pistol is the weapon; and though not of very frequent occurrence, yet they are much more so than could be wished.

From the proximity of the hills, Heidelberg is long, narrow, and irregular; most of the streets would, in London, be termed lanes, and we cannot say much in

praise of the pavement. The churches, with the exception of a few monuments, contain nothing particularly interesting. The cathedral exhibits a most pleasing spectacle of Christian unanimity; for during divine service, both Protestants and Catholics are seen in separate parts of it, offering up their prayers to their common Creator at the same time.

The Schloss garden, part of which is appropriated to botanical purposes, is a very agreeable promenade to such as are not asthmatic. The terrace commands a noble prospect, composed of the town and bridge, and the valley of the Neckar, till it widens into the plain, which, vast, beautiful, and teeming with fertility, terminates only at the Rhine and the Vosges mountains. But to those who desire a more extended prospect, and who have breath and feet to surmount a very steep ascent, I would recommend the Kaiser Stuhl, or, what is even preferable, to cross the Neckar to Schiess-heim, and climb to the ruin of Strahlenburg. About a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palace-garden is the Wolfs-brunnen, where, in a deep shady valley, or rather glen, the visitors may enjoy, at a tolerable Gast-haus, excellent mountain trout, and feed their imaginations with the legends of by-gone days; for this glen, with its deep pond, was the theatre of the exploits of the famous enchantress, the beautiful Jutta.

Few towns offer more temptations than Heidelberg, for a brief sojourn; the hotels, particularly the Prince Karl, and the Badischehof, are good and reasonable,

and the neighbourhood abounds with short excursions, which cannot fail to interest. The valley of the Neckar itself will long live in the recollection of the traveller. The river, bright as the mountain stream, winds its way towards the Rhine, through a gorge of rocks, so narrow as only to leave sufficient space for the road on each side, and a few suburban villas; we also see reared against the precipitous sides of the rocky walls, villas, gardens and vineyards, for foliage and vegetation clothe their craggy points, from the water's edge to the summit. Neckargemünd and Neckar-Steinach, two mountain villages, with several picturesque ruins, are situated where this romantic gorge is closed in. Another very pleasant excursion is that to Weinheim, a pretty town on the Berge-Strasse, in the environs of Heidelberg, and which may be termed the gate to the Odenwald: from hence we can pass on through the most romantic scenery, to the castle of the Count of Erbach, which contains the finest collection of ancient armour in this part of Germany. The traveller should then continue his route to Aschaffenburg, through the Spessart forest, only a few leagues distant from Frankfort. This fine forest (Silva Spissa), extending over a mountainous district of thirty-two German square miles, is all that remains, except the Black Forest, of the immense Saltus Hercynius, which formerly covered two-thirds of Germany. It has long since lost its bears, elks, and urochses; but the banditti, who haunted its gloomy recesses, continued till a few years since.

The road from Heidelberg to Manheim is carried

along the banks of the Neckar; and if we have left behind the beautiful and the picturesque, every inch of ground now teems with fertility, till we approach Manheim, when the soil becomes marshy. From that circumstance, and the town being considerably lower than the Rhine and the Neckar, which here unite their waters, we should deem it the head-quarters of nervous fevers and agues, for we see gigantic embankments, as in Holland, to control the waters. Nevertheless it frequently happens, in the spring, when the rivers swell from the melting of the snow in the mountains, that the town is inundated.

The first appearance of Manheim is sure to win our favourable opinion, as we have not yet made the discovery that, in seeing one of its clean, wide, regular streets, we have seen the whole town, for it is built most mathematically regular. The fine spacious Parade-platz, planted with acacias, and the Planken, a very wide street running through the centre of the town, also planted with trees, are favourite promenades, and would ornament a much better town.

The Schloss-garden is another very popular promenade; for in addition to being prettily laid out with shady walks, it possesses a fine terrace, washed by the noble Rhine, which rolls majestically beneath our feet; but should the traveller prolong his walk till the shades of evening, the legions of mosquitoes will give him ample reason to remember Manheim. His recollections may, however, assume a brighter colour, if he visits its neat theatre, rich in scenic decorations, and

hallowed for having been the spot where Schiller's "Robbers" first sprung into fame.

Although battered by conquerors, and left with broken walls and windows to tell the tale of its misfortunes, yet enough remains of the palace to show that even in its better days it was an ugly, tasteless building. The few apartments still preserved from decay are inhabited by the dowager duchess Stephanie of Baden, the adopted daughter of the late Napoleon and Josephine, who is said to be very amiable, and maintains, in some degree, the parade of a court; which is, I presume, the principal attraction to the English who reside there, as they enjoy its amusements without expense and ostentation.

I was informed by the banker, M. Reinhardt, that not less than thirty English families had passed the preceding winter in this town. On further enquiry I found that three-fourths of them were really Irish, and several beneficed clergymen! What a pity their patriotism did not whisper to them the serious injury they were inflicting on their country, in thus spending their incomes in a foreign land. They cannot be influenced by motives of economy; for the necessaries, aye, even the luxuries of life, are quite as cheap in Ireland as here; and all manufactured articles are considerably dearer at Manheim. It may easily be supposed, that so large a body of residents, for the most part keeping their carriages, contribute no inconsiderable part of the quota to the general prosperity of a town that numbers only seventeen thousand inhabitants; and surely the Grand Duke

must be much indebted to the English for so materially increasing his revenue, as we find them not only here, but in Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Baden, in short in all the principal towns throughout the duchy.

During the few years that have elapsed since I first visited Manheim, I found the town very much improved, the shops multiplied, and an air of prosperous content generally diffused,—the whole referrible to English gold. Must we not, then, regard absenteeism as an evil of great magnitude to the well-being of our country, when we reflect on the thousands of wealthy English families that are at this moment residing on the continent; and is it not high time that their compatriots at home, burdened with taxation and poor-rates, should make a forcible appeal to the legislature, to compel at least those whose incomes are furnished from the public purse, to spend them in the country from whence they are derived? Nothing places this in a stronger point of view than the fact, that a law is established to this effect in every other country in Europe, not excepting liberal France! for if a Frenchman resides in a foreign country, without the express permission of government, his pension is forfeited altogether during his absence.

It cannot be denied that a tour on the continent during the summer months possesses great attractions, particularly in Germany, where the beauties of nature may be enjoyed alternately with those of art in her fine old cities, to which the intellectual converse of her well-educated children will impart an increased charm;

but no Englishman that values health will long reside there, for it certainly is not a climate in which a protracted sojourn is favourable to the English constitution, owing probably to the want of the bracing sea-breezes which blow over the whole of our island. My long familiarity with the country, and my intercourse with thousands of English residents, justify me in making the assertion. Dyspepsia, with its long train of stomach complaints, is generally caused by a long residence; and the nerven-fieber (nervous fever) prevails to an extent unknown in England. The mortality occasioned by the malady is frightful. Although it is possible that adults may escape both these diseases, yet there are two others prevalent, which are nearly certain to attack every child,—the goître, and worms. The former is peculiar to the mountainous districts, and comes on gradually and insidiously, so that it has commonly made considerable progress before it is observed; and I have known some families, who found, to their astonishment and mortification, that the necks of their children were very much enlarged. The latter is so universal, that the Germans regard it with the same indifference that we do a cut finger; and yet I have seen English children, pale, emaciated, and apparently sinking rapidly to their graves, before the cause of their illness was discovered; for, if not extirpated, these vermin breed with a rapidity perfectly incredible: and I have known more than one instance in which consumption and death ensued, when the parents were ignorant of the disorder.

I would also impress upon such of my countrymen as may be determined, in opposition to my friendly hints, to take up a lengthened abode in Germany, to beware, for the sake of obtaining cheap houses, of residing at the baths during the winter; these are generally situated in deep valleys, almost closed in by mountains, damp, and without a free circulation of air; how, then, can they be healthy? The Germans are quite as partial to good apartments for the price of bad ones, as the English; but, on the first appearance of the autumnal rains, they invariably fly from these establishments, as if the cholera had made its appearance.

On leaving Manheim for Carlsruhe, we pass through Schwetzingen, where, in the centre of a dead plain, without a single object to relieve the tedium to the eye, save the distant hills at Heidelberg, Carl Theodore, Palatine of the Rhine, expended three millions of florins, in laying out an hundred and eighty acres of ground, composed of sand and marsh, in ornamental gardening! My readers will not be surprised when I tell them, that it has been a complete failure. There are, to be sure, myriads of sandstone statues, stagnant ponds, laughing naiades, with straight and crooked walks, temples, ruins, &c. There is even a mosque, the only thing, by the bye, worth seeing in the garden, as it is an exact copy in form and dimensions of that at Mecca. A few leagues further, and we enter the Bergstrasse, whose picturesque hills continue our beau-

tiful companions to within a league of Carsruhe, passing through the towns of Bruchsal and Durlach, formerly the capitals of sovereign princes whose families are now extinct: the former town has a pretty palace and a mineral bath in its vicinity, and the latter is united with Carlsruhe by an avenue of poplars a league in length, so perfectly straight, that an archer might wing an arrow, and hit a mark from one gate to the other.

The pretty town of Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, owes its origin to the whimsical circumstance of a nap, that the Margrave Charles took in the forest of the Hartwald. Being overcome with the fatigues of the chase, and separated from his companions, he sat down under a tree, and Lethe having distilled some of her poppies into his eyes, he sunk into a sweet forgetfulness of all the cares of royalty. Whether a fairy or a vision appeared during sleep, or whether he found a slumber under a tree peculiarly delightful, is not recorded; but certain it is, that, on awaking, he determined to commemorate the event by building a town, to be called Carlsruhe (Charles's repose.) Should the traveller doubt my tale, he may convince himself that this important nap really did take place, by the inscription on the pyramid in the market-place, which is placed over the very spot: and as the said Margrave Carl is buried here, it performs at the same time the office of monument. Whether his successors are afraid of his resurrection, or are apprehensive that their loving subjects will steal his bones, he is never deserted for a moment the live

long day or night, as a sentinel is constantly employed in watching the door of the pyramid!

The ducal palace is a neat, pretty building, and contains, among other curiosities, a fine collection of paintings: the most valuable are those of the French school. The pleasure grounds and park attached are very extensive, and well kept, but not sufficiently denuded of the forest wood; hence they have a gloomy appearance. I was much pleased with the prospect presented from the summit of the tower called the Bleithurm. The palace appears to form the point of a fan, from which diverge thirty-two radii or avenues: eleven of these form the streets of the town, and the remainder branch off in different directions through the forest.

The streets of Carlsruhe are broad, well paved, and clean, looking as if a scavenger might travel over them in vain for employment: but, with all due reverence for German customs, I must ever think that the office of keeping them clean should be delegated to other hands; for, though it may be considered that no persons are more accomplished in the use of the broom than maid servants, yet to see them engaged three times a week in cleansing the streets, appears to an Englishman a most unfeminine employment. The practice, however, is not peculiar to this town, and I have seen it in so many others, that I am inclined to think it universal in Germany. Still, with all its advantages, (and Carlsruhe has undoubtedly many,) the want of a river to receive the sewers of the town is the cause of

the most disagreeable odours in summer, and will, I think, eventually seriously affect the health of the inhabitants. The two lazy gutters on each side of the streets reminded me of Berlin, which it also resembles in being situated on a dead plain.

The principal hotels are both elegant and comfortable. I put up at the Zähringerhof, in the grand market square. The appointments of the rooms were very superior to what might be expected in so small a town as Carlsruhe: the curtains and counterpane were silk, the candlesticks silver, and the balcony in front was ornamented with orange trees in full bearing; and, what was still more important, the charges were moderate, the attendance prompt, and the more solid comforts of the hotel corresponded with the display of grandeur.

The principal Protestant church, near my hotel, together with that in the ducal palace, and St. Stephen's, the catholic church, are not deficient in architectural beauty. The theatre is well conducted, and some of the actors first-rate, including Haizinger, Madame Fischer, &c. The insignificant appearance of the exterior, which might be mistaken for a barn, does not correspond with the elegance of the interior, which, in point of ornamental splendour and excellent arrangements, ranks among the first establishments of the kind in Germany. The orchestra is remarkably good. On inquiring the name of a fine-looking building near the Mühlberger-thor, I was informed that it was an hospital, and, to my great surprise, that its founder was

Mr. Stultz, of London, of coat-fitting celebrity, and who is a native of this town, the philanthropic tailor thus carrying his *penchant* for cutting even beyond the grave!

The duke and his family principally reside at Carlsruhe, except a few weeks at Baden, during the bathing season, where they have a most unpretending but neat little château. I was sorry to find, that his popularity has declined among the constitutional party, owing to the circumstance of having conformed to the decrees of the Bundes-Tag; but his amiable qualities in private life are universally acknowledged, as also those of his duchess, a descendant of the heroic king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.

Although the capital, Carlsruhe, is situated in the centre of the very extensive plain of the Rhine, yet the general aspect of the Grand Duchy of Baden is more mountainous than level. The Black Forest comprises one-third, to which we may add a part of the Odenwald. The Germans, with more aptness than elegance, compare its form to a blutwurst (black-pudding), and the disproportionate length, to its breadth, gives some appearance of truth to the similitude. The climate, with the exception of the mountain districts, is mild and salubrious, and the soil fertile; the extensive forests are sources of great profit to the inhabitants, and the numerous rivers that intersect it, not only spread fertility, and add to its picturesque beauty, but several being navigable, encourage commerce. Among these we may number the noblest river in Europe, the

Danube, which here has its source, and the Rhine winding through the greatest part of the duchy, forms here a curve, and there an island; yet the latter, however calculated to excite admiration, still, like a beautiful serpent, is a treacherous enemy, for the country is frequently inundated for miles, and whole villages have been swept away by the waters. When we consider the thousands of acres on the banks of this river, annually exposed to inundation, and which might by judicious embankments at no very great expense be converted into fertile fields, we can hardly wonder at the insignificant population of the duchy, being only a million to a territory of two hundred and seventy two German square miles. We must however feel surprised at the supineness of the government and the inhabitants; even Carlsruhe, the capital, the seat of government and the nobility, with a population upwards of twenty thousand, has not been able to furnish wealth and enterprise sufficient to cut a long desired canal to the Rhine, though the distance is under three English miles, and the ground perfectly level.

The long and prosperous reign of Carl Frederic, usually termed the Nestor of Germany, materially advanced the prosperity of the country, by encouraging industry, and diffusing a spirit of religious tolerance among his people. Previous to his sway the majority of the inhabitants were sunk in the lowest bigotry. In order to effect their reformation, he employed neither extermination, exile, nor compulsory conversion, but simply persuasion, and the example of his

own piety and virtue, which alone sufficed; for the singular spectacle was presented of whole parishes, with the clergy at their head, simultaneously embracing the more liberal tenets of the reformed church; and those who still adhere to the ancient faith are entirely exempt from any feelings of enmity towards their Protestant brethren, for we frequently find Protestants and Catholics assembled under the same sacred roof, imploring the blessings and protection of their common Creator. This excellent sovereign, the friend and benefactor of his country, died in 1811, lamented not only by his own subjects, but by the whole of Germany; and his name reflects additional lustre on the house of Zähringer, one of the most illustrious and ancient in the empire, which has continued since the tenth century to wield the sceptre of this beautiful duchy, not inappropriately named "Das Edën Deutschlands."

I shall now continue my route through the Eden of Germany, to what the natives are pleased to term its most favoured spot, their far-famed mineral bath, Baden. The country exhibited no features that could lead me to imagine I was journeying through Paradise, being a dead flat, with a soil sandy and unproductive, until I arrived at Rastadt, a pretty town on the Murg, with a very imposing château on an eminence, which, together with the river, and the rafts buffeted about by the violence of the current, lent their aid in imparting a picturesque appearance to the landscape. Here I left the high road, and wound my way through the Hartwalde, to a pretty pavilion belonging to the Duke of

Baden, called the Favorite. It was built by Sybilla Augusta, the last princess of the house of Lauenberg, and the last Margravine of Rastadt, who was considered one of the finest women of the age, and, fearful I suppose that posterity should be ignorant of the circumstance, bequeathed them forty portraits of herself, which the traveller may study at his leisure, if he is disposed to enter her pretty château. Whether from excess of piety, or to atone for some unknown crime, historians have not condescended to tell us; they simply say, that during the latter part of her life she lived like a repentant Magdalene, her couch being bare boards, her covering hair sheets, and her food, prepared by herself, of the plainest description, and her only guests the statues of Jesus, Maria, and the Apostles! to each of whom was assigned a portion of the viands; but as the perfume was quite sufficient to satisfy their celestial appetites, it was distributed among the poor.

On leaving the Favorite, we almost immediately enter the beautiful valley in which Baden is situated: every winding of the road through the hills that tower above presents a new and more beautiful picture; we have vineyards, orchards, and meadows, with fine wooded heights, crowned by picturesque ruins, together with an occasional glimpse of the town, partly situated on a high acclivity, and partly scattered along the banks of a sparkling rivulet. As we approach Baden, the valley becomes more contracted, and at the convent of Lichtenthal it makes a sudden turn to the right, where the hills assuming a higher elevation, prevent a free current

of air, and render it damp and unwholesome, except during a few months in summer; and although the surrounding scenery is entitled to the highest commendation, we cannot extend our praise to the town, which is irregular, and ill-built, except a few new erections, and these do not advance any high pretensions to good taste.

Baden is one of the oldest towns in Germany; there are records of its existence dated 197. Its mineral waters attracted the attention of the Romans at a very early period, who called it Civitas Aurelia Aquensis. The ruin that we see perched on the summit of a high rock, is said to have been built by them, and afterwards became the residence of the Margraves of Baden, who in later days condescended to come down somewhat lower, and built the huge shapeless castle on an eminence over the town, now principally interesting for having beneath it the horrible dungeons of the Vehm-gerichte, being formerly one of the seats of this secret tribunal of the princes of Germany, in which noble and powerful victims, for political and religious offences, were first tortured and then executed.

The mineral waters are principally used for bathing, and calculated to relieve rheumatic complaints, contractions of the limbs, diseases of the skin, &c. There are altogether thirteen warm springs: the hottest, called the Hölle, rises to fifty-four degrees of Reaumur, and is only used for scalding hogs and poultry. They are considered of great efficacy in some diseases when properly applied; but I cannot too often reiterate my caution of

the danger of using the mineral waters of Germany without having previously consulted a physician. The English visitors at Baden have at least the advantage of the advice of a countryman, Doctor Abbey, who is established there.

Several well-appointed, well-conducted hotels supply the visitors with every accommodation; the principal are the Zahringerhof (Court of Zahringer), the Hirsch (the Stag,) the Lachs (Salmon), and the Badische-hof (Court of Baden), once a convent of Capuchins: the price of the dinners at the table d'hôte is a florin without wine, beds the same, and breakfast thirty-six kreutzers (a shilling); the speise-saal of some is large enough to dine from a hundred and fifty to two hundred persons, and the style of the dinners leaves nothing to complain of. They have all baths attached, for which they charge twelve kreutzers (four-pence) each time of bathing.

The Cursaal, situated in its own grounds, is the greatest ornament of the town. The terrace in front, when animated by the gay groups sipping coffee *al fresco*, enlivened by a band of music, is a very pleasing scene. Here is also the restaurant of the much celebrated Monsieur Chabert, where the visitor may have the pleasure of paying Paris prices for a German dinner; and if he is disposed to lose his money, he has the choice of rouge et noir, or roulette. The society of Baden is not, by any means, so aristocratically select as that of Carlsbad, Pyrmont, or Ems; but those with whom economy is a consideration, will find that it deserves the preference. The walks and rides in the

vicinity are diversified and pleasant; affording more resources to the visitor than the amusements of the town. Among these, the tour through the Murgthal, which commences at Gernsbach, about a league distant, is exceedingly picturesque. Near this town, we have the very pretty castle of Eberstein, belonging to the Duke: it is situated on the top of a steep mountain, covered with a wood of fir trees. The view from the gothic tower is very extensive. To the west, a fine champaign country unfolds itself, bounded here by the Rhine, like a silver girdle, and there by the distant summits of the Vosges. To the north and east, the mountains of the Hercynian forest rise up in a succession of terraces, with their pretty villages and churches peeping between the trees, while, at our feet, a rapid torrent rushes onwards to the Rhine.

Another favourite excursion is that to the mountain of Yberg, with its wild ruins; interesting to the admirers of the picturesque, for the fine prospect it discloses of the surrounding country, and to the lovers of the marvellous, for the wonderful legends connected with it; being formerly the prison to which evil spirits, of every description, were banished by the authority of the priests! Here were black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey; and woe to the audacious traveller who ventured near their prison; for they vented their impatience under confinement by pelting, with stones, all who came within their reach! The Mummelsee, in the vicinity, was also haunted, but by gentler spirits; this lake having swallowed up a

convent of nuns. Amphitrite mercifully changed them into water-nymphs, and they are, to this day, seen waltzing on the glassy surface of their aquatic prison!

The whole of the mountain streams in the vicinity of Baden abound, in a greater or less degree, with trout; and, as the majority of my compatriots are partial to angling, perhaps it would be as well to warn them against pursuing this amusement without the consent of the proprietors; otherwise, it may lead to serious consequences. In some cases, the rivers are the joint property of the whole commune. This happened to be the case a year or two ago, when Major H——, a British officer, who had obtained permission from one of the principal inhabitants, strayed into the woods, and commenced operations. Being a first-rate angler, he was very successful, to the great amazement of the wondering peasants; who, never having before seen anything like fly-fishing, German superstition, or, rather, love for the marvellous, was immediately awakened, and they concluded, that if the Engländer were to continue his visits, he would certainly, by his enchantments, charm away the whole of the fish from their rivers. This terrible apprehension was soon circulated from village to village: the deluded peasants broke in pieces the pretty painted magic wand, and forcibly put to flight the magician himself, vowing, with imprecations, if he repeated the visit, they would send him to sleep with the fishes.

After passing the small town of Offenbourg, in the vicinity of the bath, we enter what is, indeed, the Cam-

pagna d'oro of the duchy of Baden. The road is carried along the base of a chain of hills, which form the outposts of the Hercynian, or Black Forest. These are covered with every species of foliage, from the creeping vine to the majestic oak, and diversified with picturesque ruins, pinnacled on beetling crags, crumbling convents, and castellated châteaux. On the other side, we have a continuation of the same extensive plain, which we have before alluded to, at Frankfort; but here more contracted, and occasionally rising into an eminence, with a distinct view of the Vosges mountains, the Rhine, and the beautiful spire of Strasburg's cathedral, which continue our companions to Basle, in Switzerland. The towns and villages are populous, and the soil extremely fertile; producing not only every species of grain, but hops, tobacco, flax, and hemp, to which we may add wine and oil. The former is a red wine (the Margräver), held in high repute; and the latter is extracted from the Mohnköpfen (poppy heads), and used very generally in Germany as a substitute for olive oil. The walnuts, appropriated to the same purpose, yield half their own weight in oil, whose flavour is considered equal to that of the finest Lucca oil; under which name, I was assured, it is often exported. This very fruitful tree, which we see flourishing along the high road, and in the orchards of the peasants, is one of great utility to the German: his furniture is made from it, the leaves dye a good black and brown, and he feeds his cattle with the shells of the nuts that have supplied his oil. The beautiful plain

itself is classic land to the warrior, and ought to be fruitful; for it has been saturated, from time immemorial, with the blood of Europe's bravest sons. Here the Romans and Allemagnians disputed the ground, inch by inch; here Turenne met with his death wound; and here the armies of Napoleon, by their repeated victories, annihilated German independence.

Freiburg on the Treisam, the capital of the Breisgau, the most important town on the road, is situated at the foot of a chain of mountains, intersected by several romantic valleys, which lead, right and left, into the heart of the Black Forest. The university is of considerable importance, and, together with the garrison, adds much to the animation of the town; but the greatest attraction to the traveller is the superb gothic cathedral, whose beautiful architecture is much superior to that of Strasburg, and possesses the distinction, over every other cathedral in Germany, of being finished. A very fine picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Holbein, adorns the high altar, and the painted glass windows are very well executed. The town, which contains twelve thousand inhabitants, was built in the eleventh century by Berthold, duke of Zähringer; and after being, for centuries, under the rule of Austria, has again reverted to the descendants of the illustrious founder, whose ancestral castle, Zähringer, now forms one of the most picturesque ruins in the vicinity.

Among the numerous excursions that the romantic environs of Freiburg offer to the traveller, the most interesting is the Höllenthal (infernal valley), famous

for being the scene of Moreau's famous retreat in 1796. We are conducted through the charming valley of the Treisam to this most stupendous defile, which surpasses in gloom and horror even that of the more celebrated Cluse, between Solothurn and Basle. It is formed by a gigantic wall of rocks, so narrow as barely to leave room for the road and the roaring rivulet that rushes through it. The rocks in some places are so lofty, and approach so near, as totally to exclude the rays of the sun; and yet, through this dangerous gorge, a quarter of a league in length, where it would appear a handful of peasants were sufficient to annihilate an army, did Moreau conduct his troops in the most perfect order, and crossed the Rhine triumphantly at Hüningen, an exploit quite equal to that performed by Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks.

On my return to Freiburg, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Rotteck, the able and accomplished historian of the "Weltgeschichte," who is placed, by the united suffrages of his countrymen, at the head of German contemporary literature; but being more liberal in his opinions than agrees with the spirit of the Bundes-Tag, he is not cheered either with the patronage or the honours of the governments of Germany. It is impossible to remain in his society ten minutes without being sensible of the depth and brilliance of his intellect; his expressive countenance beamed with redoubled ardour when we discussed his favourite topic, politics; he seemed much interested in every thing connected with England. Rotteck is a true patriotic

German, without the slightest taint of Gallo-mania, a morbid feeling very prevalent among the liberals of Germany; still I could not admire his adoption of so many French words, in lieu of his own more rich and expressive Teutonic: this practice continues to be very fashionable among the higher ranks, although it is evident to the ear of every foreigner, that the soft nasal sounds of the French can never harmonize with the harsh guttural German. When a more liberal policy was pursued in Baden, I had the pleasure of hearing him frequently display his splendid oratorical powers in the Chamber of Representatives at Carlsruhe.

The inhabitants of Freiburg have also their mineral bath at Badenweiler, about six leagues distant. It is situated near Mühlheim, on the high road to Basle, in a most romantic country, near to which rises the Hochblauen, a mountain three thousand feet above the level of the sea, whose summit commands a most extensive prospect, comprising a great part of Alsace, with the distant snowy Alps that encircle the town of Berne and the plain of the Rhine. Badenweiler is not less remarkable for the excellence of its wines, than the efficacy of its waters, and appears from its ruins to have been a place of considerable importance during the time of the Romans, for so late as the year 1784 there were discovered some of the most interesting remains of Roman baths in Germany; they are still in good preservation, and consist of warm, cold, and vapour baths, with a vestibule and dressing-room attached, so

that the visitor may possibly have the pleasure of bathing in the very bath once occupied by the great Julius Cæsar himself. An altar, with an inscription, informs us that they were consecrated to Diana Abnobia.

The inhabitants of this beautiful and very fertile district, the Breisgau, some of the wealthiest in the grand duchy of Baden, are principally engaged in agricultural pursuits; they are generally well made, with fair complexions, and more regular features than we usually see in this part of Germany. The peasants still retain their ancient picturesque costume, and when seen on a fête day, we might deem them groups of figurantes attired for a ballet.

COSTUMES OF THE BREISGAU.

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure for Schaffhausen—Donaueschingen—Source of the Danube—Cataract of the Rhine—Lake of Constance—Lindau—Bregenz—Visit to Switzerland—Zurich—St. Gall—Bath of Pfeffers—Return to Lindau—Kempten—Memmingen—Ulm—Danube.

I RESOLVED, after seeing Freiburg and Badenweiler, to visit the cataract of the Rhine at Schaffhausen; but, instead of the usual, and somewhat shorter road through Ober-Lenzkirch, I took that through Donaueschingen, and which I would recommend to all travellers, who admire a romantic country; but the chief interest of this route is the castle of Prince Fürstenberg, in the court-yard of which there is a spring, said to be the true source of the Danube.

This time, I had for my compagnon de voyage a native of cannie Cumberland, and, although somewhat eccentric in his deportment, I nevertheless found him extremely amusing: he was also bound for Switzerland, not in search of the picturesque, but the fishes, which he intended to seek in her lakes and rivers; he was a perfect disciple of Izaac Walton, his dress was eccentric, independently of rows of artificial flies, of

every shade and size, stuck in the band of his broad-brimmed hat: and his fishing rod and landing net, which he never for a moment put out of his hand, except at meal times, were objects of general speculation, wherever he appeared; and notwithstanding he was unable to converse in any language but his own mother tongue, yet he had gone over the greatest part of Europe in pursuit of his favourite pastime,—"But," said he, "that circumstance never prevents me from travelling; for I have always found signs to answer my purpose quite as well as words; my usual plan is, to take a piece of chalk, pencil, or pen, and sketch the article I require. In some countries, where I found myself imposed upon, I adopted another plan, and pretended to be deaf and dumb; which was always sure to create a sympathy for my misfortunes, that saved me from being cheated."

On arriving at Donaueschingen, a pretty, neat town, containing about two thousand inhabitants, we found great difficulty in procuring apartments, owing to the fair, and the great influx of tourists and students, many of whom had travelled several hundred miles, for the purpose of acting the Colossus to Europe's noblest river.

Having also paid my devoirs to the source of the mighty stream, I proceeded to visit the château of Prince Fürstenberg. I was agreeably entertained by the noble proprietor, who was so courteous as to become himself my conductor, when he explained the paintings and improvements in the park, in the Eng-

lish language, with a very trifling foreign accent. During my progress through the pleasure grounds, I perceived a group of lovely children at play, accompanied by a lady, and, as they were conversing in English, I was induced to inquire of my companion if they were really compatriots. And, in truth, I was not a little astonished, when he informed me the tiny group were his own children, and agreeably surprised to find the lady was Miss ——, the daughter of an old acquaintance, a captain in the royal navy. Surely the prince must have a high opinion of England, for he has not only confided the tender minds of his dearest treasures to English guidance, (and to none could they have been more safely trusted, than to the accomplished lady in question,) but his château abounds with English comforts, and his grounds are laid out à l'Anglaise.

After leaving Donauschingen, the country became wildly romantic: the huts of the peasants, thinly scattered through the lonely valleys, or hanging on the brow of the steep hills, alone told that it was inhabited by man; for I was now in the centre of the Black Forest, and the few inhabitants I encountered were some of the least prepossessing of mountaineers, with irregular features and sallow complexions. The fair sex, when turned thirty, are perfect witches in appearance, and even the youthful damsels any thing but beautiful; still, their good-nature and friendly salutations made me forget they were not handsome. It is said they are the true descendants of the ancient Alle-

magnians. If Helen had been like them, what a terrible conflagration would have been spared!

Although the name of Black Forest sounds so fearfully, that it might be supposed the asylum of murderers and robbers, and notwithstanding the French opera, "la Forêt Noire," commences with the adjuration "N'allez pas dans la Forêt noire," yet aggravated crime is nearly unknown. The inhabitants are very industrious, and chiefly support themselves by trading in wood, which, formed into large rafts, is floated down its numerous streams to the Rhine. The conversion of it into charcoal is another method by which they make it subservient to their profit. Clock and watch-making also employs thousands; the principal part of those culinary monitors, so necessary to our cooks, called in England Dutch clocks, are fabricated here; indeed, all the articles sold in our country under that appellation are made in Germany, Dutch being nothing more than a corruption of "Deutsch" (German).

The country assumed a more cheerful appearance as I approached Schaffhausen. Beech, oak, and vineyards, succeeded the gloomy pine, and expansive fertile valleys, dark and barren dells.

The old town of Schaffhausen offers but little to interest a stranger, except its situation on the banks of the Rhine, and the beauty of its environs; for its fine bridge, a chef-d'œuvre of its kind, which attracted many a visitor, was long since destroyed by Oudinot. The buildings are old-fashioned, the streets ill-paved, with kennels running through them; and the inhabit-

ants are so rigidly Calvinistical, that, as it was Sunday, and the hour of divine service when I arrived, I was obliged to remain outside its gates until service was over; for not even a pedestrian is permitted to move in the streets. Fortunately I obtained admittance before the threatening storm broke with violence over the town; and, as I sat in my hotel, I was not a little amused by counting at least a dozen very pretty cascades, issuing from the mouths of most voracious-looking flying dragons, and then, in true German fashion, discharging their contents into the middle of the street, or over the unhappy stranger who may happen to be passing.

When the weather cleared, I bent my steps towards the cataract of the Rhine at Lauffen, about a league distant. I shall not attempt to give a description of what is so very generally known; suffice it to say, that I was fortunate in seeing it at the greatest height, seventy-five feet; as owing to the melting of the snow in the mountains, the lake and river were unusually swollen. At low water it is not more than twenty feet; but fifty is the general average. However, it is not the height of the fall, but the immense body of water broken into spray in the most picturesque manner over the rocks, that constitutes the great beauty of the cataract. It cannot bear the slightest comparison with that at Terni, which tumbles from a height of eight hundred feet, and forms three splendid and connected falls; neither with that at Staubach, in the valley of Lauterbrunn, which descends at a single leap

nine hundred and thirty feet. The Fall, however, is seen to the best advantage at Neuhausen; but, in order to view the magnificent rainbow formed by the spray, the spectator must be on the spot before nine o'clock in the morning.

A few hours' ride on the banks of the Rhine took me to the great reservoir of the river, the Lake of Constance, called by the Romans the lacus Brigantinus and lacus Rheni, and by the Germans Bodensee, from an old Schloss on the banks, called "Schlosse Bodman." This is one of the largest lakes in Europe, being nine German miles in length, and from two to three in breadth; the general depth is about eight hundred and forty-nine feet, but in some parts it measures as much as two thousand. It is a magnificent sheet of water, and I should be inclined to dispute the assertion of M. Voltaire, who says, in speaking of the lake of Geneva. "Mon lac est le premier lac du monde." The Lake of Constance has certainly nothing in its vicinity equal to Mont-blanc; but its banks are crowded with castles, smiling towns and villages, in the midst of blooming orchards and vineyards. The Swiss side is exceedingly picturesque; and the romantic situation of the town of Bregenz, at the further extremity of the lake, can scarcely be too much admired. Here the Tyrolian mountains already commence, erecting their stupendous crests to the skies, the wild river Bregenz is seen tumbling headlong into the lake; and, besides all this, we can in a few hours, without leaving the banks of the lake, drive through part of the em-

pire of Austria, the kingdoms of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the dukedom of Baden, and terminate our little airing in the republic of Switzerland.

Notwithstanding the triste appearance of the town of Constance, with grass growing in its dreary streets, it is still called the capital of the lake. History tells us that it once contained thirty thousand inhabitants, and was wealthy, commercial, and flourishing: at present it hardly numbers three thousand. Shall we term this a just retribution for the horrors here perpetrated, — the committal of the martyrs, Huss and Jerome, to the flames, and the persecution of the Protestants? or, did the council of the Pope and the Princes of the Church blast the prosperity of the town by their presence? However, be this as it may, the town has continued declining from the day of their visit to the present time.

Ulrich Reichenthal, who has been very minute in his "History of the Congress," informs us that the splendour of the Pope's retinue was beyond description; independent of his personal suite, his train was composed of five hundred sovereigns and royal princes; and the whole of the patriarchs, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops were also followed by a train according to their rank, equally numerous and brilliant. Besides these, were kings, princes, and nobles, from every part of Europe; indeed, the multitude was so great, that not only the houses in Constance were crowded, but booths were erected in the streets, while thousands of pious pilgrims were encamped in the adjacent fields. Re-

ligious processions, dramatic representations, and entertainments of every description, hourly succeeded each other; and thousands of individuals were employed solely in transporting thither the choicest delicacies of Europe.

Our author, moreover, relates that the pious cardinals of merry England retained in their pay bands of actors, who performed dramatic pieces from the holy Scriptures. "The Last Judgment," however, proved nearly fatal, not only to the sons of Thespis, but to the whole audience; for the stage broke down, hell burst forth in flames, the devil flew out of the window, and the three persons of the Holy Trinity took to their heels, with the Virgin Mary, and the whole conclave of heaven, followed by myriads of the sons of Adam, among whom the vicegerent of heaven and his venerable train were nearly crushed to atoms!

After taking a slight glance at the town, I hurried on board the steam-packet, and gladly quitted a place of which its dulness and stupidity are all that are left to record.

The steam-packet is a neat vessel, and well arranged; and an excursion on this beautiful lake is one of the pleasantest imaginable. We soon arrived at the pretty island of Meinau, nearly a league in circumference, containing about one hundred and twenty acres of land: I was informed that the late Prince Esterhazy purchased it a few years previous of the Grand Duke of Baden. As we advanced, the delightful scenery on both the Swiss and German shores was rendered still

more attractive by the pretty rural spires and fairy ports of the numerous towns and villages, which, graduating down to the water's edge, were scattered at intervals around its whole circumference.

After landing, and receiving a few passengers at Friedrichshafen, a pretty little modern town, with a handsome château belonging to the King of Würtemberg, where he usually resides during the summer months, we continued our progress to Lindau, the first town in Bavaria, built on three islands contiguous to the shore, to which it is united by a long wooden bridge; and, from its peculiar situation, said to resemble Venice. Here I disembarked, while the steamer continued its route to Bregenz, and from thence around the lake to the Swiss shore.

Having taken up my quarters at the Goldenen Gans (Golden Goose), a comfortable hotel, situated on its little port, my readers may fancy my annoyance, when, on inquiry, I had found that my portmanteau was not arrived, although I expedited it several weeks previous by the post-courier. This unlucky circumstance was owing to the post-master mistaking an *i* for an *a*, and consequently sending it to *Landau*, a fortress town, in Rhenish Bavaria; therefore, malgré moi, I was obliged to chew the cud of vexation at the prospect of a dull séjour at the little town of Lindau.

The news of the arrival of an Englishman was soon circulated through the salons of the miniature Venice, and my detention was the cause of my introduction to several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who but for

this I should probably never have known; and I cannot refrain from expressing my obligations to the polite attention of the family of Mr. Rader (a retired merchant from the West Indies), together with General Washington, and the officers of the Bavarian regiment at Lindau, who vied with each other in rendering my stay among them as agreeable as possible. General Washington is a relative of the great American liberator, and holds the above rank in the Bavarian army; he is now living in retirement, having purchased a beautiful villa on the banks of the lake.

The town of Lindau is very ancient: the "Damenstift," a convent for noble ladies, was founded in the eighth century; and the ruins called the "Heidenmauer" are the remains of a castle built by the Romans. Lindau was formerly a free imperial town, and is still surrounded by walls and bastions; nearly one-half of the islands are laid out as vineyards and orchards, and if the spirit of beautifying and improving existed in the same degree here as in England, it might, with very little expense, be converted into an Eden. It has, however, this advantage over a town of the same size and consequence in England, that with a population not exceeding four thousand an excellent casino is supported by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants; in which are to be found the periodical publications, and the most popular modern works of Germany; the members are also provided with concerts and balls during the winter. The highest aristocratical families in the town and neighbourhood

are subscribers, and mingle with the citizens in the most friendly manner, and thereby not only add to the general hilarity by their presence, but impart a more polished tone to the manners of the Bürghers. I amused myself a great part of the time during my stay at Lindau in fishing. The German naturalists say there are twenty-six different sorts of fish in the lake, but I never had the good fortune to meet with any except trout, pike, perch, carp, eels, and an inferior species of salmon, called Lachsforellen, which often weigh even thirty pounds. I doubt much whether sea salmon, notwithstanding their well known agility, could clear the cataract of the Rhine; but the best fish found in the lake is the Salmo Muræna, called by the Germans "Gangfische" (a fish of passage), which, in spring, are taken in large quantities, and then entirely disappear: they are the most delicately-flavoured fresh water fish I am acquainted with, and considered such a dainty by epicures, that they are exported to every port of Germany.

Bregentz, the first town in the Austrian empire, at the base of the Gebhardsberg, is decidedly the most agreeable town on the lake; and the battalion of Tyrolian sharpshooters, quartered there, contributed not a little to its gaiety. A spiral avenue conducted me from the town to the chapel of the holy Gebhardt, who was Bishop of Constance in the tenth century. For what reason I know not, but this saint is most benevolently disposed towards those ladies who are desirous of assuming the duties of maternity; and if their faith is sufficiently fervent to induce them to overcome the

difficulties of the ascent, and to make a pilgrimage to his shrine, they are certain to be rewarded by the fulfilment of their wishes: I can, at least, vouch for the devotion of numbers of fair ladies, who I saw climbing up the steep and rugged path. My adorations were paid to the fine prospect I enjoyed, while sitting in the upper chamber of the Sacristan, taking some refreshment, this venerable son of the church being also an innkeeper. From hence not only the entire Lake of Constance, but a great part of the Swiss valley of the Rhine, far above Hohenems towards Feldkirch, together with the hoary-headed Alps of Appenzell and Glarus, and the fertile fields of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, were distinctly visible.

During my stay in this romantic country, I ascended Mont Righi, in Switzerland, five thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; visited Zurich and its charming lake, Saint Gall, the highest town in Europe, together with the romantic bath of Pfeffers, all within a day's journey of the lake of Constance, passing through a succession of the most splendid scenery that can be conceived.

But how different are the natives from my good-natured, honest Germans! Rapacious hotel-keepers, with their satellites—greedy waiters, chambermaids, and laquais, vie with each other in plundering the traveller; and certainly the ill-mannered peasantry, exhibiting in their language and demeanour their churlish independence, did not tend to increase my admiration of

the Swiss character. In Zurich I lodged at the Hotel de L'Epée, when the unconscionable host had the audacity to charge me for a bed and tea a Louis d'or (one pound)! and for the keep of my horse five shillings! All expostulation was fruitless, and I was obliged to submit to the imposition, or prosecute.

During my excursion through the country, the toll-keepers either charged double, or probably gave me money that was not current either in that or the next canton; for each of these twenty-two little democracies circulate a miserable coinage, without the slightest intrinsic value, and if carried into any other canton, except that in which they were coined, a traveller would find a purse of ivory counters quite as useful. Being partial to fishing, I attempted to pursue my favourite amusement; but here the young democrats interfered, and by indulging in their amusement of throwing stones, effectually put an end to mine: remonstrance was useless, and as to attempting to chastise the urchins in the manner they deserved, thrusting my hand into a hornet's nest would have been a wiser act, as I should immediately have found myself at war with the whole village, and probably not have fared better than an English gentleman whom I met at Zurich, and whose little tale I shall relate, for the edification of my readers, in his own words:—

"I was," said he, "making a pedestrian tour through the canton of Appenzell, and being tolerably conversant with the geography of the country, and the language, I determined to dispense with the services,—

I may add, with the thievery of a guide. It sometimes happened that I passed through a field, or a path, which it was the pleasure of the owner to preserve for his private use, and though I was ignorant of the circumstance, yet the inhospitable peasants, more than once, let loose their mastiff dogs upon me, from whom I with some difficulty escaped. But my worst rencontre was near the town of Appenzell, to which I was proceeding, when two ruffians, pretending intoxication, attacked me, without any provocation, in the most brutal manner; I fought, retreating, to a small village I had just left, expecting the inhabitants to rescue me; but they had no taste for any such act of generosity, and, seeing I was a foreigner, instantly took part with their brutal compatriots, and I believe I should have been murdered, if two travellers, a German and a Russian, had not arrived to my assistance. I now made a rapid retreat, in conjunction with my generous allies, to Appenzell, followed by the ruffians, and an excited mob: having obtained an immediate audience of the mayor, I made my complaint in due form; but this shadow of a magistrate declared his inability to render me the slightest satisfaction, assigning, as a reason, that Appenzell was a democracy!—but, added he, as the populace are much irritated, and your life may be in some danger, I will order a guard of soldiers to escort you safely out of the canton. And thus I left Appenzell!

"I was at first surprised at the want of power in the mayor, but when we consider that the government is so purely democratical, that every male, above the age

of sixteen, has a vote in the General Assembly, no matter if he is a beggar, a robber, or even a murderer! we are not surprised that the government is ruled, instead of being the ruler! Is not this the beau-ideal of universal suffrage?

"The only cause to which I could attribute this outrage was, that I had not a guide; and I have no doubt that my two assailants were of this fraternity, for they never attempted to rob me, but probably only intended, by annoying me, to deter others from following an example so inimical to their interests; but, as I returned the insult with a blow, the consequence became such as I have described."

Let not my readers suppose that this is a picture of the whole population of Switzerland; for, though the lower classes are rude in their manners, yet the great mass are orderly in their conduct, and the higher ranks are in every respect estimable; but the feature in the Swiss character, which obtrudes itself most offensively upon the observation of the stranger, is their thirst for gain: we find this mercenary spirit not only in the château, hotel, and boarding-house, but in the sequestered village, the lonely valley, and the Alpine hamlet, till the conclusion is forced upon us, that this, and this alone, is the governing principle of the entire population. However we may admire a commonwealth in the abstract, yet we shall soon discover it is not the Paradise our youthful imagination has depicted; for myself, I confess I have no ambition to become a denizen of the Swiss republic, for the difference between the demo-

crats on one side of the lake, and the subjects of despotic Germany on the other, in civility, good-nature, and a disposition to oblige, is most palpable; nevertheless, it must be allowed that the Swiss exhibit, on every occasion, a noble and patriotic spirit, which shows that their ancestral fire still glows in their bosoms, and they would, if necessary, again fight bravely for home and independence.

St. Gall, which is only two hours' drive from Bergentz, is one of the cleanest, prettiest, and best built towns in Switzerland; it is also populous and commercial, and the manufactures are very considerable. The embroidered muslins are largely exported, even to America, and give employment to thousands of the female part of the population; but the wages are so low, about four-pence per day, that their labour only affords them a miserable subsistence, and their squalid appearance plainly tells their insufficient food and sedentary occupation. This town is among the very few that are indebted for their prosperity to war; but the absence of rivals was most favourable to its advancement: and, I was informed, that several of its merchants are millionaires, at least in francs; and what is a still higher distinction, they are well-informed, and hospitable. The country in the environs is most romantic, and the elevated situation of the town renders the air, though bleak, very salubrious.

But of all the excursions in the neighbourhood of the lake of Constance, that to the warm mineral bath of Pfeffers is the most interesting. Soon after leaving

Bregentz I crossed the Upper Rhine on a flying bridge to Rheineck, from whence the greater part of my road lay through a fertile valley, flanked with hills on either side, the Rhine impetuously dashing over its rocky bed through the centre. At Valence I left my horse, and took a guide, and, after an hour's scramble up the mountains, which are very steep, we arrived on the summit of a precipice, in whose deep abyss the baths are situated.

We immediately began to descend a flight of stone steps cut in the rock, that I thought would never have terminated: at length, however, we came to the bath, and, on looking up, I could not obtain even a glimpse of the sky, so narrow and dark is the glen, and so lofty the wall of rocks on each side. The bath, a huge, ill-shaped pile of building, belongs to a brotherhood of monks, and contains apartments for the visitors, baths, &c. The heat of the mineral waters rises to nearly a hundred of Fahrenheit: they are principally used in cases of palsy, gout, rheumatism, and contractions of the limbs; and, if we may judge from the number of crutches exhibited, their healing powers must be indeed great.

I now proceeded to visit the source of the waters, but soon discovered that this was an undertaking not altogether without danger. First I had to cross a bridge over the Tamina, which here forces its way through a narrow defile of rocks, and then to make my way, as best I might, along a plank about twelve inches wide, and from six to seven hundred paces long. To mend the matter, this was so slippery, in consequence

of a drizzling rain, that I had some difficulty to preserve my footing; and yet, be it known, that on this depended my life! for the river, pent up in its narrow bed, was roaring and boiling beneath, at a depth of at least forty feet, with such fury over immense masses of rock, that the unhappy tourist, who, giddy with the whirl of the waters, or stupified by the noise, should be precipitated into the abyss, would infallibly be dashed to pieces in a few minutes; which I was informed had been the fate of more persons than one. Not having the slightest wish to follow their example, I proceeded with firm but cautious steps, and, truth to say, the exploit is one that I would not recommend to the imitation of any traveller, unless he is possessed of a head not subject to giddiness, and of nerves not given to trembling; for the utter want of any railing or support, the darkness occasioned by the rocks meeting over head at a height of from two to three hundred feet, and the tremendous uproar of the waters underneath, are sufficient to appal the most firm and resolute. Having satisfied my curiosity by observing the source of the spring, which issues out of a cave about ten feet high and four wide, I returned as I came, and felt perfectly contented on again setting my foot on terra firma. Thus much for the bath of Pfeffers, and I would earnestly counsel any of my readers, should they be in the neighbourhood, not to lose the opportunity of seeing it. They will not be disappointed, for, taken altogether, it is one of the most extraordinary and terrific freaks of nature the most

lively imagination can depict—a perfect Tartarus, in the most frightful form, to which the gloomy darkness and cold damp chill gives additional horror. It would not be gallant to leave Pfeffers without paying my tribute of admiration to the courageous spirit of my adventurous country-women; for both the guides and natives informed me, that they were the only women in Europe who were found to have sufficient hardihood to brave the peril of exploring the source of these mineral waters.

Having returned to Rheineck, I engaged a place in the packet boat, and once more crossed the lake to Lindau. The more I ramble about this beautiful lake, the more lovely and interesting I find it; and if I was a German, here I should build me a villa, cultivate my vineyard, in summer amuse myself with fishing, and in winter in pursuit of its numerous water-fowl[1]. Then I might exclaim, with the Neapolitan, "Un pezzo del ciel caduto in terra." And who can behold this fine sheet of water, clear as crystal, its fertile banks abounding in all the productions of a temperate clime, with its ever-varying and delightful scenery, without feeling that this is the most favoured spot in Germany? The inhabitants are genuine Germans, honest, moral, obliging, and of unquestionable probity; living is cheap, and the picturesque countries of Switzerland and the Tyrol in its immediate neighbourhood.

[1] Naturalists assert that there are thirty-six distinct species of aquatic birds on the lake, and thirty kinds of marshy birds on its banks.

At length, having secured the fugitive (i. e. portmanteau) and a place in the wagen of a Lund-kutscher, I reluctantly bade farewell to the lake of Constance.

From Lindau, the road gracefully wound round a succession of delightful hills, until we arrived at the small town of Wangen, occasionally presenting splendid views over the lake and the charming country we had just left. On leaving Wangen, the vine entirely disappeared, and the country assumed a more wild and romantic aspect. Mountains succeeded hills, and we frequently perceived the mighty crest of a Tyrolian alp enveloped in the clouds; the sunny hills were partly covered with the browzing herds and the variegated foliage of the forest, while the peasants, in their picturesque costume of broad-brimmed hats and coats of sylvan green, as they appeared and disappeared through the thickets, suggested to my imagination a picture of merry England in the days of Robin Hood and his archers.

COSTUME OF BAVARIAN PEASANTS NEAR KEMPTEN.

Our Land-kutscher stopped an hour to bait his horses at Kempten. This town, the ancient Campo-dunum, is pleasantly situated on the Iller. The principal object of attraction is the old convent, founded by Hildegarde, the wife of Charlemagne: from the activity I observed in the streets, together with the air of comfort visible in the houses of the inhabitants, I should be inclined to consider Kempten in a prosperous state; and its situation on the great road to the Tyrol and Italy adds not a little to its importance as a commercial depôt. But Memmingen, where we passed the night, is the most important town on the road; it contains seven thousand inhabitants, and, like Kempten, was formerly free and imperial. It is situated in a fertile plain, called the Allgau, which produces quantities of hops; and as I cast my eyes over the extensive district, exhibiting a forest of poles, I was inclined to think that Memmingen alone could furnish the whole of Bavaria with this narcotic plant; and, to judge from the bleaching grounds, and the vast ranges of drying frames covered with woollen cloths of every colour, that it was no less fruitful in supplying the kingdom with clothing.

Although we had travelled this day over a distance of upwards of fifty miles, in a heavy, ill-constructed carriage, with five passengers and a good deal of luggage, yet the horses seemed to be very little fatigued: this is principally owing to the admirable method of driving, and the humanity of the German coachmen. In the first place, the horses are not tightly reined up,

as in England, but allowed the full use of their neck and shoulders, which affords them great facility in drawing; secondly, there was no jerking of the reins, nor unmerciful flogging, which only irritates and breaks the spirit of the animal. In short, both the horses and the driver seemed to understand each other admirably; when mounting a steep hill he was at their head, cheering them by patting, or giving them mouthfuls of bread, and they never failed to express their gratitude by loudly neighing. Notwithstanding the stoppages on the road for water, an hour to bait at mid-day, and that the road was both hilly and ill-kept, yet we completed our journey in about ten hours.

To a traveller who is not very fastidious, nor pressed for time, the Land-kutscher mode of travelling offers a host of adventures; and a party engaging the entire vehicle will find them not only convenient, but the drivers orderly, attentive, and obliging; they are to be had in every town throughout Germany.

The country between Memmingen and Ulm offered but little to admire, except occasional glimpses of the noisy Iller hastening to pay her tribute to the Danube, and the distant chain of the Tyrolian Alps. Finding therefore nothing to attract my attention in the uninteresting, though fertile plain, I determined to see if I could not extract some amusement from my travelling companions. The first was an elderly gentleman, a native of Lindau, and no less a personage than (as he himself condescended to inform us) the poet laureat of his Bavarian majesty; he was con-

ducting a very pretty girl to a boarding-school at Ulm. The other was a young German, returning from Paris, a vulgar dandy, and from the number of rings he wore on his fingers, the brilliant that confined his many coloured muslin cravat, together with the superb chased silver mounting to his pipe, and several other little peculiarities, I concluded him to be a working jeweller. He was evidently no favourite with the old gentleman, on account of his tender attentions towards the young lady; besides he was a Revolutionaire, had distinguished himself during the glorious "Trois Jours," and had slain dozens of Swiss soldiers with his own single arm; and to sum up the whole, he was decorated with the July medal, and was repeatedly singing the Marselloise hymn. His conversation, when not composed of adulatory compliments to our fair traveller, consisted of nothing else than hopes for the speedy regeneration of enslaved Germany, and its entire union under one chief.

My elder companion, whose love of change or anarchy, if ever he felt any, had been long since extinguished by the snows of age, lamented bitterly the revolutionary epidemic which had spread itself among the unthinking youths of his fatherland, at the same time denouncing France, as the prolific source of all the political crimes, and sanguinary wars, which had desolated Europe for the last fifty years, declaring with great vehemence, if he was emperor, he would march an army into France, dethrone the citizen king, reconquer Lorraine and Alsace, and divide the rest of France among the victors.

This called forth an animated harangue from the hero of the tricolore; but as his tender advances were ever and anon directed towards the fair maiden, his ire did not rise to any fearful height against her relative.

A Teutonian, with all the levity of the French, but destitute of their amiable urbanity of manners, is indeed a most contemptible character, and such in general are those Germans, who, like our young traveller, are infected with Gallomania; but before we parted he met with a disaster which threatened to put an end to all his speculations.

Before he left Paris he had furnished himself with a variety of curiosities, which he displayed at the inns to the wondering eyes of the gaping peasants; but nothing excited their admiration more than the self-acting matches, of which he had purchased several packets, and placed them in the side pockets of his linen Reisehemd; unluckily, either from friction, or because his planets were in adverse conjunction, they exploded, and in an instant his light summer dress was in a blaze; but as the Iller was running most opportunely close to the road, the ill-fated youth was plunged into its rapid surge, sans cérémonie, and I thought my old friend, the poet laureat, appeared to lend his assistance in the administration of this cooling medicine with malicious gusto, by giving him a few more plunges than was really necessary. The poor fellow was much burnt, and we were obliged to leave him at the next village; however, the diminution of our party evidently afforded much satisfaction, and we continued

the remainder of our route in the best possible good humour.

Having crossed the noisy guard of Bavaria and Würtemberg's frontiers—the Iller, we immediately entered Ulm, and as our passports were found in due order, and satisfactorily answered the questions of the police, we were allowed to continue our route without any further obstruction to our hotel, the Sonne (Sun), from beneath whose lofty windows I again beheld the yellow waters of the Danube, now reinforced by its powerful allies, the Iller and the Blau. Ulm enjoys no claim to distinction, if we except its beautiful but unfinished Cathedral; the tower was intended to ascend several hundred feet nearer to the skies, but as the funds fell short of the expense, the tower fell short in its altitude; still it is high enough to afford a very delightful view over the adjacent countries of Bavaria and Würtemberg. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and the old-fashioned houses possess no claim to architectural beauty. Ulm was formerly strongly fortified, and suffered severely at different periods. In 1805, it was the scene of General Mack's shameful capitulation, when the garrison, consisting of twenty-six thousand, laid down their arms; besides these, the whole of the magazine, sixty cannons, and three thousand cavalry horses fell into the hands of the victor! On surrendering to Napoleon, this thick-headed, unsoldier-like general stupidly apologised for his master, the emperor, by saying that he was compelled to declare war by Russia

and England; upon which the quick-witted Corsican answered with much tact—

"Dans ce cas-à la vous n'êtes plus une puissance!"

This ill-starred commander, whose very name, of Hebrew origin, is Macka (misfortune), rose from the ranks to be field-marshal, and enjoyed the confidence of Laudon and several others of Austria's greatest commanders; but at that period of the war it was too frequently the misfortune of Austrian troops to be led by men, who, though possessed of great military science, were but scantily endowed with decision or personal bravery.

At Ulm, the Danube, or, as it is more descriptively termed by the Germans, Don-au, (the roaring river,) begins to be navigable. There is, however, as much contention respecting the origin of its name as that of the spring from which it derives its source. It was called by the ancients the Ister, and Danubius: some writers pretend that it borrows its appellation from the numerous heathen altars that were erected on its banks, and consecrated by the Romans to Diana Abnoba.

With regard to the source, some contend that it owes its origin to the diminutive rivulets Brigach and Breg; but as this, like other doubtful matters, will ever be disputed, I shall declare myself in favour of the tiny spring in the schloss of Prince Fürstenberg Donauschingen, and which can be covered with the palm of the hand—at least it sounds romantic, and what is

still more, it bears the name of Donau (Danube) from the commencement.

The whole extent of the Danube, from the source to the Black Sea, is computed to be about seven hundred leagues, and receives a hundred and fifty rivers and rivulets in its progress. From Ulm to Vienna, a distance of seventy-eight German miles, it passes through a succession of the most picturesque scenery; but the rapidity of the river, the frequent interruption of gulfs, shoals, whirlpools, &c. render the navigation somewhat difficult. Nearly the whole of this route, the river is walled in by two chains of mountains, and the roaring of the water, as it breaks over its rocky impediments, may be heard at a considerable distance. Many travellers prefer the scenery of the Rhine to that of the Danube. De gustibus non disputandum—the banks of both are very beautiful; but I doubt if any part of the scenery of the Rhine is comparable to that around the convent of Weltenburg, the neighbourhood of Passau, and Lintz, in Upper Austria, neither does it possess the wildness of the Danube whirlpools; the rocks are also inferior in altitude, and the river in majestic volume: for the expanse of water is so vast between Vienna and Belgrade, that it has frequently been the theatre of naval combats between the Christians and Turks.

CHAPTER XVII.

Voyage down the Danube—Departure from Ulm—Blenheim, Donauwerth—Melancholy Fate of Maria of Brabant—Ingoldstadt—General Tilly—Weltenburg—Ratisbon—Passau—Anecdote of a French Surgeon—Engelhardszell—Austrian Custom House—Danube Fogs—Lintz—Danube Whirlpools—Hurricane—Ruins of Aggstein—Dürrenstein—Greiffenstein—Abbot of Neuburg—Nussdorf—Vienna.

CONFORMABLY with my resolution of taking an aquatic route to Vienna, I left Ulm in one of the regular Danube packets; but how to describe this specimen of German boat-building, is the difficulty; for nothing that I ever beheld, whether ship, barge, boat, or canoe, bore the slightest resemblance to it. Let my readers, then, imagine a large mass of unplaned, unpainted deal boards, or, rather, beams, in some places nailed, in others bound together by willow ropes, into something that bore a distant resemblance to a boat. Its internal arrangements corresponded with its exterior. A small square enclosure, about four feet high, was the substitute for a cabin, and the furniture being limited to a plank for a table, and two long boards, supported by casks, for seats. The freight was of the most miscella-

neous description; we had quantities of Swiss cheese, bales of raw cotton, sour Neckar wine on its way to Vienna to be converted into Rhenish, and an endless variety of other packages. The live stock was confined to human beings, with the exception of four dogs, two cats, and a quantity of snails. A few empty sacks were spread as substitutes for cushions, upon which the passengers seated themselves sans cérémonie. I had now leisure to examine my fellow prisoners, for such I considered them, and, truly, a more motley assemblage I have rarely seen. We had a French milliner, bound for Vienna; her little family consisted of a white poodle, and a large grey Angora cat, one or other of which constantly reposed on her lap: we had also two young English ladies, and their father; a German baron, and a count of the Holy Roman Empire; the remainder consisted of students, actors, artisans, peasants, a few soldiers and their wives, and a pretty round number of frail lassies, on a pilgrimage to the Maison d'Accouchement at Vienna; in short, I verily believe that specimens might be found of every shade and variety of the middling and lower classes of German society.

I waited with some degree of impatience to see in what manner the unwieldy machine was to be set in motion: this was at length slowly effected, after much vociferation among the boatmen, who were not the most adroit of their profession, and I then found that the propelling impetus was to consist of very large oars, each pulled by six or seven men, and occasionally

by a greater number, as several of the passengers, especially the students, volunteered their services; we were also aided by the great rapidity of the stream, which runs down a descent of six hundred and sixty feet, that being the difference between the height of the Danube here, and at Vienna.

We now glided onwards for several hours very pleasantly, until late in the evening, when, to the infinite dismay of all on board, it was discovered we were stranded; the ill-directed and abortive efforts of the crew, to set the vessel once more floating, were continued for an hour, when the daylight, and the patience of the passengers, failing at the same time, we demanded of the captain, how far it was to the village in which he intended to pass the night? He answered, "Several miles;—but about half an hour's walk from hence," added he, "is a small hamlet, in which it is probable you may find accommodation; but there is no way of getting to it, except by wading through the marshes on the banks of the river." This was not very agreeable information for hungry travellers: however, there was no alternative, especially as it was now nearly dark.

The students, and indeed all the Germans, were soon in motion, and rapidly disappeared through the thick wood of sedges on the margin of the river; but when the plan was proposed to the English ladies and the little Parisienne, they almost screamed with horror, and declared their intention of sitting all night in their cloaks, in the cabin: they were, however, persuaded to

abandon their resolution, as some of the boatmen offered to carry them through the mire. When it came to the Frenchwoman's turn to mount her conveyance, she vehemently insisted on taking her fourfooted favourites, to which the boatman as vehemently objected; but as the office of interpreter was delegated to me, I added my persuasions, and the little darlings were left to pine in the vessel.

After making our way in the best manner we could for about a quarter of an hour, through the marshes and willows, we arrived at the open country, where the ladies, to their great satisfaction, were deposited upon terra firma, and after walking another quarter of an hour, we beheld the lights gleaming in the village intended to be our destination. When we came to the only inn of the place, which, by-the-bye, was very small, we found that those who preceded us had appropriated all the refreshment the house afforded, and it was with no little difficulty that some rye bread and weak beer were procured in the village. The beds were assigned to the women, and the men were obliged to content themselves with their cloaks and straw.

The next morning we resumed our journey. The scenery of the river was hitherto not remarkable for beauty; and the first object that attracted my attention was the mineral bath, Ober-Thailfingen, with the convent of Elchingen perched on the last pinnacle of the Swabian mountains. The military talent displayed here by Marshal Ney, in 1805, procured for him the title of Duc d'Elchingen.

Upon a slight eminence is situated the village of Leipheim, with its castle, famous for the quantity of snails it exports to Vienna, an additional cargo of which we now took on board. It is also remarkable for a battle fought here during the Bauernkriege (peasant war), between the insurgents and General Truchsess-Waldburg, who slew two thousand, besides as many more that he drove into the Danube.

After passing the small town of Gunzburg, the banks of the river become more picturesque, animated by the castles of Reisenburg and Landstrost; at the same time we perceive before us the towers of the towns of Gundelfingen, Dillingen, and Lauingen. The latter is a pretty town, on the banks of the river, and is famous for being the birth-place of Albertus Magnus, a Dominican monk, whose intellectual attainments were of so high an order as to procure him the appellation of magician.

Dillingen, formerly the seat of a University of Jesuits, was, during the late war, for a short period the residence of Louis XVIII. It was here that his forehead was grazed by a musquet-shot, but the assassin was never discovered.

I landed at this town for the purpose of visiting the field of Blenheim, which lies between the latter town and Donauwerth. It is a considerable plain, and has been the theatre of several important battles. In 1703 the united armies of France and Bavaria, commanded by Villars and Maximilian, entirely defeated the Austrians, under General Sturm. The French were so

elated by the victory, that the government immediately took measures for erecting a splendid monument to commemorate the great event; when, at the moment the national vanity-fever was at its height, the unwelcome news arrived of the total discomfiture of their troops by Eugene and Marlborough. On this occasion the French and Bavarians lost eighteen thousand men, and twenty thousand prisoners, with the whole of their artillery and baggage, including thirty-four vehicles full of women!

The nearest village to the field is Höchstadt, from which Blenheim is distant about a mile. The tower of the latter commands a view of the whole field. The peasants to this day frequently plough up the bones of the slaughtered armies; and the foundation of the road between the two villages is also composed of them.

After re-embarking, I found nothing worthy of observation till I came to Donauwerth, formerly another of the free imperial towns. The beautiful Benedictine monastery, called the Holy-cross, is now inhabited by the prince of Oettinger-Wallerstein; and the abbey is remarkable for containing the remains of the ill-fated Maria, princess of Brabant. The faithful believe that the mere touch of her sarcophagus is a remedy for nearly every disease. I extracted from the chronicles of the town the following details of her melancholy history, which might form the ground-work of an interesting drama.

"The beauty of Maria of Brabant was so highly

celebrated that she attracted princely suitors from nearly every royal house in Europe, among whom she selected the handsome Duke of Bavaria, Louis V., for her husband. The loveliness of her person, and amiable disposition, created in him the most violent attachment, and he hardly ever permitted her to be absent from his sight a moment; her slightest wishes were gratified, and the court resounded with festive mirth and gaiety. At length, business of great importance obliged the duke to leave home, and the indisposition of his beloved consort alone prevented her accompanying him; however, previous to his departure he took the precaution of placing her under the especial care of his own confessor, the captain of his body guards, and his favourite sister Elizabeth Queen Dowager of Naples. Only a few days had elapsed after his departure, when Louis wrote to his adored Maria, and dispatched the letter by a courier. On the return of the messenger, the Duchess transmitted two letters, the one sealed with red, and the other with black; the former was addressed to her husband, and the latter to Graf Heinrich von Ruchen, aid-de-camp to the Duke: at the same time, the courier received the strictest orders not to permit the letter addressed to Graf Heinrich to be seen by the Duke.

"By an unlucky chance, the ill-omened mistake occurred. Louis, on perusing the superscription, instantly recognized the hand-writing of his wife; and, without waiting to examine the contents, in a paroxysm of mad frenzy, stabbed the unfortunate courier to the heart!

A prey to the wildest rage of jealousy, he now mounted his horse, and rode, day and night, till he arrived at Donauwerth. The first person he encountered at the palace was the Captain of the Guards, whom he caused to be immediately put to death. He then rushed, like a maniac, to the chamber of his wife, whom he found engaged with the Queen of Naples, in embroidering a banner. The infuriated husband seized his beautiful victim by the hair, dragged her to the place of execution, and, in a voice of thunder, commanded her to prepare for instant death. In vain she protested her innocence; in vain implored for mercy. The supplications and tears of the queen, who threw herself on her knees, together with the venerable confessor, and the loud lamentations of her maids of honour, were equally unavailing: the ruthless tyrant caused the unfortunate princess to be instantly beheaded! During the convulsive agonies of death, a locket, which she was accustomed to wear next her heart, flew open, and disclosed to the eyes of the agonized few who witnessed the murderous scene the portrait of her husband! Her countrywoman and attendant, the young and beautiful Thekla von Fannenberg, the betrothed of Graf Heinrich, shared the same fate; and the rest of her attendants were either exiled, or sentenced to be imprisoned for life. This deplorable event took place on the 18th of January, 1256, in the eighteenth year of the age of the lovely heroine of our tragic tale."

Thus far the chronicles of Donauwerth; those of Brabant supply some additional elucidations, and tell

us, that the letter of the Princess to Earl Heinrich contained nothing more than an injunction to surprise the Duke, by displaying the banner on the next grand field day, and which was to be sent to him privately for that purpose in a few days: thus, the fond wife was probably enjoying the pleasing anticipation of her husband's delight, when he viewed her pretty present, at the very moment he rushed in to destroy her. But neither of our historians give us the slightest intelligence as to the fate of Earl Heinrich, the innocent cause of so many murders.

Maria appears to be an unfortunate name for a princess. Maria Stuart, and Maria Antoinette, were beautiful and amiable as Maria of Brabant, which was, however, no shield against the attacks of misfortune, and a tragical death.

Immediately beyond Donauwerth, the Lech empties its waters into the Danube, close to the ruins of a castle. The islands, covered with foliage, impart an agreeable variety to the scene, and we immediately afterwards passed the picturesque castle of Bertholdsheim, and the ruins of Altenburg and Kaiserburg. On proceeding a little further, a small boat put out from shore. When it approached us, a tawdry image of the Virgin was elevated, and a long pole extended, with a box attached, to receive our alms. The money thus collected was to purchase the protection of St. Nicholas, the patron of the Danube, during the remainder of our passage. This appears an expensive privilege; for the demand was frequently repeated. Sometimes, the

image remained on shore, and at others, as in the present instance, favoured us with a view of his dingy person.

At the close of each day, when the vessel anchored, it was not unfrequently a matter of some difficulty for our large party to procure beds; but, as our adventures had hitherto produced nothing more important than landing several miles short of our destination, and then proceeding to it in peasants' carts, I have refrained from recording them; but, on arriving one evening at a small town near Neuburg, a barrier was unexpectedly placed before the accomplishment of our wishes for a night's repose, by the positive and peremptory refusal of the landlords of every hotel, inn, and pot-house, in the place, to allow us to enter their doors. The captain stormed; the Germans stormed; and one of my fair countrywomen exclaimed, in a masculine tone, "the devil take their impudence." We then tried the offer of double prices, coaxing, &c.; still they were inexorable; and here were about thirty persons in a fair way of trying what sort of substitutes stones would be for pillows, when our Swabian baron, who was the mayor of a town in his own country, suggested the expedient of applying to the burgomaster. That worthy magistrate, when roused from the enjoyment of his pipe and beer, received us most politely, and instantly supplied us with billets, which our enemies had no power to refuse. Thus armed, we triumphantly returned, and forgot our grievances over a good supper.

The real cause of this proceeding I was unable to

ascertain. The boatman ascribed it to the bigotry of the Bavarians, who, he said, would not defile their houses by harbouring heretics; the captain and his men being from Ulm, which professes the reformed religion. Perhaps it arose from jealousy of the commerce of the Würtembergers; or it might be, that some of the passengers of the last boat that landed here had forgot to pay their reckoning. However, be the origin of it what it may, the scene actually occurred which I have described, and I was heartily glad the next morning to jump on board our bark, to which I had become tolerably reconciled; albeit, it did not resemble that in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus; but the weather was beautiful, the scenery becoming more attractive, and the snail-like pace of our conveyance, together with the numerous serpentine windings of the river, afforded me ample time to view the various towns and villages on its banks.

The next place that arrested our attention was Neuburg, beautifully situated among the rocks. It was, at one time, the residence of its own sovereign dukes. I disembarked here, and enjoyed, from a turret of the castle, an extensive and delightful view over the fields of Bavaria, as far as Ingoldstadt. The town is neat, and well built; and the castle contains several interesting paintings and portraits of the Palatine Neuburg family, curious old armour, and the stuffed skin of an immense boar, killed in the environs, that measured upwards of seven feet, and weighed five hundred pounds. A short distance from hence, at Oberhausen, is the

burial place of the brave Latour d'Auvergne, who was killed by the lance of an Austrian Uhlan, in 1800.

Near Ingoldstadt the scenery of the Danube becomes extremely monotonous, and the town itself is not less so. It was formerly of great importance, and contained twenty thousand inhabitants; at present, its whole population is under five thousand, independent of the garrison. Here Tilly, the most successful general of the Catholic league, and the most formidable enemy of the Reformation, died of his wounds. He was generally victorious, till Gustavus Adolphus clipped his wings; and up to the time that he received his death wound, his soldiers firmly believed that his life was charmed from the bullets of Swedish heretics. He was born at Liege, and became a monk of the order of Loyola; but such was his fanaticism, that having in a dream received what he fancied to be an intimation from the Virgin to take up arms in defence of the Church, he entered the Imperial army, and, by his bold daring and talents, soon rose to the rank of commander-in-chief. He is said to have resembled in person and disposition that Duke of Alva, whose name is so odious in the Low Countries; but we are led to believe that he was still more cruel: for who can forget his atrocities at Magdeburg? After burning the town, and butchering thirty thousand of the inhabitants, he wrote an autograph letter to the Emperor Ferdinand II., in which, after congratulating him upon the victory, he added by way of postscript, "Never, since the sieges of Troy and Jerusalem, has the earth witnessed

so complete a destruction, as that of the heretical town of Magdeburg." And to complete his fanatical exhibition, the monster, while the town was in flames, and the wretched inhabitants a prey to the murderous weapons of an infuriated and bigoted soldiery, celebrated Te Deum in the Cathedral!

Ingoldstadt is also remarkable for being the first town in Germany in which the Jesuits established themselves. Loyola was accustomed to call it his "dear little Benjamin." It was also a university, and here the famous Dr. Faust studied.

After leaving Ingoldstadt, the river rolled with great rapidity, and we soon entered the most picturesque part of the Danube, between Ulm and Ratisbon. Rocks of the most grotesque forms lined its banks, at one time clothed with the rich foliage of the oak, over which the stately pines seemed to repose their sharp points in the clouds; again, the luxuriant beech mantled the weather-stained crags, crowned with the ruins of mouldering castles; then a small patch of green, with the tiny cottages of the wood-cutters, appearing as if suspended on the sides of the almost perpendicular hills. But fancy can paint nothing more wildly beautiful than the scenery around the monastery of Weltenburg. Precipices of terrific rocks rise abruptly, forming a natural rampart; in some places they nearly meet over the river, entirely excluding the light of heaven; and here, in this gloomy gorge, where no sounds are heard save the hoarse brawl of the river, and the howling of the wind through the cheer-

less foliage of the dark and melancholy pines, a holy brotherhood of monks erected their convent, and on the opposite shore a pious hermit established his lonely cell.

After passing through a succession of lakes formed by the windings of the river, the sterner features of the scenery gradually vanished, and we beheld before us in the distance the ancient city of Ratisbon, with its fine bridge, and numerous towers. The operation of unloading and re-loading the ark now commenced; and as the Germans are very slow in their movements, this process afforded me sufficient time to see every object in the town that commands attention.

The most interesting among the public buildings is the Gothic cathedral; but what it would be in a complete state is left to the imagination of the beholder, for it is unfinished. The painted windows, and the beautiful bas-relief of "Jesus feeding the multitude," merit attention; as also the fine paintings of "Jesus on board ship," and the "Delivery of the keys to St. Peter," both executed by Sandrart. The church is altogether badly kept and dirty, the splendid columns were hung with cobwebs, and the rain poured through the broken windows, which reflects but little credit either on the taste or the piety of the good citizens of Ratisbon.

The church of St. Emeran, the patron of the town, contains a fine altar-piece, "the Martyrdom of the Saints," also by Sandrart. The abbey, an immense pile of building, has been converted into a palace by

the Prince of Tour and Taxis. The ancestor of this princely house, the Chevalier de Tour, little dreamed that his descendants would become princes of the empire. In 1516, the Chevalier was removed by the Emperor Maximilian I. from a subordinate situation in the Tyrol, and made postmaster-general of Germany, in which station his genius was most successfully exerted in increasing the financial resources of the empire, and in laying the foundation of the rank and fortunes of his descendants.

In this reforming age, many other religious houses in Ratisbon, like that of the palace of the prince, have been obliged to change their destination; for we see nunneries converted into breweries and beer-houses, and monasteries into hotels and coffee-houses.

The citizens have erected a very pretty monument to the memory of their talented townsman, Keppler. It is tastefully constructed, in the form of a temple upon a gentle elevation, in a garden near his last resting-place: eight finely-proportioned doric columns support a small dome, surmounted by a globe, beneath which is placed his bust, beautifully executed by Doll, and the pedestal and bas-reliefs are worthy the chisel of Dannecker. This great man, the Newton of Germany, was nursed on the lap of poverty; and, notwithstanding the splendour of his genius, neglect and misery accompanied his pilgrimage through life, till the quietness of the grave rescued him from the scorn of a world in which he had no home.

The bridge, with its fifteen arches, was built in the

early part of the twelfth century, and claims the distinction of being the strongest in Germany, which can well be ceded, when we remember the length of time it has stood, the rapid current of the river, and the immense masses of ice which float down at the close of the winter towards the Black Sea. It appears, however, that the architect was more solicitous for the comfort of those who travelled upon it, than for the safety of those who sailed beneath it, as only two of the arches are navigable, and these are passed by the boatmen with greater dread than the most dangerous whirlpools of the Danube.

Ratisbon (Ratisbona) was formerly a free imperial city of the empire, and few towns have suffered more severely from fire, as it was consumed eight times in ten centuries: the last conflagration which took place in 1809, she owed to the French, and the violated promises of Napoleon, who guaranteed its safety upon receiving a large sum of money from the citizens.

I was not sorry to find myself once more floating towards the capital of Austria. Our ark now presented a most animated scene,—for we had singing, music, and dancing, which we owed principally to the inspiration of the Ratisbon beer, whose best eulogy is, that it is exported to every part of Germany; and those tourists, who, while wandering over the continent, have attempted to allay thirst with wine and water, will estimate at their full value the cool, foaming contents of its tankards. Although fully disposed to

do them justice, I confess I was somewhat surprised to see the rapidity with which tankard after tankard disappeared, a prey to the never-sated thirst of our large smoking party.

On passing the castle of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Wöhrd, ruins, rocks, wooded hills, vineyards, and flourishing villages, alternately varied the beautiful landscape, till we arrived at Straubing, situated in an extensive plain, said to be the most fruitful in Bavaria, and inhabited by the richest peasantry in Germany. In the vicinity of the town is the famous pilgrimage of Sossau, and the abbey of Ober Altaick, in whose church the traveller may amuse himself by viewing the figures of wolves and dogs with human faces, painted on the ceiling, intended to represent heretics. The most prominent figure is Luther, drawn as a demon, and mounted upon a pig; he holds in one hand a black pudding, and in the other a goblet of red wine, as if carousing.

At Deggendorf, the rapid rolling Iser empties her limpid waters into the Danube, and assisted to hurry us forward with increased velocity, so that we soon reached Vilshofen, where the river assumed the form of a cataract, tearing and roaring over a ridge of prodigious rocks, which extends across its whole bed. Having cleared this dangerous pass, which seemed to give no little concern to the captain and his doughty crew, we perceived before us the fine ruin of Heckersdorf, situated in the midst of the most sublime scenery. Both

sides of the river now formed connected chains of stupendous rocks, from which we emerged only to behold the towers and spires of Passau.

The nearer we approached the town, the less wild and stern became the features of the landscape: the lofty rocks were softened into shelving hills, that partook more of a pastoral character, until the whole valley broke upon the view, with its groups of lofty trees. Numerous pretty white cottages, in the midst of flower-gardens, were scattered about, together with Lusthauses of every shape, from a Chinese temple to the umbrella of a Mandarin! The cross-roads and bridle-paths were animated by bands of peasants returning from the market, singing in chorus. At the same time, the great road and promenades, covered with vehicles and a well-dressed population, gave every indication of the environs of a large town; while the loud roar of the drum, and the soul-cheering sounds of the warlike bugles, told that it was also a great military station. The river, perhaps, was still more interesting,—a perfect chaos: barks of the most grotesque forms were loading and reloading; immense arks and rafts were either lying at anchor, or locked in each other's "iron embrace," forming an impenetrable barrier to our further advance. No language can describe the motley multitude, nor yet the Babel-like mixture of almost every Teutonic patois, as the boatmen vociferated and swore at each other with a vehemence I have rarely witnessed in Germany: for hours, all attempts to proceed were perfectly unavailing,

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as they no sooner became disentangled than the strong current of the stream swept the whole mass forward, and they again became more firmly wedged than ever. At length the novelty of the scene lost its attraction, and I began to consider, that among all the prospects on the river, that of a dinner was not included; I therefore stepped over the floating bridge of barks and rafts to the shore, and entered the town.

Passau, the old Patavium, is built on a peninsula formed by the Danube, the Inn, and the Ilz, and has a most picturesque appearance; these rivers are said to abound with fish, and in the latter even pearl-fishing is sometimes successful. The Donau here assumes a singular appearance, since it rolls onward for some distance mingled with its two tributaries; yet each retaining its own proper colour. Indeed, from hence the right of the Danube to confer its name on the river may be disputed, as the more rapid and voluminous body of water which the Inn pours in is of sufficient importance to contest the honour. In the same manner, the Mississippi arrogates to itself the right of baptizing the vast body of water which goes under its name; whereas, the Missouri contributes its mighty stream, equal, if not superior, to its rival. This town reminded me of Coblentz, on the Rhine, as the fortifications are similarly situated to those of Ehrenbreitstein; but the view from the citadel here is considered much superior, and the holy shrine of Mariahilf, reached by a covered stair-case, is a most enviable position: this is also another great pilgrimage of the

faithful; and the pilgrim in pursuit of the beauties of nature will worship, with equal devotion, the glorious landscape spread out before him.

It is said, that during the time the French were in possession of Passau, this miraculous image shed tears; but, however this may be, at present the Infant Jesus drinks out of one breast, and the faithful out of the other, through an elegant silver tube, a liquid, which to the eye of heresy, appears pure spring water; but to those who nothing doubt, and mount the stair-case on their knees, the crystal stream will be miraculously changed into heavenly milk.

The Dom-platz, the Parade-platz, and the Residenz-platz, contain many well-built houses, and together with the majestic cathedral, add considerably to the beauty of the town, which contains about ten thousand inhabitants. The exports consist chiefly of wood and porcelain earth: the latter abounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and is sent to Vienna, Munich, and the Rhine.

During the late war, Passau fell into the hands of the French, in a very singular manner. One of the principal surgeons belonging to the French army found himself one day unexpectedly within the Austrian outposts; escape was impossible, and knowing that nothing could save him from being taken prisoner, he determined to trust to a bold stroke of his inventive genius, and instantly binding upon his arm a white pocket handkerchief, as an indication of pacific intentions, rode nothing daunted to the gates of Passau, and demanded

an instant audience of the governor. On being introduced, the audacious son of Esculapius thus addressed him:—

"Our victorious troops are on their march to attack you, resistance is madness: to preserve you from a murderous seige, and your beautiful town from utter destruction, our commander-in-chief has sent me to implore you, for your own sakes, to capitulate, and as he intends to establish here a military hospital, he also desires you will show me the building best adapted for that purpose; be quick in your decision, there is not a moment to be lost!"

The confident tone and manner of the self-constituted herald, together with the arrival of scouts bringing intelligence of the advance of the French army, convinced the timid governor of the necessity of surrender. He therefore assembled a council of war, placed the town under the jurisdiction of the Burgomaster, and delivered the keys to the exulting surgeon, who returned in triumph, and was received with acclamations by the whole army.

On continuing our voyage, satiated as I had been with scenic beauty, I hardly expected to be again roused into enthusiasm; but the windings of this superb river soon developed objects equally grand with those I had hitherto beheld, and in some respects of a totally different character.

A little beyond Passau, the bed of the river became suddenly contracted, and the roaring torrent forced its way onwards with considerable violence. In some

places, the nearly perpendicular rocks were entirely destitute of vegetation, except a few stunted shrubs; again another magic sweep expanded it into an extensive lake, overhung by majestic hills, covered with every description of foliage, from the wide-spreading oak, to the spire-like pine on the summit; cascatelles were bounding from branch to branch, covering the leafy mantle as it were with diamond spangles, and wreaths of crystal, and then falling into the watery abyss. And thus the scenery continued with little variation till we came to Engelhardszell, the first town in Austria, where the custom-house officers took possession of all the stock, animate and inanimate, found in the ark.

For several hours the bustle of preparation had been visible among the passengers; each was desirous of proving that he was more cunning than the custom-house officers. Our French milliner had arranged a screen in the cabin, behind which she was for some time manœuvring, and when she re-appeared, the increase of *embonpoint*, for so short a period, was most astonishing. The passports were also objects of the most anxious solicitude, as the slightest informality would subject the unlucky possessors to the inconvenience of retracing their steps beyond the frontier.

We landed; and every thing went on smoothly, till it came to the turn of the milliner, when the officer, having, I suppose, received some private information, politely intimated to the lady that she must retire to be examined! The mortified Frenchwoman reluctantly

submitted, and returned minus a large quantity of lace, silk tulle dresses, and English bobbin net.

My attention was now called to my compatriots, who were evidently much disconcerted, and as I knew they were utterly ignorant of German, and nearly so of French, I offered my services as interpreter, when I learned they had become objects of suspicion, on account of neglecting to procure the signature of an Austrian ambassador, and also the officer of the customs did not feel satisfied that the true sex of one of the parties was described in the passport; as I had been similarly deceived myself, I felt no surprise at his scepticism.

I have before mentioned, that the party consisted of an Englishman and his two daughters; but I now found, that it was only one who was entitled to this feminine appellation: my error originated in the womanly dress of the youth. Both himself and sister were attired in Scotch plaid blouses, which, descending to their feet, were confined at the waist by leathern belts; large straw hats of the same form, tied with green ribbon, completed their costume. The feminine countenance of the young gentleman, and his age, which could not have been more than sixteen, aided the deception; and as they studiously avoided associating with their fellow-passengers during the journey, I had no opportunity of ascertaining my error: the old gentleman occupied himself with reading and fishing, and the young people with sketching.

Notwithstanding all my explanations, to account for

the omission of the signature of the ambassador, the officer was inexorable, and the whole party were sent, with a guard of gens-d'armes, beyond the frontier, to increase the number of railers against the Austrian government.

The examination of the contents of our ark being likely to consume two days, I did not feel inclined to remain during that time exploring the beauties of a small town: therefore, I took my place in another bark, bound for Vienna. This was of a far superior description to that in which I had hitherto travelled; for it was a covered boat with an awning on deck. The crew consisted of four men and a master, who bore the title of captain; he was from Passau, and prided himself in having conveyed the English ambassador to Vienna. The company were also more select, and I anticipated a pleasant voyage.

The morning we left Engelhardszell, I had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, one of the Danube fogs, which hung in a dense mass of floating vapour upon every object, rendering them totally impervious to the organs of vision. It was about four o'clock, and the sun had just begun to gild the summits of the rocks, but the spiteful veil effectually prevented the faintest ray from being visible. As the vessel was expected to be in motion about five, and as I had, in common with the rest of the passengers, left my bed for the sake of securing my coffee, I cannot say I regarded the mist with the interest and admiration I had anticipated, particularly as we were

completely fog-bound, the dangerous navigation of the Danube rendering it somewhat perilous for boats to proceed during its continuance. One hour passed on, then another, when it began slowly to unrol itself from the pines that crowned the beetling rocks, whose dark branches appeared emerging from volumes of clouds, and perhaps again the next instant a gust of wind enveloped them in mist. But the sun was friendly to us, and, as it climbed the heavens, gradually dispelled our enemy; and the appearance of the different objects, mountain villages, woodmen's cots, rocks, ruins, and trees, as they gradually arose to view from behind the transparent filmy veil, would require the pencil of a Claude to do justice to the picture, especially as the vapour was tinged with gold by the bright beams of a glowing sun.

About eight o'clock the fog entirely disappeared, and we were impelled forward very rapidly. The bed of the river being now entirely composed of large rocks, the passage of the stream was most turbulent, and our boat was buffeted about as if in a storm. The dreary crags on each side arose to such an altitude, as to exclude all prospect over the adjacent country; and, in truth, the scenery was so wild, and the signs of human habitation so few, that a traveller might deem he had arrived in a country in a state of infancy; and the appearance of the castle of Reinach, with its majestic towers, is hailed with pleasure. From this place a succession of picturesque rocks, ruins, villages, and lofty hills finely wooded, accompany us to Aschach,

where the country opens to our view, and the river assumes the form of an immense lake; then, after passing Efferdingen and Ottenheim, with its pretty castle, we landed at Urfar, the fauxbourg of Linz, the capital of Upper Austria.

The first view of the town from the river is most prepossessing: clean white houses, with green jalousies, give the hope of meeting with neatness and comfort; and on a more minute examination, I found the interior to correspond with its exterior. Like Vienna, the fauxbourgs are more beautiful and extensive than the city.

The Stände-haus and Theatre are fine buildings, and the allée in front is the favourite promenade of the gay world. A tasteful awning opposite the coffee-house was filled with visitors: many of the women were pretty, and it was evident, from the elegance of their dress, I was approaching the capital: they were attended by several officers, fine military looking men, in a grey undress uniform. The excessive, not to say fastidious, cleanliness of the military was remarkably striking; for, whether in undress, or on parade, not a speck was ever visible on their snow-white trowsers, or white cloth jackets, this being the general uniform of the infantry during the summer season: in winter they wear white cloth small clothes and long black gaiters.

But, to return to the women, the lower class struck me as handsome; but then, be it remembered, they had all the advantage of contrast, as I had been travelling through Swabia and Bavaria, where beauty is somewhat scarce: they were also indebted to their dress—

a tight corset and a most becoming gold cap. The neatness of their feet and ankles is also particularly attended to; the latter, however, as is the case generally in Germany, are too large in circumference to be consistent with beauty. The Linz damsels have not, however, the ruddy, healthful complexion so generally met with in Bavaria, and for this I am unable to assign any adequate cause.

The waiters at the hotels here, and in most of the provincial towns in Germany, are frequently of the gentler sex: but, whether men or women, they are both obliging and attentive, and the demand for a douceur, so invariably made in France, Italy, and England, is rarely or never heard of in this part of Germany. A friendly salutation is generally the substitute, and the smallest donation, if given, is gratefully received, and if entirely omitted, we never hear the murmur of discontent.

A magnificent coup d'œil of the surrounding country may be obtained by ascending the Schlossberg. The whole chain of the Styrian alps and part of the Salzburg mountains bound the prospect; the Danube is visible at not less than a dozen different points, as it winds its course through the hills and plains, while the fore ground is occupied by Linz, and the pretty country that surrounds it.

This town has the honour of being the birth-place of the celebrated Thugut, who, though merely the son of a boatman, rose, by his talents, to be prime minister of the Austrian empire.

The principal manufacture of woollen cloths employ a great number of the inhabitants, the trade to Turkey alone is considerable. The town also possesses a college and a university. The column to the Trinity in the market-place is worth attention, but as a similar object is to be met with in almost every town in Austria, the eye becomes weary with repetition; so farewell to thee Linz! I found within thy walls civil innkeepers, moderate charges, and good fare; and I am inclined to think, if the cause of many of the satirical and intemperate tirades in the note-books of travellers were to be traced to their source, they would be found to originate in the want of these comforts for strangers.

The distance from Linz to Vienna is about sixty leagues, but such is the velocity of the river, and its steep descent, that this voyage only occupies about a day and a half; the number of whirlpools render the navigation rather dangerous, and though exaggerated by the natives, yet it requires some little caution and skill in the helmsman to steer safely, on account of the numerous rocky islands and projecting crags, through which he is obliged to thread his course as through a labyrinth.

Having resumed our voyage about four in the morning, the scenery that presented itself was of the most beautiful description,—an ever-changing panorama. First, we had luxuriant meadows and corn-fields swelling into gentle hills, clothed with the rich verdure of June, the whole dotted over with the white cottages of the peasants, and animated by numerous groups of cattle.

In one place we perceived a shepherd, in his long gray mantle and cocked hat, seated on the trunk of a tree, with his dog crouched at his feet, and surrounded by his bleating flocks; in another, a swineherd was calling together his noisy charge, by the discordant notes of a cow's horn; teams of oxen were drawing on the roads, or ploughing in the fields, driven by women, whose red petticoats, and caps of gold tinsel, shone brilliantly in the sun. We then came to a plain, when the Danube gradually expanded into an immense lake, intersected by several green islands, enlivened by immense flocks of aquatic birds, who screamed most vociferously as we approached them; this terminated by contracting to a mountain gorge, formed by tremendous piles of rocks, with their fantastic peaks—dark, gloomy, and nearly destitute of vegetation. Each moment our progress seemed barred by an impassable chain of rocks, until, by turning a tiny cape, we found ourselves within another mountain lake, surrounded by yawning abysses and frowning precipices, which, overspread with the sable pall of the pine, gave to the whole a character at once wild and supernatural, and thus it continued, curve upon curve, lake upon lake, until we arrived at Strum, with its dreaded Saurüssel!

Here every thing concurs to increase the interest of the scene: the terrific roar of the river, and the rapidity with which it rushes through its frightful gorge, exhibiting one mass of boiling foam; the stupendous height and threatening attitude of the rocks, which

seem to menace us with certain destruction if we advance; the dim twilight; the anxiety pictured on the countenances of the passengers, their prayers to St. Nicholas and the Madonna; the shouts of the captain to his men, who are hurrying to and fro, frightened and confused, combine to raise a slight feeling of apprehension even in those whose nerves are iron-bound: but, in a moment, the dreaded Saurüssel is passed, and nothing is heard but thanks and gratitude for the intercession of the saints!

About half a league further, on arriving at a cluster of small islands, (the largest of which is called Wörth, with a romantic ruin,) the Danube divides into three distinct channels: the captain took the left one, and we entered the dangerous pass of the formidable Strudel! Fear again took possession of the passengers, large drops of perspiration bedewed the anxious brow of the helmsman, the saints were invoked, and again propitious, for one universal shout of joy proclaimed we had passed in safety.

This peril was scarcely surmounted—Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim—when the appearance of a colossal cross upon the heights announced that we were about to encounter another, the 'Wirbel.' This concussion is caused by the river dashing its waters out of the Strudel against a ridge of rocks, surmounted by a ruined tower, in the centre of the stream; these repel it with redoubled violence, and thus cause an eternal revolution of circles and eddies—a whirlpool. Perhaps there may be some trifling danger in passing this, owing

to the narrow passage in which the river is pent up, but it is magnified tenfold by ignorance and fear. Previous to the year 1778, accidents frequently occurred; but that excellent sovereign, Maria Theresa, the real Madonna of the Danube, caused the most dangerous rocks to be blasted.

Various are the legends respecting the Wirbel: the most generally believed is, that the waters of the Danube have from hence a subterranean channel, by which they pass into Hungary, and there emerging form the immense lake called the Neusiedler-see; in proof of this, it is asserted, that vessels sunk here were afterwards found floating on the Hungarian lake!

After triumphing over these horrors of the Danube! I perceived the stealthy figure of a tall ascetic monk issuing out of a small chapel, at the foot of a projecting cliff, and enter a small boat, from which was streaming a blue flag, with this inscription in gold letters—

"Fur die Rettung!

For your preservation.

On approaching us, he held up a small image of St. Nicholas, the patron of the Danube. I could not help smiling at the imaginary apprehensions of these good people, and the eager credulity with which they tendered the tribute to their protector, at the same time devoutly crossing themselves, and exclaiming—

"Gelobt sey Nicholas und Maria, wir sind glücklich hinüber!"

All praise and glory to St. Nicholas and the Virgin—we have safely passed the danger.

For myself, I heartily regretted that we had not more Saurüssels and Strudels to pass, and I could not help feeling angry with the spiteful stream that conveyed me so rapidly from these beautiful scenes. I was, however, in some degree compensated by the romantic coup d'œil that now broke upon my view; the little bark of the monk was lightly skimming over the water, his simple monastic costume, the deep solitary abyss, the wild scenery around, the hoarse cry of the birds of prey over our heads, mingled with the distant sounds of the shepherds' horns, the approach of a team of oxen, and their tinkling bells, ascending a projecting cliff, as they towed a barge against the stream, our own ill-shaped ark, the stillness of the waters through which we were now moving, the roar of the cataract behind us, and the whistling and plunging of a troop of otters, escaping from the dogs of the drivers, united to form a picture peculiar to the Danube, over which the crimson rays of the setting sun occasionally flung a slanting glance through the deep fissures of the rocks.

The soft magic light of the full moon was our beautiful guide, as we glided along the bosom of the waters to our Nacht-quartier at Scherblingstein; the weather was delightfully serene, the wind hushed, and the cloudless heaven, studded with myriads of stars, hung its glittering concave over the rushing stream. The village was poor, and the inn miserable: I, however, consoled myself with the prospect of sleeping the next night in the capital of the Austrian empire. My supper

consisted of the usual meagre-soup, that is, milk, butter, eggs, rice, and cinnamon, boiled together; this was succeeded by hashed veal, potatoe-salad, and sour wine. My bed was one of four in a large room, without curtains, and scarcely any furniture; being fatigued I soon fell asleep, but shortly afterwards awoke, to find that I shared my couch with myriads, who incessantly continued skipping, dancing, and running, which amused them infinitely more than it did me; I turned, threw away the plumeau, then the counterpane, and tried various other measures to get rid of my tormentors, but in vain. It then struck me that perhaps one of the other beds might not be so populous; the first two were occupied by a man and his wife, but the third was fortunately empty, and, much to my comfort and surprise, I discovered that my active little persecutors had some penchant for the bed I first entered, as I slept soundly till the hoarse voice of the boatman announced it was time to rise.

On leaving the village port, the weather was extremely fine, but sultry; the air unruffled, even by the slightest current. The whole of the passengers were on deck in groups; some playing cards, others singing in chorus, or relating traditional stories. This continued for about an hour, when suddenly the whole sky became wrapped in darkness, and a tremendous flash of lightning lit up the whole horizon, followed by a peal of thunder, of such violence, that it seemed to shake the rocks to their foundation. This was immediately succeeded by a storm, or, rather, a hurricane, which, in

a moment, sent cards, shawls, cloaks, hats, and papers, to float in the wind, and put to flight the whole of the passengers, of whom more than one was knocked down, while hurrying to gain the shelter of the cabin; and a few others were compelled to assume the horizontal position, by the violence of the wind. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene: the various ruins on the cliffs were momentarily illuminated, and then enveloped in darkness, while the echoes of the hoarse peals, as they reverberated from peak to peak, seemed as if demons were chasing each other from precipice to precipice. The gigantic pines were waving like bulrushes, and the small boat attached to our vessel was torn from its fastenings, and in a few minutes dashed to pieces; a fate which our own bark would certainly have shared, if we had been that moment in the whirlpools. As it was, we were more than once driven against the rocky shore; and not until torrents of rain had fallen, did the storm begin to abate its fury. During its continuance, the greater number of the passengers were, as usual, on their knees. The captain, however, seemed to place more confidence in the strength of his arm, than in the assistance of saints; and, as several of the passengers were luckily of the same opinion, we weathered our Danube tempest; otherwise, we might have come in contact with the rocks, for, both wind and stream being in our favour, we were hurried forward with a velocity which rendered the vessel difficult to controul.

The lowering home of the tempest having passed

away, leaving nothing behind but a few filmy vapours to dim the bright blue sky, the splendid convent of Mölk, said to be very rich, and the beautiful ruin Schönbühl, were the first objects to which my attention was directed. My admiration was then excited by the endless picturesque cascades which, issuing impetuously from the cliffs and fissures of the rocks, were hurling downwards the broken fragments of the trees and shrubs, torn by the violence of the storm. A little further, and the ruined castle of Aggstein stood forth, a prey to the winds of heaven, now whistling through its decayed battlements. One of the passengers related to me a tradition connected with it.

"During the middle ages, it was inhabited by a knight, named Schrecken-wald, the terror of the whole country; for he not only subsisted by rapine, but was accustomed to amuse himself, by throwing his prisoners from the top of one of the towers of his castle down the rocks into the Danube, exulting with savage joy, as he beheld his unfortunate victims tumbling from crag to crag. The tower in which he perpetrated this fiendish diversion is called, to this day, the bloody tower. His den being impregnable, he was at length taken by stratagem: popular superstition, as usual, has made his Satanic majesty the prime author of all this mischief; and, in the present instance, has even gone further than usual, by investing him with the honours of paternity; Schrecken-wald being declared to be his son!"

The town of Spitz, with its ruined castle, next

disclosed itself. I gladly welcomed its fertile vine-clad hill, said to produce excellent wine. The Danube now made one of its most extensive sweeps, and we suddenly came in front of Dürrenstein, a dreary, isolated, sterile rock, apparently inaccessible, crowned by the ruins of an old castle. Here the heroic king of England, the lion-hearted Richard, was confined by the treacherous duke of Austria; here he pined after his country, his liberty, and his crown; here he played on his harp, and sung his Provençal songs. The ruins are most picturesque, and their formidable position renders it highly probable, that this was indeed the prison of Richard. Underneath, on a rising cliff, the old town of Dürrenstein, with its convent, church, and the modern château of the Prince von Stahrenberg, has an imposing appearance.

We now bade adieu to the magic regions of the Danube. The rugged summits of the highlands melted into a soft, and more undulating outline; and, although the shores in some places were low and marshy, yet the whole scene was one of great beauty and fertility: the yellow grain, the saffron, and the mustard, were giving diversity to the green landscape, and the fields of Indian corn, towns, and villages, with their pretty spires, were here and there dotted like stars in the firmament, over which hung the neighbouring hills, with their shadowy foliage; while high above all, the magnificent abbey, Gottwich, its towers glittering in the sun, developed its proud form to the spectator, and constituted the most beautiful object in the picture.

The country now, for several miles, assumed a perfectly level aspect, whose monotony was at length relieved by the ruins of Greiffenstein; beneath which, on the banks of the river, lie scattered the white cottages of a village of the same name, from whence there is a subterranean passage to the castle. Tradition relates, —nay, do not be frightened, dear reader; this has nothing in it of diablerie,—it simply tells, that "Once upon a time, a great and powerful noble was incarcerated within its gloomy walls. It so happened, that a snake entered the bars of his prison; weary of solitude, the unhappy prisoner gratefully welcomed, as a friend, the reptile, which, in happier days, he would have destroyed. It became perfectly tame; lay in his bosom, and he shared with it his scanty meal for years; but, in process of time, the increase of its bulk was so great, and its appetite so voracious, that he found he must either destroy his pet, or die of hunger. Self-preservation dictated his decision, and, with the assistance of the branch of an oak, which grew near the grating of his window, he killed, with reluctance, his long-cherished inmate."—The oaken stick is still suspended from the ceiling of his dungeon, and the skin of the reptile is said to be preserved in the Museum, at Vienna.

Almost immediately on quitting the ruin, the beautiful abbey of Neuburg burst upon our view. Formerly, it could boast the high honour of being the repository of the ducal crown of Austria; but the great reformer, Joseph II., not reposing, it is supposed, the

same confidence as his ancestors in the honesty and good faith of the holy fathers, relieved them of the precious charge. However, by way of consolation, he left them the holy veil!

Between the abbey and Nussdorf, a pyramid has been erected, in memory of the explosion of a powder magazine, in 1779, by which seventy men were killed, and upwards of one hundred badly wounded. Although several miles distant, yet the windows in Vienna were broken, and several houses seriously damaged. It may be, however, that this said pyramid was raised to commemorate the miraculous deliverance of the holy Abbot of Neuburg, who happened to be taking an airing in his carriage, when the force of the explosion carried the holy man, with his carriage, horses, and servants, into the air, like a second Elias, and then deposited them safely on the ground!—but his nerves not being equal to such a novel mode of travelling, his jetty locks became gray, and the gout, to which he had been previously a martyr, found a remedy in the rarified air of the clouds.

This pyramid is as memorable to the water-tourist of the Danube, as it was in days of yore to the air-tourist of the abbey, for here he first sees the imperial city of Vienna. The joyful shouts of the passengers, "Wien! Wien!" announced to me the event. At that moment it looked peculiarly beautiful, for a slight shower had just passed away, and heaven's own arch of promise shone forth in all its varied gossamer tints, appearing

to unite in one glorious span the tower of St. Stephen's and the mountains of the Kahlenburg.

The village of Nussdorf gives the first impression of the gay world of Vienna; and the animated scene is not a little welcome to the traveller who has so long revelled among nature's solitudes, and who now contemplates carriages, equestrians, and a well-dressed moving multitude. Here my passport was demanded, and here I bade farewell to the Ark, having brought my Danube voyage to a termination. Although the fame of its scenery has not been so universally celebrated as that of the Rhine, yet its banks afford many landscapes superior to the very best points of that pet darling of poets and artists. Then be it remembered, the whole beauty of the scenery on the Rhine is from Coblentz to Mayence, the tour of which is accomplished in one day; whereas, the shores of the Danube from Ulm to Vienna gladden the traveller with repeated prospects of the loveliest and most romantic description. It must be allowed, the want of steam navigation renders it difficult to arrange a comfortable tour; but to the lover of nature in her simplest forms, this is a recommendation. Yet, if a party engage a small boat, take their own provisions, and stop when necessary at the various towns on its banks, they will find it not only extremely pleasant, but economical; for as the beauties of this splendid river are not generally known, it has not yet become a high road for travellers from every part of Europe, consequently,

the innkeepers have not yet learned the art of robbing their guests.

The most agreeable and convenient part of the tour is unquestionably from Ratisbon to Vienna; but by embarking here, the traveller loses the magnificent scenery in the vicinity of the convent of Weltenburg.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VIENNA.

General aspect of the town—Cathedral—Monument by Canova—Imperial cemetery—Equestrian statue of Joseph II.—Procession of the Fête Dieu—Imperial palace—Belvedere picture gallery—Arsenal—Theatre—Music—Amusements—Public institutions.

The Danube having lost all its attractions, and the aspect of a fleet of rafts and water-mills, through which our bark had to thread its course, completely deterred me from pursuing my route any farther under the protection of St. Nicholas; I therefore transferred myself to the guidance of St. Fiacre, and set off for the metropolis. The road exhibited a scene of unusual bustle and animation; carriages of every description, many of them bizarre enough, seemed bound for the same destination as myself. On arriving at the Stadt London, I found every room occupied: I experienced a similar reception at several other hotels, until at length the Goldenen Lamm, in the Leopoldstadt, offered me its gentle protection; and, in good truth, I had no cause to be ungrateful, for the accommodation was excellent,

and the charges moderate. I now learned, much to my gratification, that the Fête Dieu was the magnet that attracted this immense concourse of visitors, its celebration being the following day, and also, that the young emperor was expected to make his first public appearance.

Although this was not the first time I had visited Vienna, yet I found the town so much improved during my absence, that I now enjoyed its charms with the vivacity of first impressions. The extensive esplanade and bastey, that separate the city from the faux-bourgs, was completely finished, and prettily laid out as a pleasure-ground; to which the gay throng, some promenading, and others taking refreshment under the marquees and awnings of the coffee-houses, imparted an air of cheerfulness and variety. The noble Prater, the finest public park in Europe, was still more attractive, crowded as it then was with splendid equipages and numerous equestrians and pedestrians; indeed, the whole population seemed in search of enjoyment. In vain I sought for that abject misery and squalid wretchedness so usually attendant on populous cities: wherever I bent my steps, my ears were agreeably entertained with the variety of languages, and my eyes equally amused by the variety of national costume, for, mingled with the pleasure-seeking multitude, were Armenians, Persians, Turks, Grecians, Hungarians, &c. What a contrast did all this evident prosperity present to the appearance exhibited by Vienna at the peace of 1815! How maturely, then, ought a government to

weigh the consequences of war, its desolation, poverty, and ruin, before they inflict its miseries upon their country and people!

The town was even still more improved by the addition of a very splendid portal, the Burg-thor, together with an elegant chain bridge, the Sophien-brücke, thrown across an arm of the Danube; and the streets, particularly those of the fauxbourgs, were better paved; the material for doing this, an excellent species of granite, is found in great abundance in the neighbourhood. Although Vienna was always remarkable for the number of its handsome palaces, yet several new edifices have recently been erected; not the lath and plaster structures we see in Berlin, but exhibiting a character at once massive and imposing, and if not calculated to command the entire admiration of the critic for their classic architecture, they are at least exempt from any display of gew-gaw finery, or of that barbarous mixture of poverty and grandeur, which so often obtrudes on the observation in other cities of Germany. These buildings in general display a sober, solid stateliness, rising to four or five floors, in the form of a square.

We find in Vienna some of the largest houses in Europe; that called the Stahrmbergische-haus is computed to be inhabited by two thousand persons, and produces a revenue of a hundred and ninety thousand florins. The Bürgher-spital, six stories high, has ten courts, and twenty separate staircases; besides several others, whose dimensions are equally colossal. That

man is indeed to be pitied, who should arrive here in search of a friend, unless he is provided, in addition to the street and number of the house, with the name of the court, staircase, floor, even the number of the door. Like all other towns that have been originally fortified, the streets are narrow, and the squares small, and being without trottoirs, and at the same time bustling and populous, the pedestrian is momentarily in danger of being rode over; but whether owing to the heavy fine attendant on such an act, or that the horses are more tractable, or the drivers more humane than our own,—certain it is, that accidents of this description seldom occur; nevertheless, it requires no inconsiderable adroitness in the knights of the whip to wind through the narrow alleys, and turn the sharp corners, without sustaining or inflicting some injury: indeed, the Vienna Jehus have good reason to be careful, and a pedestrian is here far safer than in the broad, well-paved streets of London; for when an accident does occur, the proprietor of the carriage is not only compelled to pay the surgeon's bill, but to indemnify the sufferer for the whole of his lost time, even though the consequences of the accident should extend through life; and if killed, he must provide for his family. The Austrian government being absolute in this, as in every thing else, admits of no circumstances to mitigate the offence.

That part of Vienna called the city is of a circular form, and was originally fortified; but the successful attacks of the French having proved the inutility of this mode of defence, the space occupied by the fortifi-

cations has been converted into a public promenade, called the Bastey, and for which it is admirably adapted by its breadth and elevated situation. Here, while taking an ice in a coffee-house, or lounging through the grounds, we command delightful prospects over the surrounding country. In one place, the eye wanders over the blue waters of the Danube, its islets, the foliage of the Prater, and the gay throng hastening to enjoy its cool shades. In another, we have a succession of terraced vineyards, ascending to the summit of the lofty Kahlenburg, intermingled with the villas and pleasure-houses of the citizens.

Beneath the Bastey we have the Esplanade, a broad low, level space, which runs entirely round the city, and gradually rises into eminences: upon these are built the thirty-four suburbs, each large enough to form a considerable town; thus the fauxbourgs are completely separated from the city, and the space between forms one of the most delightful promenades imaginable; for, being in the centre of a large town, it affords to the inhabitants every facility of enjoying air and exercise; and, like the Bastey, is prettily laid out and planted with alleys of trees, and of course it has its coffee-houses; for the Viennese, who evidently hold abstinence and self-denial in supreme contempt, consider these appendages the principal charm of a promenade; hence we find them not only in the public walks, but in the parks of the emperor and nobility. In short, Vienna is in every respect worthy of being the capital of a great empire, and the seat of some of the wealth-

iest families in Europe; it also excels every other continental city I am acquainted with in cleanliness, cheapness of living, and the ability of the inhabitants to procure not alone the necessaries, but the comforts of life.

The fauxbourgs are not so splendidly built, but their more elevated situation, wide, regular streets, and the diminished height of the houses, renders them a preferable residence; the inhabitants, however, do not think so, for it is high fashion to reside in the city: even a tradesman domiciliated there holds a higher rank than his brethren of the fauxbourgs. The population altogether is about three hundred and twenty thousand; sufficiently large to afford an agreeable variety, without the evils attendant on an overgrown metropolis.

The lofty pyramidal spire of Saint Stephen's cathedral, so long my beacon, was the first object that attracted me. To the admirers of Gothic architecture, the contemplation of this majestic edifice must afford the highest gratification; for it combines beauty with vastness and solidity: the height of the spire is four hundred and fifty feet, and the point so fine, that it seems to disappear in the clouds; but, owing to the various bombardments the city has undergone, it inclines three feet from the perpendicular. The original plan was to crown the building with a second spire similar to the first, but the intention has never been carried into effect: this explains its unsymmetrical appearance, so often censured by travellers. The interior

is vast, striking, and majestic, and though somewhat sombre, yet not more so than accords with the solemn character of the building. We do not find it so richly ornamented with pictures, statues, and monuments as might be expected in the capital of the Austrian empire; perhaps they think its own beautiful architecture sufficient. Two mediocre paintings, the "Stoning of Saint Stephen," and an "Ecce Homo," adorn the principal altars; and among all the warriors that fought and bled for Austria, we only meet with a monument to Prince Eugene, and this was erected by a member of his own family. That of the Emperor Frederic IV. is composed of red and white marble, ornamented with an infinite number of heraldic and other devices, with a full-length figure of the monarch in his imperial robes; but though the whole has been evidently executed with the most elaborate care, and at a great expense, yet the effect is not commensurate.

The most attractive church in Vienna, to the lover of the fine arts, is the Augustiner Kirche, for it contains the splendid monument of the Arch-Duchess Christine of Austria, considered one of the best works of Canova. Even minute description will fail, as it always does, when employed upon a work of art, to convey any adequate idea of its merit and beauty. It consists of a vast pyramid of greyish marble, with an open door at its base leading to the sepulchre, and over it the inscription, "Uxori optimæ Albertus:" the steps leading to it are covered with an exquisitely-wrought carpet, towards which we see descending a

beautiful figure of Virtue, enveloped in long drapery, her dishevelled hair confined by a simple wreath of olive leaves; she is carrying to the tomb the urn containing the ashes of the deceased, which she appears to regard with deep affection and melancholy regret; she is accompanied in her mournful office by two young girls bearing torches: the air of angelic sweetness and sorrow, mingled with resignation, exhibited by these figures, is admirable. At some little distance, is a second group: Benevolence, in the form of a fine young woman, is seen supporting with some effort a blind old man, who, though bent with age and suffering, appears to recoil from the tomb with horror, affording a fine contrast to the child near him, whose clasped hands and placid countenance shows its infantile resignation. On the left, at the entrance of the pyramid, is a winged genius, leaning upon the mane of a lion couchant; a gentle melancholy is imprinted upon his celestial countenance, and the power of death appears to paralyze even the courage of the lion. Over the door of the vault is seen an angel bearing a medallion portrait of the Arch-Duchess, encircled by the emblem of Eternity; and opposite, a genius fluttering in the air, presenting a branch of palm in homage to her virtues: the last two figures and the portrait are in relief, on the pyramid; the whole of the remaining figures are detached, and as large as life. The execution, taken altogether, is worthy the genius of Canova at its zenith; the female figures, particularly, display

the delicacy of expression, and feminine loveliness, so peculiar to that great artist.

There are several other monuments in this church of great merit, but in vain we seek among them for another like that of the enchanter Canova. The tomb of the Emperor Leopold II., by Zauner, is deservedly admired, and well executed, but it fails in sentiment and expression; for it is not only necessary that an artist should model well, he must be also inspired with that pure genius which breathes life and immortality into his works. Almost all the productions of this artist, that I have seen, both here and at Berlin, have more or less the same deficiency. I know not with whom the idea originated,—or was it accidental?—of placing the statue of the brave Marshal Daun by the side of Leopold, as if to be the supporter even in death of that monarch, whose throne he had upheld through life.

The church of Saint Michael, containing all that remains of Metastasio, will, of course, command a pilgrimage from every admirer of Italian poetry; and the church of the Capuchins enshrines the ashes of the sovereigns of Austria. Among the splendid monuments, I sought in vain for that of Joseph II., its unostentatious simplicity being entirely obscured by those around it: but what avails the posthumous honours of the sculptured marble, since the admiration of succeeding ages, and the pages of history, are the most striking monuments of those superior mortals, who have astonished the world by their talents, and improved it by

their virtues? As I stood regarding the unpretending slab, I thought I heard the attendant monk mutter between his teeth, "den Ketzer!" I next turned to contemplate two other monuments,—those of the Emperor Francis, and the Duke of Reichstadt. Here reposes the last hope of the Napoleon dynasty by the side of his only parent, who had been father, mother,—all to the bereaved boy; for it is notorious that Maria Louisa did not exhibit for the son of Napoleon the fond solicitude of maternal affection. Peace to their shades!—the evening of the emperor's long and chequered reign was gilded by the sun of national prosperity; and though we cannot term him an enlightened, liberal prince, yet he has left behind him a name dear to the Austrians, as a just and merciful monarch.

The last church I shall mention is that of San Carlo; it is built in the form of a mosque, and exhibits much architectural beauty. Like Santa Maria della Salute, at Venice, it was erected to commemorate the cessation of a very dreadful pestilence: the paintings and ornaments, particularly the bas-reliefs relating to the life of the Saint, are well executed.

The handsomest square in Vienna is Josephs-platz, so called from being ornamented with the fine equestrian statue of Joseph II. It is considered to be one of Zauner's best works, and deemed by artists the most perfect cast existing; for it rarely happens that some irregularity does not occur in effecting this operation. The emperor, to whom the resemblance is said to be very striking, is attired in the Roman costume, and

crowned with laurel; with the ease and self-possession of an accomplished equestrian, he curbs with one hand the impetuosity of his steed, and extends the other to his people, as if assuring them of his protection. The statue reposes on an elevated pedestal of granite, which, with its attendant pilasters, are adorned with medallions, representing, not the remarkable events of his great life, but his travels! Notwithstanding the figures are colossal, well executed, and most imposing, without the slightest appearance of any thing trifling, yet the absence of that expression of elevated sentiment, which nothing but the magic touch of inspired genius is capable of infusing into a work of art, causes the spectator to regard it with apathy. The traveller is the more sensible of this want of enthusiasm, if he proceeds to visit it immediately after viewing Canova's work in the Augustiner-kirche. There the mind of a master is manifested, not only throughout the whole composition, but in every individual figure, and kindles in those who contemplate it the most passionate admiration. It was erected by the late emperor Francis II., who so far honoured the memory of his immortal uncle, without adopting one single liberal principle of his enlightened mind. The inscription, Saluti publicæ vixit non diu, sed totus, is as susceptible of a double entendre as the famous device of the house of Austria; A. E. I. O. U. Austriæ, est, Imperare, orbi, universo, which perhaps may be rendered more appropriately, at present Austriaci, erunt, in, orbe, ultimi!

It is impossible to contemplate this monument with-

out offering all that is left to offer—the tribute of regret and admiration to the memory of the great original, who, in ten years, effected more for the welfare of his country, than had been accomplished during all the reigns of his predecessors; to his exertions alone many of the noblest institutions in the empire owe their origin. He first shook to its foundation the civil power of the Romish Hierarchy; he was that sun of Austria which first dispelled the mists of superstition, and permitted his subjects the liberty of adoring their Creator according to the creed of their forefathers; he abolished feudal vassalage, annihilated the tyrannical power of the nobles, fixed the value of land, protected agriculture, encouraged commerce, transformed convents and nunneries into establishments of public utility, and, by his encouragement of literature and the fine arts, excited the nobility to emulate his example, and thereby diffused among his people a taste for these civilizers of our nature. In short, nearly all that is great, good, and beautiful in Austria, emanated from this excellent monarch; to whom may be justly applied the words—

"Il pense en philosophe, et agit en Roi."

Yet how capricious is destiny in her rewards! During his short reign, bigoted Brabant was in flames, Hungary in rebellion, Frederic of Prussia in arms against him, the Turks in the heart of his empire, a nobility discontented at the loss of their privileges, a priesthood mutinous at the abridgment of their power, and, per-

haps worst of all, he ruled over a people of whom he was himself in advance a century, who, instead of regarding him as their liberator, despised him as the profane persecutor of all which they had been taught to revere.

The remaining squares in Vienna are but little calculated to interest: the centre is usually occupied by some piece of gaudy, gilded sculpture, whose subject is either religious or allegorical, well or ill executed, as it may happen. Might not many of them be advantageously superseded by the statues of those heroes who bled in defence of their country? Indeed, the traveller who wanders through the squares, churches, and public places of Vienna, would be led to imagine that Austria never possessed a single individual of talent, who deserved a public memorial.

The morning of the procession of the Fête Dieu was ushered in by repeated discharges of cannon; platforms, strewed with grass, flowers, and palm, were laid down in the principal streets. About ten, it began to move forward from the cathedral, affording me an opportunity of viewing the élite of the whole Austrian empire. The corps of the city artillery led the procession; these were followed by the various city companies, with standards, the different orders of ecclesiastics, the officers of the burgher guards, the magistrates of the town, the servants of the Court, the members of the universities, the lords of the bedchamber, the privy counsellors and ministers of state, the different orders of knighthood, the Host borne by the Archbishop, which was preceded by solemn music, and followed

by the emperor and royal family; to which succeeded the ladies of the court, the ladies of the nobility, the imperial guards on foot, the Hungarian garde du corps à cheval, in their splendid national uniform of red and green; the Austrian guards, in scarlet and black, equally superb; the Trabant guards, on foot, and a battalion of grenadier guards, closed the procession with martial music. Military were stationed along the whole line, the church bells were tolling, and three deafening salutes of artillery announced its termination. This gorgeous spectacle fully realized my expectations: the splendour of the military, the rich attire of the clergy, the solemn music, the deep reverential feeling exhibited by the vast multitude, dressed in all the varied costumes of the countries that compose the Austrian empire, concurred to form a religious pageant superior to any I had ever witnessed, Rome itself not even excepted.

It is impossible not to be awe-struck by the grandeur, the very imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church, its rich jewelled ornaments, its sacred vessels of massive gold and silver, the sumptuous dress of the clergy, the impressive service of the mass, the solemn music, accompanied by clouds of perfumed incense; the elevation of the Host; the burning tapers, in the midst of the darkness that surrounds the altar, to typify the presence of Almighty God; the penitential mea culpa, the triumphal burst of thanksgiving in the Gloria in excelsis. All this, undoubtedly, must produce a powerful effect upon those who firmly believe in its divine

origin, and the real presence of the Deity in the Host. Indeed, many of the customs and observances of this church appear to have a tendency to encourage devotion; such as that of keeping open the temple of God at all hours for the pious worshipper, who would petition for deliverance from trouble, or return thanks for mercies received. As I wandered through the dim aisles of St. Stephen's cathedral, on the evening of the Fête Dieu, how many did I see bending the head in silent prayer!—their indistinct forms, the burning tapers, the stillness, vastness and majesty of the divine edifice, all combined to raise feelings of humility and devotion, and formed a beautiful picture of the intercourse between the Creator and his creatures. To what, then, can we ascribe the slight purifying influence of the ancient faith upon the moral conduct and manners of the inhabitants of Catholic countries, when compared with their Protestant brethren? Is it the accordance of indulgences, the absolution of sins, the eternal recurrence of holidays, which foster such determined habits of idleness and dissipation in the population?

Vienna has several fine portals, but none of them comparable for magnificence to the Brandenburgerthor, at Berlin; and although every object brought under public observation appears more splendid, elegant, and attractive, in the Prussian metropolis, yet it is mere shadow to the substance; for here, behind dark walls, there is far more sterling value than in the finest palaces of its rival. We also see none of the petty arts, by which the less wealthy endeavour to diffuse the

belief, that their resources are equal to those of their more opulent neighbours. The Kaiserburg, the palace of the emperor, is on a par, in point of architecture, with our own St. James's; indeed, the horses of his imperial majesty are better lodged than their master. The palace is very extensive, and the gems of art it contains are so valuable, and so numerous, that they will occupy several days in viewing them. Simplicity is the prevailing character throughout the apartments appropriated to the emperor and his family; and his court parade, except on public occasions, exhibits less ostentation than that of many of the petty sovereigns of Germany. Here we also find the Hofbibliotheck, a temple worthy the intellectual treasures it enshrines. Let the reader figure to himself a saloon, two hundred and sixty feet in length, proportionably broad and lofty, in whose centre rises a fine dome, supported by eight marble Corinthian columns, beneath which are the statues of the founder, Charles VI., and the most illustrious sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg, the whole in Carrara marble. Independent of three hundred thousand volumes in every language, there is a large collection of valuable manuscripts. The most interesting are the "Roman Senatus Consultum," by which the bacchanalia were prohibited, written in the year 186, A. C.; "The Gospels of the four Evangelists," upon red parchment, with silver letters; Pentinger's celebrated Tables; and the Mexican manuscripts, upon human skin. Among these literary rarities is a painted Breviary, so beautifully executed, that we

are cheated into the belief that it must have been printed: the completion of it cost a learned monk the labour of thirty years. I perused, with the deepest reverence, the original of Tasso's Gerusalemo Liberato, and then turned from the contemplation of this intellectual labour to one which, though interesting, was altogether mechanical: it is an astronomical clock, executed in 1751, at Wurzburg, by an uneducated turner, named Charles Neftsfell; it gives a very correct idea of the movements of the planets, and is altogether a most ingenious work of art. In another wing of the palace is the imperial treasury, and those who are fond of contemplating a royal exhibition of bijouterie, will be much gratified.

In the Augustine corridor, which unites the palace with the Augustine Church, is the rich collection of gems, cameos, and antique medals. Among these, the imperial token of affection presented by Maria Theresa to her husband, and placed by him in this cabinet, is a very beautiful specimen of human ingenuity. It is a bouquet, composed entirely of precious stones, the natural colour of each flower being faithfully preserved. The insects on them, also strictly copied from nature, are formed of the same valuable materials. The collection of animals in the imperial cabinet of natural history is not so complete as that at Paris, but more tastefully arranged; the walls are prettily painted with landscapes, representing the scenery of that part of the world of which the animal, or bird, was a native. A glass-door encloses each separately, and the name is

affixed to it. I was much disappointed in the collection of ancient sculpture, as it is much inferior to the galleries of Dresden and Munich. Its greatest gem is the colossal statue of Antinous, in bronze, found in Carinthia, in the year 1562; a very rare specimen, for, during the early ages of Christianity, the statues made of this metal were metamorphosed into church bells.

The ancient palace of Prince Eugene, called the Belvedere, was converted by Joseph II. into a museum of the fine arts; to whose munificence and good taste Vienna is indebted for one of the best collections of paintings in Europe, particularly in the Flemish and German schools. They are very well arranged in the various saloons, according to the different masters, but being unfortunately lighted by side windows, the brilliance of their effect is much injured. I shall merely point out a few of the most strikingly beautiful. In the Flemish school, we have three of the master-pieces of Rubens—St. Ignatius driving the Devil out of the Possessed, St. Ildefonzo receiving from the Madonna a magnificent robe, and St. Ambrosius closing the church-door against the Emperor Theodosius. Van Dyke's Charles I. and St. Rosalia, Rembrandt's Mother, and Mieris's Female Merchant, are admirable. Denner's heads of old persons should be examined through a magnifying-glass, to see the extraordinary care and diligence with which they have been finished. The well-painted portrait of the monster Philip II. of Spain, which has been brought from the Escurial, corresponds in ugliness with his deformed mind. The German school

comprises a large collection of very good paintings: here we may study some of the chef d'œuvres of Dürer, Cranach and Holbein; the portrait of Erasmus, of Rotterdam, by the latter, is a splendid painting; and three on wood, by Mutina, are said to have been excuted in 1297.

Of the Italian school, Raphaël's Holy Family under a palm tree is scarcely inferior to that at Dresden, or to the Madonna della Sedia, at Florence. This artist, who ought to be surnamed the Divine, so replete with beauty are his figures, died at the early age of thirty-six; and though he painted more in fresco than in oil, yet those attributed to him would require at least the lives of three men to execute: must we not, therefore, conclude that many ascribed to him are surreptitious? A connoisseur, however, of the arts can never be mistaken, if he bears in mind the words of the immortal artist, "Essendo carestia di belle Donne io mi servo de certa idea che mi vienne in menta." Da Vinci tells us that he owed to the revelation of a dream the principal figure in his Last Supper; and when I was at Stutgard, the venerable Dannecker assured me that he was also indebted to a nocturnal vision for the idea of his beautiful Head of Christ, now one of the principal ornaments of the museum at Saint Petersburg. Here there are more than thirty paintings by Titian alone. I prefer his Diana with her Nymphs Bathing to his much admired Venus, in Dresden; at least it exhibits more life and animation: his Holy Family is equally beautiful, particularly the

expression of infantine loveliness of Saint John, who is presenting the Saviour with strawberries. Tintoretto's beautiful Cornara Queen of Cyprus, and Saint Jerome, are among the best specimens of this master. A night view of Angels weeping over the Tomb of Jesus, is worthy the pencil of Palma Vecchia. Fra Bartolomeo's Madonna, Caracci's Adonis, Spagnoletto's Repentant St. Peter, Guido's Magdalene, Valentin's Moses with the Tables, Bassano's St. Francis and St. Clare, Giordano's Fall of the Angels, and several by Salvator Rosa, cannot fail to be recognized by every amateur of the fine arts. By that most graceful painter, Correggio, we have a beautiful picture of Cupid (apparently in one of his most frolicsome moods) trampling upon a MS.—how discouraging for an author. His Madonna in Glory, and the Crucifixion, are in no respect inferior; although the latter is much injured, from being long used as the substitute for a window, in the stable of a rich Protestant nobleman at Stockholm.

The Belvedere gallery also contains the magnificent Mosaic copy of Da Vinci's Last Supper, for which Napoleon engaged to pay fifteen thousand zechinos; the late Emperor Francis fulfilled the contract, by paying the money. It would have been well if Lady Morgan, previous to penning her violent tirade against Francis, for transferring the picture from Milan, had, in the heat of her indignation, condescended to remember, that even an emperor has a right to an article if he pays for it. Indeed, lady tourists ought to be very

cautious how they touch upon politics; for their zeal, whether as aristocrats or democrats, is very apt to overstep discretion.

The ground floor of the Belvedere contains a fine collection of ancient armour. The most splendid is that of the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria, and the largest that of his body-guardsman, who must have been a perfect giant, for it measures between nine and ten feet in height! Scanderberg's sword, and Montezuma's battle-axe, of basalt, are very interesting. Here we also find a large collection of portraits of the most distinguished characters connected with the house of Hapsburg; the best are those by Dürer, Cranach, and Holbein: Charles V., by Titian, is a splendid painting. In Holbein's Adoration of the Magi, I was much amused by seeing the three kings decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece.

The Arsenal deserves a visit, were it only to admire the various forms in which the weapons are ingeniously arranged: in addition to this we have Godfrey de Bouillon's velvet hat and feathers, the blood-stained leathern doublet that once sheltered the breast of the brave Gustavus Adolphus, the armour of Charles V., the arms of Marlborough, Eugene and Stahrenberg, a numerous collection of Turkish colours, a French republican tree of liberty, surmounted with the Jacobinical cap; and in the court-yard, the monstrous chain taken from the Turks, with which they intended to bar the passage of the Danube. The city Arsenal is not less interesting; a fine building, constructed by the

citizens of Vienna at their own expense. It contains sufficient arms for thirty thousand men, with a proportionate artillery. Here we also see, in the immense collection of Turkish trophies, the spoils won by the valiant Sobiesky and his brave Poles, who saved Austria, (how have they been requited?) together with the head of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha. This unfortunate commander, on the loss of the battle, was strangled by order of the Sultan; but his unhappy destiny did not allow him repose even in the grave, for on the conquest of Belgrade by the Imperial troops, his body was dug up, his head cut off, carried to Vienna, and placed here in triumph, where it still remains a trophy of cowardly vengeance, and a proof that an enlightened government will sometimes permit the preservation of a relic of barbarism,—or why is it not removed?

Vienna is very well calculated to afford gratification to the antiquarian, and the admirer of the fine arts; for in addition to the imperial collections, every nobleman has his separate gallery, all of which are very easy of access. The most popular theatre is that in the Leopoldstadt, for the performance of comedies and farces, which are always represented in the Austrian dialect, the Austrians being, if I may be allowed the phrase, addicted to Irishisms, not more from their native wit, than from the double entendre their pronunciation gives rise to. The opera, both German and Italian, is very well conducted, and generally well attended; for the correctness of the musical taste of the Viennese is not surpassed by that of any other city in Europe. This

is perhaps partly referrible to the close connexion between Austria and Italy, by which the beauties of the Italian school become familiar to them, and both as amateurs and in public we find the most admirable performers. But Germany is a musical nation; the names of her composers are imperishable, and without intending to institute any invidious comparison between them and the Italian masters, may we not say that the national character is visible in the works of her composers? solid, patient, and laborious, not satisfied with mediocrity, but endeavouring by the most continuous and patient exertions to attain the highest pinnacle of excellence; and when to this is added the pure inspiration of genius, we wonder not at the productions of such men as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Bach, &c. The severe and changeable climate of the greater part of Germany, particularly Vienna, will always operate to prevent it from producing many first rate singers; but the indefatigable and unwearied industry, which forms so essential a part in the Teutonic character, must be favourable to the formation of instrumental performers; hence, in the execution of martial music they are unrivalled.

Next to music, dancing is the amusement most sedulously followed at Vienna, especially during the Carnival, when there are masked and unmasked balls for the whole population, from the emperor and empress to the woodcutter and blanchisseuse. The principal is held in the Redoutensaal, where there are frequently assembled between five and six thousand persons, in-

cluding the emperor and his family, the ministers, foreign ambassadors, in short all the rank and beauty of Vienna. The Apollo Saal, also dedicated to the divinity of dancing, is unequalled in splendour, affording sufficient space for ten thousand persons to waltz at ease. It presents a most imposing spectacle, when lighted up and ornamented with festoons of flowers, and filled by vast multitudes, whose dancing figures are multiplied a thousand-fold by the numerous brilliant mirrors.

The numerous promenades that surround Vienna constitute another recreation of these pleasure-loving people; the principal is the Prater. This splendid park, unequalled in any country for extent and the beauty of its situation, being nearly encircled by the Danube, was only accessible to the nobility previous to the reign of the reforming emperor, Joseph II. On Sunday and holidays, it is filled with tens of thousands of the citizens, among whom are to be seen the emperor and his family, who partake of this as they do of all popular amusement. The Prater is distinguished from our English parks by having coffee-houses, restaurateurs, billiard-rooms, &c. Here we may see the richer citizens listlessly sipping their ices, and their humbler brethren resting from their labours by the most vigorous waltzing, or by playing the darling game of the Germans, nine-pins. The Prater is also the theatre for the display of fire-works; from the immense concourse of people, a stranger might be inclined to suppose that the whole population of Vienna were assembled on these occasions

When the evening closes, the report of a cannon announces they are about to commence, when simultaneously the vast multitude is seen rushing to one spot. A second cannon, accompanied by a rocket, is succeeded by a most splendid display of fireworks, in every form and colour, which continues for about half an hour, terminating by a deafening explosion. This being the enterprise of a private individual, he is remunerated by the seats let out in a wooden amphitheatre, at twenty-four kreutzers each, little more than sixpence. The gayest scene, however, exhibited on the Prater is the Schlitten-Fahrt (sledge driving), and for brilliancy of effect it is, I should think, unequalled in any country. The splendour of the equipages, the beauty of the Hungarian horses, and the fine park, then covered with its snowy mantle, of which pageant it is the arena, then crowded with tens of thousands of pedestrians wrapped in fur, renders the Schlitten-Fahrt at Vienna, a very imposing spectacle. The fantastic form of the sledge generally originates in the whim of the proprietor; swans, griffins, dragons, eagles, and a thousand others afford an endless variety; many of the nobles adopt the form of the supporters of their armorial bearings. They are usually drawn by two horses; but on state occasions, by four, decorated with bells, ribands, and most gaudy trappings, while the airy vehicle itself, which contains a seat for two persons, is painted with the brightest colours, and richly gilded; for fashion places no bounds to the display of finery in the Schlitten and its appendages. It is always attended by either

two or four outriders in the livery of the proprietor. The spectator has the advantage, while seated in one of the coffee-houses of the Prater, of contemplating without exposure to the wintry wind, the whole gorgeous cavalcade, which, headed by the sledges of the emperor and the nobility, is followed by hundreds of those of the citizens.

The traveller will find, on the esplanade, Canova's much admired Theseus killing the Minotaur, in a pretty temple, built in strict imitation of the temple of Theseus at Athens. The building is worthy the gem it contains; but the site has not been well chosen, being situated in the lowest part of the esplanade. What a pity it cannot change places with the gorgeous coffee-house we see on the most commanding position on the Bastey above it, and which seems to look down with contempt on the humble Athenian.

The honour is due to Vienna, of having originated these social establishments, the first coffee-house having been opened here in 1683 by the Pole, Koltschitzky, who had the privilege conferred upon him in return for the important services he had rendered the state, as a spy, during the siege of Vienna. My readers may be assured that the keeper of a coffee-house is no mean personage in this gay metropolis; for, besides having a large capital, he cannot exercise his profession without the express sanction of the government, which is a very costly privilege to procure; however, it appears, in some instances, they contrive to make large fortunes, for a friend pointed out a splendid equipage, whose proprietor originally kept one: and, as his plan of ac-

quiring wealth was somewhat novel, I beg leave to relate it for the amusement of my readers. It appears, at the commencement of his career, he altogether failed of attracting customers, until his ingenuity inspired him with the idea of having a china pipe-bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions, as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes, to accommodate thirty persons at the same time: the novelty pleased that capricious monster, the public: the coffee-house was constantly crowded, and the landlord transformed his pipe-bowl into a chariot, and, I have no doubt that a similar establishment would succeed equally well in London.—Probatum est.

Vienna is most liberally provided with scientific institutions and charitable establishments: the university was founded in 1237, and possesses an astronomical observatory, an anatomical theatre and laboratory, a good library, a collection of natural history, and a botanical garden, for the use of the students. The gymnasium is equally well appointed; but we cannot too much admire the Commercial Academy, where pupils are instructed, not only in the usual routine of learning, but in the science and history of commerce, the knowledge of merchandize and mercantile law, the products and advantages of all the commercial states in the known world; those objects of natural history necessary to furnish materials for commerce, for manufactures, and philosophy; chemistry, as applied to

manufactures, and dying; correspondence on all kinds of business; drawing, machinery, mathematics, &c.; and for this instruction, the pupils have only to pay three florins a month, and, for a small sum extra, they are taught Latin, English, French, and Italian.

The Oriental Academy is unique of its kind: it was founded by Joseph II. Here young men are instructed in the languages, and also in the political relations of Austria with the various eastern governments. When their studies are terminated, they are employed as secretaries to the ambassadors, consuls, or vice-consuls, or other agents of the government in the various parts of the East. This excellent establishment has furnished some of the most distinguished men who have figured in the political history of Austria, among whom we may reckon Thugut, one of the greatest politicians of his age, and who rose to be prime minister of state.

The Theresian Academy was instituted by Maria Theresa, solely for the education of the sons of the aristocracy; but Joseph, who, it appears, was not friendly to the nobility, thought they would be better adapted to perform the duties of good citizens, if educated in an academy of a more mixed character, he therefore suppressed it, and distributed the revenues in stipends to the military and civil officers, who had deserved well of their country. His nephew, however, the late Emperor Francis, was of a very different opinion, for he re-established it, on the original plan.

The government is not less attentive to the educa-

tion of the lower orders: for there are schools established throughout the whole empire, (similar to those in Prussia,) except in Hungary, where the power of the emperor is controlled by that of the—Magnats!

The Medico-Chirurgical Academy, founded by Joseph, is one of the finest buildings in Vienna, and calculated for twelve hundred patients; there are six professors attached, and the collection of anatomical figures, in wax, by Fontana, is very little inferior to those of Florence. The Allgemeine Krankenhaus (General Hospital) for the sick was also founded by the same beneficent monarch: it contains a hundred and eleven rooms, with two thousand beds, and is computed to receive annually about ten thousand patients. It is very well ventilated, and kept extremely clean. This establishment has one feature which deserves to be particularly mentioned, namely, that persons upon payment of a small sum daily, are accommodated with a separate bed-room, and medical attendance, together with every comfort necessary for an invalid; I need scarcely add, how serviceable this proves to industrious families, whose pecuniary resources are limited, and what advantage similar establishments would be in our own country.

Adjoining to this is the Maison d'Accouchement, another monument of Joseph's benevolence; here not even the name of the applicant is demanded, she may enter veiled, or masked, and remain incognito the whole time she continues in the house; she has merely to deliver a sealed paper to the

superintendent, containing her real name and address, that, in the event of death ensuing, her relations may be apprised of her fate. This institution, with the Foundling Hospital, has been established with a benevolent intention of preventing infanticide, which it does most effectually; but how far it may prevent immorality, I will not pretend to say. These are but a few of the public charitable institutions of Vienna, which reflect the highest honour upon the founders, and the liberality of the government that supports them.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Emperor—Character of the Viennese—Anecdote of Joseph II.—Government—Prince Metternich—Military Power—Society at Vienna—Sanitary Institutions—Climate—Schönbrun—Maria Louisa—Anecdote of Napoleon—Haydn—Environs—Baden.

VIENNA is one of the most agreeable towns on the continent for a stranger, particularly an Englishman, to whom a few recommendatory letters will ensure a reception in the most select society, where bonhommie, hospitality, and frank cordiality, are the prevailing features; and though literary and intellectual pursuits are not so highly cultivated as might be wished, yet the traveller will find many individuals whose general information and high intellectual powers would be an ornament to any country. I found our language very generally spoken in the most distinguished circles, and our literature held in the highest estimation. Indeed, I was surprised to find how little the German language is spoken, being generally superseded in society by the English, Italian, and French; the latter, whether from being much used by the trading classes, or from a patriotic feeling of dislike to the language of the

nation that so much humbled the national pride, is not a favourite. This is more particularly observable in the ladies, who usually speak Italian, and are, by the by, generally very good modern linguists; while, at the same time, their amiable manners, and graceful persons, diffuse a charm over the circles in which they move. The corps diplomatique is also a great resource for strangers. The court is very brilliant on public occasions; but, in order to obtain admittance, it is necessary to be presented by an ambassador, and, unlike Berlin, where the Russians are preferred, an Englishman is certain of finding a most cordial welcome; for the same bonhommie pervades the salons of the emperor, which distinguishes those of the nobility.

The emperor, who is very popular, rarely took any part in public affairs till the death of his father. He is extremely plain in his appearance and habits, and a decided enemy of dissipation. Goodness of heart, patriotism, and genuine German feelings, are conceded to him on all sides; and the general opinion is, that he will prove himself worthy of his high destiny. Yet a brilliant career is not anticipated; his health being delicate and precarious. He has, however, an able supporter in his talented and experienced uncle, the Arch-duke Charles, who enjoys his entire confidence. Ferdinand also possesses, in an eminent degree, those hereditary virtues of his house, which have gained for its monarchs so large a share of popularity—a love of justice, and the most amiable domestic virtues. The poorest man in the empire may, equally with the

prince, twice a week obtain an audience, and pour his grievances into the ears of his sovereign; and woe to the stranger who should breathe a syllable against the "Guten Kaiser" in the presence of the loyal citizens of Vienna; for these good people give themselves little trouble about politics: besides, they are true patriots, have every confidence in their *Koaser*[1], and contend, that their government is the very best in Europe. Happy people! Badinage apart, in good truth, it would be difficult to find, at this moment, a more good-humoured, more contented, or a happier population. Enjoyment is with them the great business of existence, from the noble to the peasant. A fine fat capon, from the fertile valleys of Styria, and a flask of genuine Hungarian wine, are more acceptable than the most liberal constitution; and a Bohemian pheasant, garnished with sauerkraut and salami di Milano, more palatable than the production of the most able pen. But, notwithstanding this devotion to sensual enjoyments, yet, on trying occasions, the Viennese have ever proved themselves zealous lovers of their country; and the trait in their character, which shines out in most beautiful relief to their epicurism, is unshaken fidelity to their rulers; for surely no part of Germany suffered more during the late war; and yet, when their armies were beaten, the emperor in retreat, Vienna sacked by the invader, and the country bankrupt, they never raised a murmur against the government, but threw the whole blame of their disasters upon the

[1] The Austrian corruption of Kaiser, (emperor.)

traitor princes of Germany, who had shamefully deserted their emperor. No native of Austria figured in the ranks of the Corsican; no artist immortalized the triumph of the enemy of his country; no pen eulogized his victories; no vivats welcomed the triumphal entry of Napoleon the Great into Vienna, as we find was the case in the Prussian metropolis. On the contrary, the nobles and citizens emulated each other in sacrificing their property to support the war, and in volunteering to fill the ranks of the army. It is well known, that the volunteer corps, composed of the citizens of Vienna, were among the bravest soldiers in the Austrian army.

I cannot say much in praise of the literature of Austria. They have, to be sure, a political newspaper, "der Oestreichische Beobachter," in which the censor always appears to imitate the example of Saint Paul in the spiritual sustenance he gave to the Corinthians,—"I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet are ye able!"

There are also two others, of inferior importance; the "Wiener Zeitung," and the "Wanderer;" most eloquent in little tales and ghost stories! Lastly, there is the "Moden-blatt," a powerful rival of the "Magazin des Modes des Paris," which at least creates a schism in the fashionable world of Germany. We must, however, do justice to the periodical publications, dedicated to military tactics, the fine arts, the drama, and music. These contain much useful information; and assuredly, if the Austrians were as well informed on every other subject as they are on music, they would be the most

intellectual people in Europe. Must we not, then, blame the Austrian government, for unwisely prohibiting such foreign literature as would disseminate a taste for intellectual enjoyments?—a prohibition, I am inclined to think, unnecessary, as the people exhibit no tendency either to revolution or anarchy. At the same time their morality is totally disregarded; for while the most instructive, moral, and religious works of France and England are refused admission, those which have no other tendency than to inflame the imagination readily find an entrance. Is this system of isolating the public mind from the intelligence of the age founded in good policy? I cannot but think, that Madame de Stael was perfectly right when she said "La félicité du sommeil est trompeuse, et pour tenir plus aisément et plus doucement les rênes, il ne faut pas engourdir les coursiers." If that great regenerator of his country, Joseph II., had lived ten years longer, he would have established a very different system; and if the late emperor had continued the enlightened plans traced by the comprehensive mind of his immortal uncle, the inhabitants of Austria would rank, at this moment, among the most intellectual in Europe; for, in spite of their epicurism, there is no want of talent in the people.

Although, while travelling on the Danube, I frequently made myself merry at the expense of the attachment manifested by my fellow-travellers for saints and Madonnas, yet the Austrian population, taken in the mass, are anything but bigoted. As a proof of this,

when Leo XII. celebrated the jubilee, and summoned the faithful of Christendom to assist, the Germans who made a pilgrimage on that occasion were,—a thousand from Bavaria, two hundred from Prussia, a hundred from Saxony, twelve from Hanover, three from Wurtemberg and Baden, and twenty from Austria. This indifference towards the invitation of the Holy Pontiff was principally referrible to the enlightened policy of Joseph II., who released his people from the trammels of the Romish hierarchy. Before his time, they were indeed sunk in the most deplorable superstition, groaning beneath the yoke of an ignorant, designing priesthood; and, although the government tacitly connives at, or encourages pilgrimages to the Madonna, and similar absurdities, yet superstition, in its worst form, is now only to be found in the remote districts of the empire.

I have been indebted to a friend at Vienna for a very scarce engraving, which illustrates, in a most lively manner, the spirit that existed in the time of Joseph. My readers may, or may not remember, that the holy head of the Church crossed the Apennines and Carnic Alps, to admonish his backsliding son, and even threatened excommunication if he continued his heretical career in reforming the Church. The indignant emperor, by way of retaliation, caused an engraving to be executed, representing the vicegerent of Heaven, sickly and dejected, leaning upon a crosier. The Austrian eagle is seen taking the jewelled tiara from his head; children are playing with the keys of heaven, and the Pope's sacred slipper; and a group of cardinals and

monks are gnashing their teeth, and exhibiting every symptom of uneasiness, yet not daring to interfere. When a large impression had been struck off, the monarch sent an immense cargo to Italy, causing them to be industriously circulated in Rome, and all the other large towns. The Pope had the good sense to take the hint. There was nothing more said about excommunication; the obnoxious prints were speedily bought up and committed to the flames; but, as this was a work of time, the good people of Italy enjoyed a hearty laugh, at the expense of the Pope and his cardinals, and ridicule proved a more efficient engine to shake their overgrown power, than if the emperor had led an army of infidels to Rome.

I remember reading in some book, I forget the name of the author, who says that the philosophy of the happy is epicurism, and that of the unhappy and discontented stoicism: hence the former are contented, good-humoured, and easy to govern; whereas the latter breed plots, treasons, and conspiracies, and vent their ill-humour in rebellion. Now, there is no government understands the philosophy of this reasoning better than the Austrian, for they are capital purveyors of the public goût, and no where are the good things of this life found in greater abundance than in Vienna; the environs teem with fertility: Hungary, only a few miles distant, furnishes excellent wines; Grätz, in Styria, sends armies of capons; Würtemberg and Bavaria, myriads of fat snails; Trieste transports sea-fish in ice across the Alps, while the Danube supplies

plenty of fresh-water fish. When the glorious trois jours, and the reign of the barricades, had set all Europe in a ferment, the revolutionary mania had even crept into the well ordered Austria. What course did that sage government adopt? Why, lowered the price of provisions, so that a plentiful meal lay within reach of the poorest man in the empire; the consequence was, that the propagandists were obliged to make a speedy retreat, after being kicked out of all the coffee-houses, the beer-houses, and wine-shops in the metropolis; and nothing was heard in the streets but loud vivats, and the people singing the national anthem,—

—— Gott erhalte Franz, den Kaiser[1],
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!

When the mania had subsided, provisions gradually returned to their ordinary standard, and the government found that they had studied their interests more effectually by expending a few thousands in feeding the hungry throats of their subjects, than in cutting them!

Among the numerous days devoted to public amusement in this gay metropolis, there is none more distinguished for joy and mirth than new-year's-day; and the stranger, who wishes to behold the imperial town in all its splendour, should station himself in the Burg-platz, or in the Hof-Kapelle; he would then see the

[1] God preserve Francis the emperor,
Our good emperor, Francis!

whole court in full dress, the military in their superb uniforms, and he would hear the compliments of the season exchanged by the entire population, from the emperor to the peasant. The higher classes, after having paid their respects to the emperor, exchange visits, and leave pretty ornamented cards, with appropriate mottoes, made expressly for the occasion; sometimes exhibiting very exquisite paintings: some of these little baubles cost from eight to ten pounds sterling. The evening concludes with waltzing in the salons of the emperor, waltzing in the salons of the nobility, and waltzing in the salons of the cabarets; for, on this day, the whole of the dependent classes, servants, &c., receive a gratuity from their employers. Easter is another season for the interchange of civilities, when, instead of the coloured egg in other parts of Germany, and which is there merely a toy for children, the Vienna Easter-egg is composed of silver, mother-of-pearl, bronze, or some other expensive material, and filled with trinkets, jewels, or ducats; and, when to these we add the gaieties of the carnival, the numerous fête days, &c., we may, I think, conclude that the good people of Vienna are amply provided with the means of enjoying the agrémens of existence.

No court in Europe exhibits less ostentation than that of the Emperor of Austria. The wise system of retrenchment, commenced by the reformer Joseph, is still pursued. In wandering through the palace, we perceive but little appearance of state, a few laquais in the imperial livery being the only indications that it

is the residence of the mighty monarch of thirty millions of subjects; and the garrison of twelve thousand, made less parade and bustle than the few hundred soldiers of several German residences I could mention. Here no despotic military arrests the progress of the traveller's carriage, as I found in the capital of Prussia. In short, there is not the slightest appearance of despotism, save the censorship, and the unjust restrictions on foreign literature, together with the rigour with which political babblers are punished. The code of laws deserves the most attentive study,—impartial justice between man and man, is its distinguishing feature, and mercy characterizes all its enactments: hence, the punishment of death is only inflicted in aggravated cases of murder. The fine arts, commerce, and agriculture are encouraged; the landsman is rich, and the peasant can live comfortably; the taxes are moderate, property is protected by the strong arm of government, and crime, in its revolting forms, is nearly unknown. In short, the whole legislative system tends to the maintenance of public order, and the most paternal solicitude is constantly manifested for the comfort and happiness of the public. However, we must admit that the exterior forms are but little calculated to please the passing stranger; the system of espionage, which places every traveller on his arrival under the surveillance of the police; the list of tiresome queries he is obliged to answer,—such as, "What is his object in travelling? How long he intends to remain? If he has sufficient fortune to support him-

self? If he has letters of recommendation? and to whom? His profession? Religion," &c. The search after books, papers, &c., through his baggage; the despotic manner in which they are seized and read; and then, if found to contain any thing that the Chef de Police may deem revolutionary, the unlucky owner is conducted most unceremoniously across the frontier: the repeated demands for his passport, and a hundred similar disagreeables, all tend to impress the traveller with the conviction that he has entered a country groaning beneath the iron rod of despotism; let him, however, patiently surmount these difficulties, and establish a character as a good citizen, who has not the most remote intention of attempting to subvert the established order of things, and every annoyance will gradually disappear, and he may afterwards live quite as free under the despotic rule of Austria, as in the home of liberty itself, Old England: he may become a member of club-houses, in which the liberal papers of France and England are allowed admission. During my residence, I have frequently had liberal publications transmitted to me, without being once opened by the police. However, I would recommend every traveller to beware of conversing on politics, it is not fashionable in Vienna; and well-educated people consider their own affairs of paramount importance to those of the state!

Notwithstanding the mild paternal character of the Austrian government, still the idea of being subject to the unlimited control of one man, whose humanity is

the sole guarantee against tyranny, is but ill-calculated to satisfy the independent spirit, who has once enjoyed the proud privilege of being free. It cannot be denied, that the influence of public opinion in Austria, controls despotism, and prevents the exercise of atrocious violence against the property or personal freedom of the people; to which may be added, the character of the sovereigns, who have been, since the union of the house of Lorraine with that of Hapsburg, distinguished for virtue and patriotism; yet even these are very inefficient substitutes for a representative government, and for the confident assurance that no tyrant dares invade the rights of the humblest individual; for, in Austria, as in other despotic countries, not excepting France, a man may be incarcerated for life, upon the unsupported testimony of some designing villain, without the power of demanding a public trial.

How changed is the mighty Premier of Austria since I last saw him! What ravages have a few years committed in the fine countenance of one of the handsomest men of Vienna! We now no longer see before us the gay, the gallant courtier, no longer the brilliant meteor of the social circles! Age has, however, in some degree atoned for its thefts, by making him interesting and venerable; and as I beheld him, leaning on the arm of the young emperor, appearing like a sage sent to infuse wisdom into his councils, I thought him one of the most intellectual looking men I had ever seen. Indeed, it is impossible to behold this great man without admiration, however we may dislike his sentiments,

when we remember that his superior mind alone has steered the ship of state, so long tossed by the waves, and buffeted by the tempest, into the harbour of peace and safety. He is of middling stature, and slightly formed, his countenance pale, and his lofty brow strongly marked with the lines of thought; his head is finely shaped, with an expressive gray eye, and his mouth of that depressed form which always indicates firmness of character; his manners are conciliating, serious, and dignified; and while listening to his eloquent conversation, it is not difficult to discover, even beneath the bland tone of his voice, the energy and decision of a great mind. I have heard from several of his friends (for the courteous speeches in public of such a complete man of the world as Metternich are not to be depended upon), that he is really a friend of England and the English, admires our institutions, and laughs at the would-be political oracles of Germany, who gravely pronounce us on the eve of a revolution, and asserts, that the good sense of England will never lead her into anarchy, so long as the government defers to the openly expressed feeling of the respectable part of the community. He is also an enthusiastic admirer of the public press of England, controlled as it is by the good sense of the people. That these are his private sentiments is in some measure borne out by his marked courtesy in receiving the English, to whom he is more than usually lavish of smiles and civil speeches. Indeed, if I may infer the political sentiments of a court by the manners and behaviour of its sovereign and

ministers, I should be inclined to consider that we have in Austria an ally, and for the same cause must deem Prussia an enemy.

In every other part of the world, except in Austria, the drapeau blanc is the harbinger of peace; here it is the livery of war: and certainly we must congratulate the government on the martial appearance of her well-appointed army, amounting to nearly four hundred thousand men; not an army of beardless boys, of two or three years standing, as we see in Prussia, but veterans,—not an army on parchment, like that of Russia, —but well-disciplined troops, commanded by excellent officers, so judiciously distributed, that the élite of the army may be assembled at any given point in less than four weeks. The destinies of the empire are no longer confided to officers whose sole merit was the number of their quarterings; no young nobleman can now purchase a company or a squadron; the highest individual in the empire must go through a regular course of military studies, or commence his debût in the ranks; military schools are every where established, and the periodical works on military science are held in high estimation. I cannot but think that one regulation in force in the Austrian army might be advantageously adopted in our own: the whole of the men are taught swimming, and in summer this forms as essential a part of their evolutions as exercise in the field; hence we find swimming-schools on all the rivers and lakes throughout the empire. It would be well if we could end with commendation; but her military, contrasted

with her humane civil code, is tyrannically severe—as desertion, sleeping on duty, and other offences of equal magnitude, are punished with instant death; and we cannot admire their use of the lash, nor the cane carried by the non-commissioned officers, which must have a tendency to break the high military spirit of the soldier, at least if he has either intellect or feeling.

After all this unconnected rambling, I must once more return to the manners of my good Austrians. There is nothing perhaps more comic about them than their dialect, which is spoken alike by the emperor and the beggar; their vicinity and close connexion with Italy and its inhabitants has introduced not only much of the manners, but the phrases and language of that country, which sounds not a little burlesque when Germanised; for it is as easy to blend black and white, as the Teutonic character and language with those of any other nation, whose origin is not the same, and perhaps none are divided by a wider gulph than the Italians and Germans. The German language is manly, comprehensive, and expressive, without the slightest approximation towards servility or adulation; and if we could forget for a moment their form of government, we might imagine the people to be all republicans. On the contrary, that of the Italians is feminine, soft, and courteous, and appears expressly made for a man to flatter his mistress, his friend, and his superior: must it not, therefore, appear extremely ludicrous, when we see a grave, sedate-looking German act the part of a mercurial Italian, seize our hand, and in his

translated Italian exclaim, "Kuss die hand." On these and similar occasions, the fable of the ass and the lap-dog intrudes itself, though of course quite involuntarily, into the mind of the traveller; and not to be behind in their Italian models of politeness, "Ew. Gnaden" (Your Excellency), &c. are the usual modes of address: but perhaps, after all, nothing is more comic to a German ear than their diminutives, also from the Italian; for we hear from every mouth, "Mein Schatzerl" (my little treasure), "Mein Hertzerl" (my dear little heart), and every other un-German diminutive epithet, addressed indiscriminately alike to a lady, a lap-dog, and an ox! In short, I should pity that stranger who studies the German language at Vienna.

Among the thousand laughable anecdotes related of the Viennese, which their idiom and pronunciation constantly give rise to, but unfortunately lose their comic effect in translation, I shall merely relate one. An English gentleman arrived in Vienna, an excellent German scholar, fresh from the university of Göttingen, but entirely unacquainted with the peculiar patois of the Austrians, demanded of the waiter at his hotel what there was for dinner.—"Rossbratel, Ew. Gnaden," was the reply.—"Barbarian, thinkest thou I shall eat Rossbratel?" exclaimed the Englishman, with disgust. —"Oh, your excellency," replied the waiter, "every English Rasender eats Rossbratel."—"Rascally scoundrel! am I a Rasender?" cried the indignant Briton, at the same moment seizing the terrified waiter by the throat, was about inflicting summary vengeance, when

his hand was arrested by the landlord, who explained the mistake, and our worthy compatriot found the Rossbratel, instead of horseflesh, was a capital piece of roast beef, cooked à l'Anglaise (by the bye, a most fashionable dish in Vienna), and the obnoxious epithet Rasender (madman) was merely the Viennese corruption for Reisender (traveller).

A great deal has been written time after time by my compatriots upon the immorality of the good citizens of Vienna; some have even gone farther, for they contend that this immorality is connived at, nay, encouraged by the government, in order to draw their attention from politics. However, I do not think it exceeds at present that of other large cities, which are at best but indifferent schools of virtue, particularly when they are the residence of a court, a gay wealthy nobility, a numerous garrison, and a university. The Viennese are certainly very gay, devoting much of their time to music, singing, waltzing, eating, and drinking; but we will charitably hope that they do all this without being immoral. Rumour has, we know, a hundred tongues, but then one only speaks true; we will therefore trust that the scandal current of the Viennese may be the fabrications of the ninety-nine, for she does say, that the Stüben mädelns, with their rosy faces, gold caps, and round well-made figures, are more attractive to their masters than is decorous or becoming, and that the Gute Frau, instead of turning them out of doors, as our more high-spirited countrywomen would do, takes the matter very quietly, and adopts a cavalier servente, who good-

naturedly accompanies the deserted Moglia to the theatre, the redoubt, nay, sometimes they extend their excursions even to a gipsy party in the country.

Notwithstanding, as I before observed, that the art most cultivated at Vienna is to make life pass agreeably; yet we rarely witness riots, and not often an exhibition of beastly drunkenness, and by ten at night all the streets are deserted; however, the stranger who may be returning from the giddy circles of the waltz, will at least, have the gratification of being serenaded by the Vienna nightingales, warbling their nocturnal lays to the sleeping population: but dream not, reader, that these are the inhabitants of woods and groves; they they are neither more nor less than the watchmen, who also exercise the office of firemen. This city is said to have originated these necessary guardians of the slumbering cits, therefore we must presume that their unique costume is perfectly primitive. It consists then of a tin hat of large dimensions, turned up in front à l'Espagnol, a long leathern apron, black gaiters, gray frock, with a leathern basket thrown over the shoulders suspended to a belt à la militaire; armed with formidable poles tipped with iron, with which they strike the pavement as the church clocks announce the passing hour, and sing the song appropriated to each separate horary revolution. The midnight carol is the only one I now remember.

"Good people all, I pray, take care,
And speedily to bed repair;
For midnight strikes, the day expires,
So shut your doors and quench your fires."

In order that they may be separately distinguished and reported to the authorities, in the event of misconduct or neglect of their duties, their tin hats and frocks are not only numbered, but distinctly marked by letters and characters.

WATCHMEN OF VIENNA.

The Haus-meister is another character peculiar to Vienna, and a most important personage; the houses being in general very large, his office is to open the door to the whole of the inmates, for which, each person pays him three kreutzers every time he performs this service after ten at night; he is also answerable to the proprietor, that none of the flock committed to his charge make a clandestine exit. But the prince of porters is to be found in the halls of the nobility; these wardens of the castle are not less distinguished for their gigantic stature, than the splendour of their liveries, over which is worn a sash as broad and as

showy as the grand cordon of a grandee of the first class, to which is attached a sabre, and, that the three-cocked hat may be equally distingué, it is graced with a waving plume equal to that of a field officer; a long silver, or golden-headed cane completes the costume.

The hotels at Vienna are divided into two classes; the one supply furnished apartments, and the others not only these, but every want that can enter the imagination of a hungry traveller. Still the table d'hôte, that social en famille appendage to the hotels of the other parts of Germany, is here nearly unknown; it being the mode to dine à la carte. The traveller will find, however, nothing to complain of, either in the provisions or the cuisine. The nobility and the wealthy live most expensively; their tables are served in a style of elegance rarely witnessed out of England, and their wines are of the most recherché description. They have also the evil custom at Vienna, that the servants, both at dinners and evening parties, expect a douceur from the guests. The dinner parties are by no means so convivial as those in England. The usual hour here, is one o'clock; but a few of the high-bred exclusives of Vienna, infected with Anglo-mania, have actually so far innovated on ancient custom, as to dine at two, and I have more than once known the licence extended even to four, to the horror of the whole establishment and the astonishment of the German guests! It is not so much the custom in Vienna, as in other parts of Germany, to acquaint the guest previously with the names of the different members of the party he is invited to meet.

The French mode of carving the dishes on the side table is here universal, and the important business of eating is more attended to than conversation, till the dessert makes its appearance; and when the flow of social intercourse begins to languish, or when the host gives various mute indications by looking towards the door, &c., the whole party simultaneously arise, and adjourn to the salon, take coffee, make their congé to Madame, and depart. Indeed in Germany, I have frequently found myself in full dress at two o'clock, after having taken tea and coffee, at perfect liberty to pass the whole afternoon as I pleased, and this after dining with a sovereign prince.

The Viennese, however, approach nearer to the English in their mode of living and hospitality than any other of the natives of Germany; for, let us transport ourselves to Berlin, Dresden, Munich, or any other of the large capitals, and we shall find the manner of visiting extremely monotonous. An invitation to dinner is seldom given, nothing but soirées, and whoever attends one, will find little variation if he visits every separate family in the town; music constitutes the principal recreation, for every person we meet in society is a performer upon some instrument. At most of these re-unions tea and coffee are served, particularly the latter, accompanied by a variety of pastry and confectionary; in manufacturing which the Germans are as great adepts as they are in consuming them, for an Englishman, on observing the profusion spread upon the table, would certainly conclude he was invited to a

children's party. Although we may be utterly indifferent to the charms of the cakes, yet it is impossible to be so with respect to the coffee, which is here met with in perfection, its fine aromatic flavour being preserved by the glass machine[1] in which it is made. When this is finished, the party usually adjourn to whist, ecarté, or Tarock, at a few kreutzers a game; but should the soirée be in Vienna, it is more than probable that music will fill up the evening from five to nine, when the company separate, and return home to sup.

The ladies of Vienna, as I said before, are the handsomest in Germany; for in a re-union of Austrians, Italians, Hungarians, Polish, Bohemians, &c. there is necessarily great variety; yet the display of beauty is but scanty, compared with that in our own circles. They are, however, extremely amiable, highly accomplished in music, waltzing, and culinary arts; in the latter attainment the German women are pre-eminent, for it forms an essential part of their education: even the Empress of Austria makes her husband's coffee, and orders his dinner. There is, however, one charm peculiar to the society of Vienna, even in the highest circles—the total absence of ceremony.

The soirées usually commence about nine, and are extremely brilliant, when given by any member of the imperial family, as etiquette then obliges the guests to appear in full dress, we see stars and crosses glitter-

[1] This consists of a glass decanter, with a handle, closely stopped, with the exception of a small tube, for the steam to escape: in this decanter the coffee is boiled, by means of a spirit-lamp.

ing in every direction. I do not believe that any people in Europe are more partial to titles and orders than the Germans, and more especially the Austrians, to which they add an excessive fondness for brilliants, displaying them both on their fingers and cravats, and I really believe that every man in Vienna, from the prince to the shoe-black, wears a ring; the noble has his arms engraved on it, the merchant his initials, the mechanic the device of his trade: I know not if the latter be universal, but I do know that my shoe-maker had a neat little shoe engraved on the massive gold ring that he usually wore. At these re-unions an Englishman is immediately recognised by the extreme simplicity of his costume, and, if we regard this as a test of civilization, we should be inclined to assign them a high rank in the scale; for, assuredly, the lower a nation is sunk in barbarism, the more the people delight in finery. Not, however, that I mean to insinuate aught against the civilization of the Germans; but as the English now give the tone to European society, this passion among the Vienna fashionables for decorating their persons is fast losing ground; indeed, I could not avoid observing, that the most unintellectual looking men I met with in Viennese society, exhibited a splendid display of ribbands and jewels—this was particularly noticeable in a certain general, Count ——, notorious for his cowardice during the late war, and who now is to be seen at all the public places, glittering with military orders.

The Austrian ladies, strange to say, do not manifest

the same fondness for bijouterie as their lords; indeed, I thought they exhibited both negligence and bad taste in the business of the toilette; for instance, in arranging the hair, whether the fashion of building a pyramid on the top of the head does not correspond with the contour of the German countenance, I cannot say, but certainly it struck me as very unbecoming. How much more simple and graceful is the fashion of wearing the hair floating over the neck and shoulders; again, a stranger, while contemplating the Vienna belles, would be inclined to conclude that stays were scarce; another of his inferences would be, that the cavaliers of the ball-room were most unpolite to the fair dames, and, although this is merely custom, yet it certainly appears singular, to see a belle, after being whirled through the waltz till thoroughly fatigued, left, however high her rank, to elbow her way through the crowd to a seat, as best she can, while her ungallant knight pursues the dance with another partner, or mingles with his male acquaintances.

The English traveller, desirous of making a lengthened sojourn at Vienna, and who should wander through the streets seeking for bills of invitation, would be woefully disappointed, this not being the mode of notifying unoccupied apartments here, or indeed in any other part of Germany, except at the mineral baths; this information is to be found in a daily paper, entitled the Intelligenz-blatt. They have also the custom in Vienna, as in all the other large towns in Germany, of letting furniture by the week, month, or year,

thereby enabling the stranger to accommodate himself according to his circumstances.

I shall conclude my observations on Vienna, by pointing out to my readers a few of its sanitary institutions, and which might be adopted with much advantage in our own large towns. Vienna is divided into eight districts, to each of which is appointed a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur, paid by the government, whose duty it is to attend the necessitous sick, at their own apartments, with advice and medicine gratis; they are the guardians of the public health, and make a daily report to the police of the births and deaths, and, to guard against secret violence, the proprietors of houses are obliged to announce to them the deaths of any of the inmates, and no person can be interred without producing this certificate. In short, their surveillance, in conjunction with that of the police, is extended to the most inconsiderable circumstances calculated to affect the public health. Indeed, in what may be termed compulsory cleanliness, Vienna might serve as a model to every other town. No dirt of any description is permitted to be thrown in the streets, no accumulated mass of decomposing vegetable matter is ever seen in the markets, no disgusting slaughter-houses are to be found scattered from one end of the city to the other. Putrifying provisions are never allowed to be sold to the poor man, to destroy his health, and generate fevers; no adulterated bread lends its aid to abridge his life, for it is not only weighed, but analysed, if suspected to contain any

foreign ingredient; and woe to the offender, for the fine is generally ruinous. The police also regulate the markets and the prices of provisions.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, Vienna is decidedly unhealthy, and generally fatal to delicate constitutions; colds, catarrhs, and pulmonary complaints of every description, being frequent and most malignant. From its favourable latitude we naturally anticipate a mild climate, but the insalubrity of this city arises from its peculiar locality, being exposed to the frequent prevalence of the easterly wind, which, first passing over the icy summits of the Carpathians, then up the vast waters of the Danube, increases in dampness, till it arrives at Vienna. She is equally exposed to the northern blast, while from the balmy influence of the south and west she is excluded by a chain of mountains, over which rise the Tyrolian and Carnic Alps, crowned with eternal snows.

If Vienna has been unlucky in her situation with respect to salubrity, she is, at least, highly favoured in her beautiful environs, which offer numberless interesting excursions to the traveller. He is within a morning's drive of the fashionable mineral bath of Baden; and if so inclined, he may jump into a boat, and glide softly down the Danube, and dine in the capital of Hungary, where he will meet with a people and scenes as different from those he has left, as if he had travelled five hundred miles. The numerous palaces and villas of the Imperial family and the nobility, with their extensive parks, contain some object to interest,

some beautiful work of art to admire, or some playful device to surprise him into good humour; but as these objects, however gratifying they may be, will not supply the want of more solid refreshment, he will find hotels established for the purpose in every direction, with ball-rooms, extensive gardens, with bands of music; and, as these temples of mirth are generally filled with the citizens in pursuit of amusement, he may study, at his leisure, the manners of the Austrian people; and his conclusion will certainly be in their favour. He will probably, also, be of the opinion, that the despotism of Austria is, at least, favourable to hilarity; and that its fiscal exactions must be moderate, to leave the people the means of enjoying so many expensive amusements. In proof of this, if we turn our attention to Vienna, we shall find on the Sabbath, and fête days, the shops universally closed; not from compulsion, but from the determination of the citizens to spend the day as they please. For the same reason, the shops are all closed on week-days at seven in the evening, as no Viennese will permit business to interfere with his recreations. After this hour, the theatres, cafés, guinguettes, and promenades, are thronged, and music, dancing, and feasting, are enjoyed by all classes.

At Schönbrun, about half an hour's walk from Vienna, we find the country palace of the Emperor; more calculated to interest the stranger by its reminiscences, than the beauty of its architecture, or the attractions of its grounds. It was built by Maria Theresa, and formed her favourite residence. Its name,

Schönbrun (beautiful spring), is derived from a sparkling rivulet, remarkable for its purity, that here has its source, and which is seen flowing out of the urn of a beautiful water nymph, in a romantic grotto, in the most rural and secluded spot in the gardens. Here we may wander through shady groves, ornamented with temples and myriads of statues, with here and there a mouldering ruin; view the menagerie, and conclude our promenade by a visit to the magnificent forcing houses, fourteen in number, of such gigantic height, that the noblest palm trees have sufficient space to elevate their lofty heads, and extend their wide-spreading branches. We also see not only the most rare exotics of the tropics, but the native warblers, flying from tree to tree, nestling in the branches, and attended by Indians, so that we might almost fancy we were transported to the very climes. The Emperor is not indebted to more favoured latitudes for their productions; for he not only raises the most delicious fruits, but coffee, tea, and sugar, with which, it is said, the patriotic Joseph was accustomed to regale his guests.

The interior of the palace, containing several splendid apartments, is much more captivating than the exterior. The walls of the principal rooms are covered with portraits of the imperial family in full dress. Among them, are those of the beautiful Maria Theresa, and her thirteen lovely children. We may easily distinguish Joseph, by his expressive, intellectual features, and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, by her beauty. Who can contemplate her angelic face, and sylph-like figure,

the very model of perfection, appearing like some etherial vision just alighted upon our earth, without feeling thrilled with horror at the recollection of her untimely fate. How little did the fond mother, the imperial mistress of a mighty empire, deem that the head of her beautiful child was destined to roll beneath the scaffold, the sport, the plaything of a demoniac mob. Oh, France! where was thy boasted chivalry? Could no son of thine be found to attempt the rescue of a widowed queen, a broken-hearted mother? Was there no voice raised in thy degraded senate to stay the execution of a helpless, lovely, innocent woman? None! none!—for thy children were sunk in the lowest depth of moral debasement.

Schönbrun is not less interesting for its reminiscences of Napoleon. Here he took up his abode, when at the very zenith of his glory, with the greatest empire in Europe at his feet. But the guardian angel of the house of Hapsburg still hovered over its ruins; for while meditating its entire dismemberment, the conqueror was himself conquered by the charms of a portrait of Maria Louisa. How horror-struck must Francis have been at a proposition to deliver his child to a usurper, the bitterest enemy of his house and people: and what must have been the sensations of the timid girl, when she learned that she was to be wedded to a man whom she had been taught, from infancy, to regard as a monster, and to live among a people, whose revolting crimes were the terrors of her nursery, and who had murdered her aunt. Indeed, I

have repeatedly heard, in the circles of Vienna, that her grief was inconsolable; and when, at length, she yielded a reluctant consent to the entreaties of her family, she declared, that she immolated herself solely for their benefit, and that of her country. With such feelings, can we wonder that she never manifested any affection for Napoleon, and deserted him in the hour of misfortune?

In wandering through the palace, the Castellain pointed out the room that the French emperor occupied; which recalled to my recollection an anecdote related to me many years ago by a French officer, and which I believe is not generally known.

"After the battle of Wagram," said my friend, "which decided the fate of the Austrian empire, Napoleon established his head-quarters at Schönbrun. It so happened, that I was on duty in the palace about midnight, and while passing the apartment of the emperor, I heard a noise, appearing as if he was in the act of repelling an attack, which caused me to fly to his assistance. In doing so, I was accompanied by another officer and the Mameluke, when a most ridiculous scene presented itself. The greatest warrior of Europe was engaged, sword in hand, in mortal combat, charging, not an assassin, but—must I say it—a cat! Upon seeing how contemptible an enemy we had to subdue, we could not forbear smiling; and the emperor, after a hearty laugh, good-naturedly related to us the origin of his dislike to the little tyrant of rats and mice. 'When I was very young,' said he, 'I took great plea-

sure in hunting cats and dogs; and when I saw them flying from my doughty strokes, I fancied myself already a Cæsar. One of my sisters had a pet Angola cat, to whom I had become an object of great dislike, from the incessant war I waged against it. Having one day found it alone in a room, I commenced my attack as usual, whip in hand: the little tiger, frantic with rage, flew at my head, tore and bit me in such a manner, that the marks remain to this day. My cries soon brought assistance, but so deep was the impression stamped upon my young mind, that I verily believe, at this moment, I should prefer attacking a lion to a cat.'"

Napoleon, however, had more just cause for fear than from a feline enemy; for soon afterwards, on a parade day, F. Staps, the son of a clergyman of Naumburg, attempted to assassinate him. His design was, however, frustrated by Duroc; for which the unfortunate youth paid the penalty of death. A Cæsar, or an Alexander, whom Napoleon pretended were his models, would have had compassion on the visionary, I may add crazy, enthusiasm of a dreaming schoolboy, and have pardoned him.

My readers are most probably aware, by this time, that I am not a Napoleonist; for how can we admire a man, however splendid his talents may have been, who had so much the power to ameliorate the social state of mankind, and yet did so little. In no respect was he congenial to the age in which he lived, except in religious tolerance, or, rather, indifference. His sole aim

was self-aggrandizement; and did he not sacrifice entire nations, as materials for building his gigantic house of sand, of which no vestige now remains? Did he promote the establishment of Italy into an integral kingdom? No! he made her a French province; and more effectually to destroy her nationality, the French language was declared official in Rome and Florence. Did he establish the independence of the Poles, who had so long and so bravely fought in his ranks? Did he not create a host of independent princes in Germany, the servile creatures of his despotic will? And what liberal institutions did he give to France? None; he was as much their declared enemy as if he had been the emperor of all the Russias. In short, Bonaparte is only regretted by the soldier of rapine, and the enemy of social order. To be sure, he made splendid roads, and erected triumphal arches; the one to facilitate the march of his troops, in order to hold in subjection the nations he had conquered, and the other to gratify the vanity of the people; and he only encouraged talent for the advancement of his selfish interests, or to conciliate the inhabitants of the countries he was subjugating. Of this, I shall merely relate one instance that occurred in musical Vienna.

In 1805, as the celebrated composer, Haydn, was regarding, with no very agreeable feelings, the triumphal march of the French troops, as they took possession of the capital of his beloved country, he was not a little alarmed when he observed an officer and his guard stop at the door of his house, and demand an interview.

The immortal composer of the Creation advanced to meet them, and with a trembling voice demanded for what purpose they sought him, adding, with great humility, "I am merely poor Haydn, the composer; what crime can I have committed against the French government?" "None," replied the officer, smiling; "on the contrary, I have received the orders of the Emperor Napoleon to place a sentinel at your door, in order to protect and honour an individual of such rare genius." The guard was continued while the French occupied Vienna; and whenever the troops passed his door, the band played some of his most celebrated compositions.

The next magnets that attracted me in the environs, were the mountains of Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg, lying within an hour's walk of Vienna. We are conducted to their summits by a well-kept road, winding through a succession of terraced vineyards. The immense pile of building that we find in the Kahlenberg, formerly a monastery, is immortalized in the history of Vienna, for having been the head-quarters of the brave Pole, Sobiesky, and his army, in 1683, who descended like a torrent upon the Turks, then lying in unsuspecting security before Vienna; when, after a sharp contest, the whole army was completely routed. Travellers generally spend the night at the hotel here, for the purpose of enjoying the splendour of the rising sun: so behold me, reader, at four o'clock in the morning, watching the first beams of our glorious luminary gilding the vast landscape far and wide. To the east, we command, at one glance, an extensive district of Hun-

gary, with its ancient capital Presburg, and the Carpathian mountains, now partially enveloped in clouds of mist, appearing like a vast purple chain. Beneath, lay Vienna, with its glittering domes and beautiful cathedral, diminished to a model, but looking as if petrified; for all was silent and motionless; no sound or vapour indicating that it was inhabited by the breathing forms of human existence. The various arms of the Danube, encircling the town, glowed with the sun's bright rays, then uniting in one great mass, rolled onwards to the western hills, through the corn-fields and meadows of the Marshfeld. This vast plain, famous for its fertility, is belted towards the north by the Bohemian and Moravian mountains. During the heat of summer, when the sun arrives at a certain point, the Kahlenberg presents a splendid Fata Morgana, like that at Reggio, in Calabria. Indeed, the fantastic forms now exhibited by the mists of the Danube were not the least interesting features in the picture.

From hence, the traveller can extend his promenade to Kloster Neuburg, and see the holy veil of the Lady Agnes; or if he should be inspired with the pious resolution of visiting Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, he may satisfy his curiosity at Hernels, without encountering the fatigues of a journey to Jerusalem; for the Franciscan monks resident there declare, that they possess not only an exact copy of the original, but a portion of the holy earth itself! Mount Hernels, in days of yore, originated the famous Asinine procession, when the emperor, and the grandees of his empire,

were accustomed, annually, to leave Vienna, mounted on donkeys, and perform their pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. This most pious custom continued till the profane, most wickedly promulgated the opinion, that those who were carried bore a nearer affinity to the Asinine breed, than those who carried them.

The morning I set out to visit Laxenburg, the summer residence of the emperor, I had for my companion a strong easterly wind. On reaching the long arrow-like avenue I caught a faint glimpse of the building, and on I went, cheerfully expecting soon to arrive at my destination; but I was almost as much disappointed in my hope, as the child, who, ascending the hill, thinks he can catch the moon. One half hour passed away, then a second; still the palace, like an ignis fatuus, appeared to recede, until after walking about two hours through this monotonous allée, I at length found myself before the palace gates, fatigued, nearly blinded with dust, and certainly not in good humour to enjoy its beauties, be they what they might; for be assured, reader, it is a grievance of no common character, to be exposed to such a Vienna tornado as was then blowing; not, however, that this was the first time I had felt its fury, and its attendant clouds of impalpable dust; for frequently, while sitting in my hotel in the Leopoldstadt, they were so dense, that I could not distinguish the spire of St. Stephen's. In short, nothing but the deserts of Arabia can rival in this respect the environs of Vienna; the whole of the promenaders look like millers, and it has been recorded

by a modern traveller, in his "Sketches of Austria," that the white uniform of the soldiers was selected expressly that the eyes of the sovereign might not be offended on parade days; but though this supposition must be consigned to the fabulous inventions of travellers, yet it is incomprehensible to an Englishman how the otherwise luxuriant citizens of Vienna can support with such apathy this plague of dust, so easily removed by a simple water-cart. Such being the plight in which I arrived at Laxenburg, who can wonder if I was in the mood to find fault with every thing? but, in truth, the palace is plain, irregular, and badly built, as if the rules of architecture were not worth thinking about; and which is indeed the character of nearly all the palaces belonging to the imperial house of Austria: many an Austrian noble and Hungarian magnat is better lodged: at the same time, I must confess that it always gives me a good opinion of a country and its sovereign, when I see the mansions of the subjects superior in splendour to those of their masters. Is it not so in Old England?

The park is much more extensive than that of Schönbrun, and, like it, furnished with a liberal allowance of shady allées, arches, grottoes, ruins, lakes, and cascades; I could not but admire the pretty bijou of a temple dedicated to Concord; it is of a circular form, and supported by eight beautiful Corinthian columns. The fine fresco painting in the temple of Diana is much admired, and the cool retreat of the hermitage on a warm day is most inviting, of which I

now took advantage, when the venerable inmate, who was reading, slowly got up to welcome me, and pointed most courteously to a sofa to be seated; when lo! I no sooner occupied it, than it commenced greeting me with a tune; and when, like a good Catholic, I fell on my knees before St. Francis, the holy man good-naturedly disappeared, and sent me as his substitute no less a personage than—Venus herself!

The knight's castle is perhaps after all the most interesting. It is a fac-simile of one of those of the middle ages, and gives us unquestionably a more vivid idea of the manners and customs of our ancestors of that period than any which can be derived from description. Here we see not only noble knights in full armour, but noble dames in their gala dresses, the pictures, furniture, cooking utensils, fire-places, painted windows, &c., are all of the same age; even the dungeons are preserved, lighted by a feeble lamp, and the knight templar who guards the entrance clanks his chains as we approach.

Briel, with its deep ravines, murmuring rivulets, steep rocks, and picturesque ruins, is the most romantic district in the environs, and the favourite retreat of all the cooing turtle-doves of the capital; and Schneeberg, the Mont Blanc of Austria, distant eighteen leagues, is the favourite resort of the beau monde during the heats of summer. Being desirous to behold the view from its summit, I passed the night at Buchsberg, a small village near the base of the mountain, and taking a guide, ascended it the following morning. This great

Austrian Alp offers nothing peculiar to distinguish it from others of the same altitude; and although it is represented to be an extinguished volcano, yet I could not discover any appearances to warrant this opinion. I was not by any means fortunate in my excursion, for the weather continued the whole day hazy, with a slight drizzling rain, intermingled with sleet, which compelled me reluctantly to return to my inn at Buchsberg: so that I have nothing to record, except that I accomplished the ascent without difficulty in three hours, and that the Schneeberg (mountain of snow) is six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. My guide, indeed, described the prospect as unequalled in the world: it must be splendid, when we reflect that it embraces an extent of four hundred square leagues, bounded by the magnificent chains of the Tyrolian and Styrian Alps, the gigantic Carpathian mountains, together with those of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, while the eye has an uninterrupted range over the whole of the intermediate country.

The late Emperor Francis, who, by-the-bye, was a great admirer of beautiful scenery, ascended nearly all the mountains in his dominions, visited this twice, in commemoration of which, the proprietor, Graf Hoyos, had a memorial erected, that replaces, very advantageously, a tasteless column, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, which the winds of heaven most unceremoniously reduced to ruins. With all due praise to the loyalty of the noble earl, I cannot but think that a small temple would have been much more useful, in

which the shivering tourist might take refuge from a climate, where Eolus, at all seasons of the year, holds his boisterous court.

I lingered a few days longer in the neighbourhood of the Schneeberg, hoping to enjoy the much wished for prospect; but alas, the spiteful mists still hung heavily: I was, however, in some measure compensated by a very pleasant ramble through the chain of hills, of which the Schneeberg forms the highest point, and visited many of the romantic ruins and cascades; the most imposing in picturesque beauty and interesting in history, is the ruin of Staachenberg, near Pisting; whose origin is lost in the fabulous traditions of the country, which pretend that it was inhabited by the Romans. This castle was, however, most certainly the favourite residence of the ancient Margraves of Austria, the Babenbergers, and continued to be occasionally occupied by the imperial house of Hapsburg, till the commencement of the sixteenth century, when, being alternately pillaged by the Hungarians and Turks, was neglected, and we now find merely a heap of ruins. The prodigious thickness of the massive walls, gives some idea of what its strength must have been when entire; the honeysuckle and briar now creep around, and hang in graceful festoons over the dilapidated windows. But the ivy, so generally the attendant on our ruins in England, is, singular to say, never seen to spread its gloomy verdure over those in Germany.

At the foot of these mountains lies the romantic mineral bath, Baden, distant about five leagues from

Vienna. The town itself is any thing but interesting, its attractions consisting entirely in its mineral waters and beautiful situation. I found it filled with the motley crowd who usually haunt bathing places: some were in search of pleasure, others of a cure for imaginary diseases; numbers with the hope of alleviating protracted suffering, beyond the reach of all aid, save that of death; not a few who expected to increase their finances by gaming, to which we may add fortune-hunters, petit-maîtres, old bächelors, coquettes, and despairing Fraüleins—of fat, fair and forty. The most peculiar, and, perhaps, agreeable feature of Baden, is the re-union of foreigners from every part of Europe, together with Turks, Armenians, Persians and Greeks, in their Oriental costume: Jews from Poland and Galicia, in their long black tunics and towering fur caps; Tyrolean, Styrian, and Carniolian pedlars vending their flimsy, ill-fabricated wares and toys; bands of flower girls, Hungarian gipseys, and blooming harpists from Bohemia: the whole resem bling a fancy dress promenade, except that the characters seemed quite at ease in their fantastic costume.

The morning after my arrival, I proceeded to the bath; and though I was in some measure prepared for the scene, yet I was indeed surprised when the bathing salon first disclosed itself. Imagine, gentle reader, a vast square room, elegantly fitted up, surrounded by galleries, and filled with water, to the height of about five feet, in which a multitude of both sexes were bathing *en masse;* some conversing in groupes,

others promenading arm in arm, and saluting each other, as if assembled at a soirée, all attired in white, flowing robes. Some of the fair dames, by their gravity, appeared to think it a serious operation: the youthful water-nymphs looked timid, and the rosy tint of innocence flushed their lovely checks, as the idle coxcomb eloquently dilated on their graceful forms, but which the practised nymph never failed to retort with spirit, and often with wit: while the promenaders in the galleries mingled their jests and pleasantries with those of the water sprites below; the whole forming a spectacle perfectly unique of its kind. Let it not, however, be imagined, that no classification is adopted among the bathers: there is as much interest used with the master of the ceremonies to obtain the high honour of being *par-boiled* with the high-born exclusives, as to obtain a ticket for Almack's.

These baths, of which there are several in Baden, are supplied with a continued stream of fresh running water, by which means it is preserved in the same temperature, and perfectly pure. A range of dressing rooms surround the crystal promenade, from which the bathers descend to enjoy their aquatic immersion.

The mineral waters of Baden were known to the Romans, who called them Aquæ Cetiæ, from the name of the mountains that surround them; but whether they or the natives introduced this novel mode of bathing, certain it is that the custom has been preserved from time immemorial. The heat of the waters

is from twenty-two to twenty-eight degrees of Reaumur, and they hold in solution common salt, magnesia, calcareous earth, fixed air, and hepatic air. Their effects are salutary in purifying the skin, and increasing its elasticity; they promote perspiration, remove obstructions, brace the nerves, and increase the circulation. On the other hand, they have been fatal in some cases of external and internal inflammations, fever, dropsy, &c.

After having paid my respects to the Casino, and mingled among the waltzing throng, I visited the Chiosk, an elegant temple built à la Turque, where I found a most brilliant assembly of all that was distingué in Baden, waiting for a grand ball, that was about commencing; presently the Babel-like chit-chat was hushed by the lively strains of a fine band of music, and it was impossible to tell whether the countenances of the calm Austrian, the grave Turk, the gay Frenchman, the animated Hungarian, or the proud Englishman, beamed with greatest delight, as they described their endless circles in the splendid salons of the Chiosk.

Another of the principal charms of this fashionable watering-place, is the picturesque beauty of its environs, and the numberless well-kept promenades that extend in every direction, presenting to the lovers of landscape scenery every caprice of nature: mountains towering to the clouds, rocky ravines, deep gloomy dells, and romantic valleys, with sparkling rivulets, cascades and mouldering ruins; their massive strength, blackened walls, and inaccessible situation, recals to the imagina-

tion the age of rapine, when murder was met at every step; when titled bandits acknowledged no master, save force. The visitors are much indebted to the Arch-Duke Anthony, who has made a convenient path to the romantic ruins of Rauensteiner. The proprietor was a robber knight of such hardihood, that he had the temerity to plunder the consort of the Emperor Maximilian I., and her whole retinue, who, mounted on their palfreys, were returning from Baden to Vienna; but which daring deed sealed his fate, for a strong army was sent against him, who speedily reduced the robber's nest to ashes.

It would appear, from the number of tender epithets and initials we perceived carved on the oaks of the valleys and the walls of the ruins, together with the frequent occurrence of many a happy pair wandering through the shady groves, that Baden was a place dangerous to the repose of the mind.

The Helenenthal (whether called after Helen the frail, or Helen the saint, I cannot say) is, however, a very beautiful valley, and the favourite promenade of the guests; and that it should be in accordance with its romantic name, exhibited a greater display of pretty faces and graceful figures than any other in the neighbourhood of Baden: these were attended by their cavaliers, and each pair of turtles seemed to be cooing—

—— "The dream of life, from morn till night,
Is love—still love."

CHAPTER XX.

Visit to Hungary—Presburg—Neusiedler-Lake—Wild Boy—Ödenburg Hills — Antediluvian Remains — Marchfeld Plain — Political State of Austria—House of Hapsburg — Commercial Position — The Danube and its Tributaries.

HAVING procured my passuales at the Royal Chancery of Hungary, in Vienna, which, being in Latin, is itself a curiosity, I once more floated down the Danube: my intention this time was to proceed in the steamer to the Black Sea, and explore in my route the intermediate provinces of Servia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria. I was prevented from prosecuting this plan by the discouraging accounts I received at Presburg, from some travellers, who had just returned from these countries, to the effect that in consequence of the drought which prevailed this year, the bed of the river had become so extremely shallow, that the steam-boat was constantly a-ground. I was not a little disappointed on receiving this intelligence, as my friends

in Vienna had kindly furnished me with letters of introduction to the principal inhabitants of these provinces.

Presburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, offers little to interest the traveller who enters it from Vienna. Its appearance is shabby, dull, and dirty; and is not likely to improve, as Buda has become the seat of government. The first thing that struck me, on opening the windows of my hotel in the morning, was a whole army of peasants asleep in the market-place, among piles of vegetables and meal sacks, with here and there a herd of pigs, and flocks of geese, turkeys and ducks. After promenading the unpaved, dusty streets of the town for about an hour, I could discover no object likely to interest or amuse; there was, to be sure, the nearly-deserted palace of the wealthy family of Bathiany, the flying bridge over the Danube, and a fleet of boats worthy of having Noah for an admiral, to say nothing of the steam-boat, which is probably destined to be the means of bringing to the town all the advantages of more civilized Europe. A protracted sojourn might have afforded an opportunity of studying the manners of these brave Magyarens; but as my time would not permit this, I continued my route to the Neusiedler lake, a short day's journey distant. I was the more anxious to see this great Hungarian lake, for it had been a most prominent feature in the landscape from the mountains near Vienna, not forgetting the tradition related to me of

its subterranean connexion with the Strudel on the Danube!

On a nearer approach, I found I had raised my expectations respecting its scenery (at least my friends had) far too high; for, except its western shores, it can advance no claim to picturesque beauty, the eastern being one interminable plain, monotonous in the extreme. The circumference of the lake, without including the Hansag-marsh, is upwards of ten German miles; and I know of no other that will better repay the researches of the naturalist. The mineral properties of its waters, the sources from whence it is supplied, its occasional excessive rise and fall, all deserve attention. I was unable to procure, either at Presburg or Vienna, any accurate analysis of its properties; but several of the respectable inhabitants in the neighbourhood informed me that they are used with great advantage both for bathing and drinking, being a slight aperient; and cattle are said to drink it in preference to any other in the neighbourhood. I found its taste slightly saline, and it occasionally deposits saline matter on its banks. Various are the traditionary accounts current among the people respecting its sudden rise and fall: this is the more curious, as there is no visible appearance of its being in communication with any other body of water. The most remarkable fall on record was that previous to the year 1804, when it suddenly so much decreased, that the inhabitants expected to see it disappear altogether. The land then gained, being in some places upwards of five

English square miles, was converted to agricultural purposes, and produced most extraordinary crops; but, while the proprietors were felicitating themselves on this unexpected addition to their wealth, it suddenly burst its bounds, during the summer of 1804, and again inundated the surrounding country; since which time it has remained nearly stationary. Like mineral springs, this lake is affected by earthquakes; it was dreadfully agitated during the shock experienced in Hungary, in 1763, and also by those in other parts of Europe. On account of the repeated recurrence of sand banks and islands, it is not navigable, except to small flat-bottomed boats; and is in some places so shallow, that the peasants frequently ford it: but this is considered a deed of no little daring, on account of the dangerous gulfs with which it abounds.

The Hansag morass, adjoining, is remarkable for being the spot where the wild boy was found; and, as his history may not be generally known to my readers, I shall give it in the words of the protocol transmitted by the authorities of the district to the government which for accuracy may be depended upon.

"On the 15th of March 1749, two fishermen of Kapuvar, named Franz Magy and Michael Molnar, found in the Hansag morass a being whose appearance was that of a wild animal, but who bore an exact resemblance to the human form, except that his limbs were longer, the fingers and toes double the usual length, and his skin scaly and knotty; his head was perfectly round, eyes small and sunk, hooked nose, and

mouth immoderately large. He was supposed to be about ten years of age, and when first taken it was impossible to induce him to eat any thing except grass, hay, or straw, nor would he allow himself to be clothed, and if at any time he was able to elude the vigilance of his guards, he invariably jumped into the moat surrounding the castle of Kapuvar, in which he was kept, and dived and swam about in it as if it was his native element. After being confined for about a year he consented to wear clothes, and eat cooked victuals, in short, he conformed in every respect to domestic habits, and was baptized; but it was found impossible to teach him to articulate a single syllable. In consequence of this apparent adoption of the manners of man, his guardians relaxed their vigilance, of which he took advantage, and disappeared. It is supposed that he jumped into the river Raab, a short distance from the castle, and swam to his old residence in the Hansag morass; for he was seen some time afterwards by a party of fishermen among the reeds and rushes, on the shore of the Königsee, a small lake in the same morass, but, on perceiving them, he dived to the bottom and disappeared. After a lapse of several years, he was again seen by another party of men, and a second time disappeared."—AMTS-KANZLEY KAPUVAR, SCHLOSS KAPUVAR, *August* 21, 1753.

Since this time, there have been no authenticated accounts concerning him, notwithstanding there are still the wildest reports in circulation among the pea-

santry. Let not my readers confound this savage with a wild man who was found in the forest near Kronstadt in Transylvania, in 1781, and who was exhibited for several years in various parts of Germany and Hungary. The latter, when taken, was about twenty-five years old, and ultimately conformed to the habits of man, but never possessed the faculties of speech or reason; and the only act of domestic service he could be taught, was to draw water for the inhabitants of a small village in Hungary, where he died at an advanced age.

The hills which bound the western coast of the lake towards the town of Ödenburg produce the famous Hungarian wines called Ödenburger and Rüster. A tour through the romantic valleys that intersect them will prove highly gratifying to the naturalist; the rocks are of the most dazzling whiteness, being principally composed of marine shells. Antediluvian remains are daily turned up by the landsman, but entirely lost to the purposes of science, from the gross ignorance of the inhabitants; I was shown a finely preserved elephant's tooth, recently found by a peasant in a bed of sand, a full fathom below the surface; its length was three feet and a half, and the weight fourteen pounds; and I myself picked up two perfect teeth of the mammoth, during my peregrinations.

In short, Hungary is a most interesting country, abounding as it does with natural curiosities; for if we extend our tour through the Carpathian mountains and

Transylvania, we shall find numerous grottos, with their beautiful stalactites and antediluvian remains. But as I intend to devote a couple of volumes to a more detailed account of Hungary and the adjacent provinces, I shall conclude my present brief notice, and retrace my steps to the Austrian metropolis.

That vast plain called the Marchfeld, which extends from the gates of Vienna to the mountains of Bohemia and Moravia, is famous, were it for nothing else than its fertility, and the high station its fat geese hold in the estimation of the epicurist; but it is for ever immortalized in the annals of Austria, for being the theatre of the sanguinary battles of Essling, Aspern, and Wagram; the results of which were for a time so fatal to her independence. When we contemplate these beautiful fields, teeming with fertility, where half a million of men, with fifteen hundred cannons, were engaged in the murderous conflict,—where the scythe of death mowed tens of thousands, now without a memento; how must we mourn over the infirmity of man's nature, which thus leads him to create his own misery! During the dreadful contest, Napoleon's fate hung on a single hair; for the Austrian soldiers were not only animated by their vicinity to Vienna, but thousands of their dearest friends covered the tops of the houses, towers, and surrounding mountains, and with streaming flags encouraged them to deeds of no common valour: no quarter was given, or solicited, on either side; the meanest individual in the ranks

was a hero; and after two days' dreadful carnage, the hitherto invincible Corsican was obliged to fortify himself with his troops in the island of Lobau. He had, however, the advantage over his opponent, the Archduke Charles, that he held in one hand the sceptre, and in the other the marshal's baton. The battle of Wagram succeeded,—the Archduke John (an unlucky name for more than one kingdom) did not arrive in time with the reserve, and the battle was solely gained by the superior numbers of the French.

I was conducted over these eventful fields by an Italian gentleman, who formerly served under Napoleon,—when he communicated to me the following interesting sketch of the situation of Napoleon and his army after the battle, which may be depended upon as authentic.

"Immediately after the battle of Wagram," said my friend, "the emperor took up his head-quarters at Schönbrun, and, although sated with victory, yet our situation was any thing but enviable — winter approaching, and our troops in the heart of an enemy's country, who had evinced towards us the most rancorous hostility, and in action the most unflinching bravery. We heard nothing more of erecting Hungary and Bohemia into separate kingdoms, to be governed by French princes; but we did hear that the natives were rising in tens of thousands, and that it was not improbable the Sicilian vespers would be repeated in Germany; we also heard that the army was

discontented, and, worse than all, that a dreadful conspiracy was formed, which had for its object the destruction of the imperial power, and the erection of a republic; its ramifications extended through every part of France, but Napoleor had so entrenched himself in the affections of the soldiers, that his death was not once contemplated; the plan was merely to compel him to acknowledge a republican form of government, and accept the office of president for life.

"The conspirators assumed the name of Philadelphiaists, and their chief was the famous General Oudet, acknowledged to be one of the bravest officers in the French army, he was generous, daring, and eloquent, the idol of the soldiers, to whom he was ever a zealous friend; such was the man who had now bent his energies to the emancipation of France, and the destruction of the imperial dynasty of Napoleon. But heaven had not willed that his high purpose should be accomplished, for, immediately after the battle of Wagram, he received the commands of the emperor to come to Schönbrun, and bring with him a certain number of officers, whose names were specified. Whether the general and his cortége set forward with the hope of being promoted, we cannot say; however, on their route, under shelter of the darkness of the night, they were attacked by a superior force, and all massacred or mortally wounded; the unfortunate General Oudet was among the few who lingered till morning: he was only able to articulate these words, 'Betrayed! unhappy France!' One circumstance, however, told a tale more

eloquent than a thousand tongues, for although the whole was attributed to the treacherous Austrians, yet there was not found a single German among the slain, as the whole of the assailants the officers had killed in their defence were soldiers of the French army; thereby creating the possible, I fear, too well-grounded suspicion, that Bonaparte had taken this method of crushing a conspiracy, which he dreaded openly to brave."

From the vast extent of territory which constitutes the Austrian empire, the warlike bias of the great mass of the people, equal to France in numerical force, and superior to Russia in the resources and intelligence of the inhabitants, we might conclude it to be a most formidable power; but when we reflect upon the jarring elements of which it is composed, we shall be inclined to come to a different conclusion. For we find an absolute mélange of nations, speaking at least a dozen languages, without any common ties of fraternity, full of national prejudices, and hence unable to cope with any other power equal in greatness and resources, who can confidently rely on the sympathies of a united people; notwithstanding, many sagacious politicians contend, that the circumstance of being composed of an heterogeneous mass of nations, allowing for the want of patriotism and the impossibility of uniting the conflicting opinions of such an assembly in one common interest, adds materially to the strength of the government, whenever it may be necessary to crush any revolutionary attempt. This opinion is grounded

on the presumption that an insurrectionary movement in one part of the empire would be speedily suppressed by the troops of the other; indeed, the government appears to act upon this principle, for we invariably find the soldiers of one province employed to garrison the towns of another. On the other hand, we are daily told by those politicians, who merely view the political drama on the stage of Europe through a factious medium, that the empire of Austria is tottering to its foundation; that Illyria and Lombardy are on the eve of revolt; that Hungary is in open rebellion, demanding a constitution, and the abolition of the censorship of the press; with many other similar gratuitous assertions. Where are the elements of a constitution in Hungary? Magnats and serfs! Where is the intellect to appreciate a free press? The mass of the population must first learn to read!

Notwithstanding these alarming reports, I find the empire more flourishing than ever, order every where maintained, and the emperor popular; not the slightest danger of a revolution, nor of the separation of the country of the brave Magyarens from the protecting wings of the Austrian eagle; and I should be inclined to consider the star of Hapsburg again in the ascendant, although its glory was so long outshone by the brilliant coruscations of the Gallic meteor, and, most assuredly the government ought, in gratitude, to erect a monument as lofty and massive as the most colossal of Egypt's pyramids, to perpetuate the memory of the

heroes of Waterloo; and the pages of her history ought no less to immortalize a certain diplomatist—peace to his manes! And must we not also admire the talents of Prince Metternich, who has so admirably contrived to consolidate the dominions of his master? For the empire of Austria, being now nearly surrounded by natural fortifications, presents a formidable front against foreign aggression. The possession of the kingdom of Lombardo-Veneto secures to her the key of Italy; her Alpine regions, the Tyrol, Styria, and Carniola, render her invulnerable in that quarter; and, should her Italian subjects revolt, she can pour upon them her troops from the mountain gorges, which also afford a secure retreat in case of defeat; for, be it remembered, these Alpine regions are not now in their primitive wildness. Oh no! the enterprising Gauls, actuated however by no better motive than their ambition of universal dominion, constructed capital military roads, and other important improvements.

These mountains are merely separated from those of Wallachia by the Adriatic, and then extending to the Balkan, they divide the provinces of Croatia and Dalmatia from Turkey. If we direct our attention to the north, we shall find that the grand chain of the Carpathian mountains serves as the protecting fence against Poland; these, united with the Riesengebirge, form the boundary between Bohemia and Silesian-Prussia: the same encircling chain, under the various names of Erzgebirge, Böhmerwald, Fichtelgebirge, and Salzburg,

mountains, united with the Tyrol and Carnic Alps, separate her from the minor states of south-western Germany, and Switzerland.

Thus entrenched behind Nature's own rocky walls, Austria defies the petty states that surround her; and should Germany be again invaded, she can meet the enemy, not, as heretofore, on her own territories, but on those of her neighbours; for she has no longer the Breisgau and Freiburg, on the frontiers of France, to defend, nor has she the distant Netherlands, neither is she burdened with the imperial diadem of King of the Romans, which obliged her, as chief of the Germanic empire, to stand forth as their champion. So that, in fact, it is only necessary for my readers to look at the map, and be convinced her weakest frontier is that adjoining Russia; for this power having possession of Poland, the Black Sea, and virtually of those provinces on the Danube contiguous to her frontier, is not only a formidable rival, but a most dangerous neighbour, as the fertile countries of Hungary and Transylvania lie at all times open to aggression.

The Hungarians are too sagacious not to perceive their situation to be one of considerable peril. In proof of this, they volunteered men and money, and offered in the most gallant manner to march to the assistance of the Poles during their late struggle for independence, regarding Russia as their common enemy, but which generous resolution was not countenanced by Austria. Thus we perceive, that the Russo-Turko question, and the ambitious projects of the Colossus of

the north, are of more vital importance to the interests of Austria and Germany than even to ourselves; for should another ambitious chief place himself at the head of the northern hordes, he has the power of laying waste the whole of these countries, even Germany itself; therefore the popular outcry raised against Russian aggrandizement is heard not only in France and England, but from the Black Sea to the Baltic, from the Adriatic to the German Ocean; and, assuredly, no man can hesitate in declaring, that Russia's gigantic power and Machiavelian policy justify the utmost alarm. Is it not, therefore, obviously the policy of Austria, to cultivate relations of amity with Great Britain, the only European power capable of rendering her effective assistance in the event of a rupture, which, in the ordinary course of affairs, is likely to happen at no very distant date?

That this is the real position of the Austrian empire is indisputable. How, then, can we explain the policy of Prince Metternich, undoubtedly a great statesman, and who has ever proved himself an ardent friend to the interests of his country? How is it that he permits the Muscovites to advance step by step, conquering, and consolidating their conquests, and that even in the immediate neighbourhood of the Austrian possessions? He is aware of their growing power on the Black Sea and the Danube, their military possession of Silistria, &c., their stupendous fortifications at Sevastopol. He is too sagacious a politician to be the dupe of Russian artifice, and it cannot be from pusilla-

nimity, since the Austrian force at this moment is sufficient to drive the ill-disciplined, half savage troops of the north like chaff before the wind. Or is the same timid, temporising policy still to be pursued, that has been so prolific of ills to Austria? We know there cannot be any political sympathy between the houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, and yet Prussia, the right hand of Russia, is allowed to assume the sovereignty of one German province after another in the shape of a commercial union. Must we not therefore suspect, that some important but concealed aim is steadily pursued? Is the Ottoman Empire to share the fate of Poland? And if so, are the northern powers insane enough to suppose that the rest of Europe would tolerate such a political enormity? I certainly heard many strange things whispered in Vienna; and the allied sovereigns did not meet at Töplitz merely to admire the beauty of the scenery!

Who has read history, and is unacquainted with the meeting of Frederic the Great and Joseph II. at Reiss, in 1769? "Nos maisons," said the wily Prussian, "ont été trop longtemps ennemies, l'interêt national est de s'entre seconder au lieu de s'entre détruir." What did he really mean? Why, nothing else than, I will hold the north, and you can take the south, and thus divide Germany between us. The deepest animosity towards the house of Hohenzollern alone prevented Joseph from acceding to the proposal. Again, who is unacquainted with the compact of alliance, offensive and defensive, between Austria and Russia, under

Joseph II. and Catherine, whose object was the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire? This Machiavelian plan was alone frustrated by Frederic, who blazoned it to the world, because he was to have no share in the plunder! The meeting at Neustadt in 1770 between the same three monarchs was the precursor of the treaty for the division of Poland, which was eventually signed at St. Petersburg, on the 5th of August, 1772; and, probably, we may find the treaty concocted at Töplitz in 1835 will be signed the next, or the following year, whenever a fitting opportunity occurs.

The insignificant dukedom of Austria, which has given its name to this great empire, appeared for the first time as an independent margravate in 996, and continued to be governed by its native princes of the house of Babenberger till 1246; when, on becoming extinct, the margravate fell a prey to the rapacity of the neighbouring princes. It was again revived under Rudolf von Hapsburg, a Swiss Earl, whose petty margravate was situated at Schintznach, in the canton of Berne, who, after having subdued the neighbouring bandit knights, and possessed himself of their territories, turned his attention towards the imperial diadem of Germany; and about the year 1275, we find this extraordinary man not only elected to the dignity of Emperor of Germany, but conqueror of Ottocar, the powerful King of the Bohemians. This important conquest secured to Rudolf and his descendants the dukedoms of Austria, Carniola, Styria, and Carinthia.

and thus laid the foundation of the greatness of the house of Hapsburg, and established their residence at Vienna.

The bird of prey from whence this family derives their name Hapsburg, or Habicht (hawk), appears typical of their destiny; for in tracing their history, we shall find their domains increasing through each successive reign till that of Charles V., who inherited, in right of his mother, Jane of Castile, the kingdoms of Spain, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Navarre, the Low Countries, and extensive dominions in the new world, together with those of his father, the already overgrown possessions of the house of Austria. Charles was also elected Emperor of Germany. Thus we see, in the year 1519, after the short space of two hundred and forty-four years, a descendant of Rudolph von Hapsburg wielding the destinies of the greatest empire which had existed since that of the Romans. The princes of the House of Hapsburg were, for the most part, a bigoted race of monarchs; among whom, Ferdinand II. appears to have been plunged in deeper darkness than any who preceded or followed him; and the first dawn of intelligence that shone upon Austria commenced with the reign of Maria Theresa, after her marriage with the Prince of Lorraine, who assumed the name of Hapsburg. The first act of this illustrious princess, who possessed the intellectual power and moral worth necessary to form the character of a great sovereign, and influenced, no doubt, by her enlightened husband, was to weaken the power of the Jesuits,

which she effectually did, by establishing schools throughout the empire, in every respect superior to those under their superintendence. She promulgated a code of laws, based upon justice and humanity; for being the affectionate mother of a numerous family, her heart was open to the finer feelings of our nature; hence, though she wielded the sceptre of despotic power, her name is unstained by a single crime, and the formal Spanish etiquette, in which she was educated at the proud court of her father, Charles VI., was insufficient to chill her native urbanity of manners.

She was succeeded by her illustrious son, Joseph II., who completed what his virtuous mother had so gloriously commenced; and how many political storms did not his nephew, the late Emperor Francis II., contend against—a twenty years' war, the dismemberment of his empire, and the bankruptcy of his country! Yet, notwithstanding all these disasters, we find the House of Hapsburg, at this moment, ruling over a population of thirty millions, occupying a territory of twelve thousand German square miles, at peace with the world, and their credit everywhere respected.

If such is the present prosperity of the empire, what might it not become under the guidance of another Joseph? but its strength, like that of every other just emerging from bigotry and superstition, still lies dormant. Let us, for a moment, contemplate her mineral treasures, the rich gold mines of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, the copper mines of Bohemia and Moravia, the inexhaustible iron mines of Styria, which province also

abounds with coal, the rich quicksilver mines of Idria, and the salt mines of Galicia, Salzbourg, and the Tyrol, which are yet in their infancy; and what might not Hungary alone become, if once emancipated from the trammels of feudal despotism? Nor is this all; for Austria being situated in the centre of Europe, with fine rivers adapted to steam navigation, she must attain a great degree of prosperity, when the government and the people become sensible of their favourable position for commercial intercourse with the surrounding nations. Take, for instance, the Danube, the noblest river in Europe, running through the heart of the empire, and navigable from Ulm to the Black Sea: but this is not her only advantage; for the greater part of its numerous tributaries have their source in some part of the empire. Among these, the Save and the Drave are the most important: the first is navigable through the whole of the immense district from Laibach, within two days' journey of Trieste, on the Adriatic, to Belgrade; the latter is nearly equal in importance, being navigable, in consequence of its junction with the Mur, from Gratz in Styria to Essek in Hungary; to which we may add the Theyss, the Patissus of the Romans, which, rising in the Carpathian mountains, runs a course of five hundred miles through Hungary, and empties its waters into the Danube at Salankemen. Austria also possesses the Moldau, which, falling into the Elbe, below Prague, might, at no very great expense, be united with the Danube by means of a canal, and thus open a communication between the Black Sea

and the German Ocean. The Vistula, another of Europe's finest rivers, which rises in Austrian Silesia, might also, by means of a canal, be connected with the Danube, through the medium of the Waag, and thus afford the means of transit to the Baltic. Finally, we shall, in a few years, behold the Danube connected with the Atlantic, in consequence of the canal now in progress, to effect a union between that river and the Rhine.

Such is a brief view of the facilities which Austria enjoys for commerce; and yet, in the nineteenth century, we find many of the provinces of that country in almost a primitive state. But the steam navigation now commenced between Vienna, the Black Sea, and Constantinople, will gradually produce its good effects. Vienna will most probably, from her superior intelligence, wealth, and manufactures, become the emporium of commerce on the Danube; and Hungary—the fertile Hungary—will assume the station for which nature seems to have destined her. The Turkish provinces of Servia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, will also become civilized, their immense natural riches multiplied, and their institutions gradually assimilated to those of the more intellectual nations of Europe. Will not, therefore, the children yet unborn of these beautiful, but benighted countries, have just cause to erect monuments to the memory of the immortal inventor of the steam engine, James Watt? Had the princes of Austria extended their empire down the Danube to the Black Sea, to which there was formerly scarcely an

obstacle, instead of grasping after the costly phantom of the Roman diadem, and a share in the plunder of unhappy Poland, what a path would be now open to her commerce and political power!—whereas, Russia, in possession of the Black Sea, not only dictates laws to Austrian commerce on the Danube, but, in the event of a war, can utterly destroy it; and powerful, independent Poland no longer exists as a barrier to protect her.

CHAPTER XXI.

Austria and Prussia contrasted—Departure from Vienna—Styria—Valley of the Mur—Styrian Peasants—Gratz—Archduke John—Nobility—Marburg—Zilly—Laybach—The late Sir Humphry Davy—Zirknitzer Lake—Grotto at Adelsberg— The Proteus Anguinus—Castle of Lueg—Idria.

I HAVE now, I hope, considering my very limited space, in some degree, familiarized my readers with the present state of the two great leading powers of the Germanic empire. The governments of both are despotic, in the fullest sense of the word, in their admirable social institutions there is little difference: the same paternal solicitude is evinced by the monarchs for the welfare of their subjects, and each possesses a code of laws, mild and vigorous, for the enforcement of good order; the same stern police and army of spies; the same restrictions on native, foreign, and political literature, is to be found both in Austria and Prussia: the only difference being in religious liberality, which is all in favour of the latter. But though the clergy in Austria may exercise an undue share of power, yet the military despotism of Prussia is still greater, and its effects upon

the people more irksome and irritating. In Austria at least, we are never reminded by the conduct of the soldiers, that they exercise any influence in the affairs of the state: this absence of offensive behaviour is no doubt caused in some measure by the majority of the army being composed of well-disciplined veterans, and probably because it is not countenanced by the government; while in Prussia, the youth taken from the plough or the loom to serve a few years, no sooner finds that he has got a sword, than he becomes a little despot, and lords it over those of his companions who have not the wished for distinction.

The two countries have for some time been making rapid strides in commercial prosperity; yet notwithstanding they are so nearly balanced in their exterior features, how comes it that we find crime on the increase in Prussia, not only political offences, and secret revolutionary associations, but moral crime?—while in Austria, if we except poaching and smuggling, it is comparatively unknown; so much so, that the post-boy with his money-bag may be seen travelling alone in every part of her German provinces; and I was assured that not a single native of them was confined for political offences, and very few from what may be termed her foreign provinces—Hungary, Italy and Poland.

The increase of moral crime in Prussia is referred by some to the compulsory military duty, and the habits of idleness it produces; others assert that it has originated in the example of injustice exhibited to the people by

the government, in creating a large body of small landed proprietors, at the expense of the landed aristocracy; and the increase of political offenders is referred to the discontent excited by Russian ascendancy in the councils of the nation, and to the desire of the people for liberal political institutions, the consequence of intelligence being there more generally diffused than in Austria. At all events Prussia wants one great desideratum in a monarchy, which Austria has,—an independent aristocracy, whose wealth and influence causes them to be respected; who not unmindful of their high political duties, are at the same time indulgent landlords, and liberal patrons of native industry and the fine arts; while the great mass of the Prussian nobles, without wealth and influence, have become the objects of popular contempt; and though the monarch of Prussia is cordially esteemed by his subjects for his estimable private virtues, yet he is never received in public with the same enthusiasm which I saw manifested towards the emperor of Austria, not only in Vienna, but, last summer, during his tour through Moravia and Bohemia to Töplitz, triumphal arches, public rejoicings, and the acclamations of the people, met him in every direction, his approach being the signal for a fête.

The country between Vienna and Trieste, is some of the most interesting and beautiful in the Austrian dominions, and we scarcely leave the imperial city and its environs, when we behold the stupendous range of the Carnic Alps, towering to the heavens. On arriving

at what was once Wiener Neustadt, its blackened ruins presented a most melancholy aspect. This unlucky town was entirely burnt to ashes the preceding year, with the exception of a few public buildings, depriving nearly ten thousand persons of their homes, and too many of the whole that they possessed: the weather having been at the time excessively dry, and the wind blowing furiously from the quarter in which the fire commenced, it exhibited in less than half an hour a vast sea of flame, and in little more than an hour one of the most commercial towns in the empire was entirely destroyed. Independent of the number of lives lost, the destruction of property is computed at several millions of florins, a very trifling part of which was insured. However, from the numerous benefactions which continued to arrive from every part of the empire, to which a generous emperor and nobility have largely contributed, Wiener Neustadt is likely to arise from its ashes with increased beauty.

After passing through the romantic town Schottwien, with its frowning castle and strong defile, we commenced ascending the lofty Sömmering, the first stepping stone of the Styrian Alps. This being the great commercial road between Vienna and Trieste, the road is well kept, and altogether one of the most commodious alpine roads I ever traversed, for being judiciously carried round the sides of the mountain, the ascent, though very steep, is one of little difficulty to the horses. The marble column on the summit tells us the road was executed by order of the Emperor

Charles VI. This monarch was the father of Maria Theresa, and the last male heir of the house of Hapsburg. The prospect over the surrounding country is not so fine, or extensive, as might be expected from its altitude, for the various windings of the road shut out in a great measure the country we have just left, whilst the formidable chain of the Alps not only closes the view before us, but threatens to stop our further progress; however, the admirable spiral descent soon conducted us to one of the most beautiful countries in Europe. At one glance we behold around, above, and beneath us, some of the most sublime scenes of nature, uniting the beauties of the Tyrol and Switzerland, and comprising every description of scenery except the ocean; but, like every where else, "no prophet is respected in his own country," or why do the Germans wander in thousands to Switzerland, while they have here every thing that the most fastidious admirer of nature's loveliest and wildest scenery can desire?—yet it is nearly unknown to tourists, no poet has immortalized it by making it the theme of his song, no traveller has swelled his pages with an account of its beauties.

In one part of the picture we have the Alps brilliantly shining in their wintry garments; in another, savage mountains and sterile rocks; here hills of the most picturesque forms, green to the summit, only broken at intervals by masses of rock like so many ruined castles, partially shaded by the luxuriant foliage of the wide-spreading oak and beech, and the ever

green pine; there fairy rivulets dancing through their own cheerful domain; the whole united to form a scene at once varied and beautiful. Add to this, the picture appeared no where overloaded by any particular trait; for we had fertile vales, tiny plains, gentle acclivities, castles, cloisters, ruins, villages, churches, and woodmen's huts. On the beetling rocks above were to be seen wild-deer peeping at us timidly, and in the distance, groups of chamois, bounding from crag to crag, scared by the repeated echoes of the huntsman's gun; while beneath numerous herds of horned cattle, and flocks of black sheep, were either peaceably grazing in the shelving fields, or cooling themselves in the clear waters of the Mürz, through whose lovely valley my mountain car wound its course. The landscape seemed to increase in beauty as we advanced, at least it was more rural, more contracted, and certainly more noisy; there was lowing and bleating, intermingled with the sounds of shepherds' horns, the clattering of saw-mills, and the clang of iron hammers. There were also groups of peasants working in the fields; and miners, in their frocks, and caps of dusky red, were issuing out of their dark glens, like bands of Gnomes; here the figure of a tall Capuchiner monk was seen threading his path through the cliffs of the rocks, there the Styrian hunter in his dress of sylvan green, emerging and then disappearing through the dark folds of the forest.

At Bruck I exchanged the valley of the Mürz for that of the Mur, which, however, may compete in

loveliness with its beautiful rival. The old town, notwithstanding the endeavours of the inhabitants to make it venerable, by tracing its origin to the time of Abraham, has nothing to distinguish it except ugliness.

From Bruck, the river Mur is the traveller's beautiful companion to Gratz, the capital of Styria: and having a penchant for aquatic excursions, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity which a miller's boat, or rather raft, offered, took my station among the meal bags, and gently glided down its crystal current. The scenery was so truly beautiful, that any lengthened attempt at description would prove abortive. At every turn of the river, on est charmé, enchanté, et confus, and we are left in doubt, whether nature in her sterner forms, or the rich fields of Indian corn and wheat, with the luxuriant meadows and pastures that skirt the banks of the river, are the most attractive: there were also some fine specimens of forest trees, in their various shades of green, wreathing ruined castles and projecting cliffs; and the pretty white-washed villages peeping through orchards and vineyards, here hanging in graceful garlands from tree to tree, and there clustering in terraces, formed altogether a scene in which nature and art seemed to contend for the prize of beauty. Being a fête day, the saw-mills and forge-hammers were silent; but instead of these unharmonious sounds, we had the more pleasing tones of the music of the dancing villagers, who, together with

the old men and women, sitting under the shade of their venerable linden trees, were all apparently happy, and attired in their holiday costumes.

The national dress of the Styrian mountaineers is very picturesque: that of the women consists of full short petticoats, with coloured boddices, tightly laced; their round, rosy arms, uncovered to the elbow, exhibited a chemise white as snow; and their ruddy countenances, although not handsome, yet beaming with good-nature, were shaded with straw hats, lined with green silk, in the arrangement of which there was no slight display of coquetry: these were ornamented with flowers and feathers; the latter, I should think, had previously adorned the tails of their own proud chanticleers. The dress of their lords was still more pleasing to the eye, particularly the hat, which was generally green, with a cockade, ingeniously made from the plumage of various birds, mixed with the hair of the chamois and the deer, and secured in the centre with gold tinsel: around this were waving a few long feathers, of various colours, in which red predominated: green jackets, black chamois leather small-clothes, edged with green leather, striped stockings, and shoes tied with green ribbon, completed the costume of a genuine mountaineer of Styria, except a broad leather belt, curiously embroidered with green silk. I should be inclined to think that green must have been, at some distant period, the national colour, for it prevailed over every other in the dress of both sexes.

STYRIAN MOUNTAINEERS.

The pipe appears here, as much as in other parts of Germany, to be the natural appendage of a man's mouth, for it was retained even during dancing, as if animation and agility were inhaled with the smoke. From the general aspect of the people, and their villages, I should consider them in easy circumstances; for I did not see a single object of misery, except the Cretins. These unhappy beings are only endowed with sufficient intellect to carry water, or collect brambles in the forest. How unfortunate are all Alpine regions, in being partly peopled with these abortions of creation; still they are not by any means so numerous here as in Switzerland, nor have I seen so many instances of the goître.

In every village through which we passed, I saw a

spot of ground set apart for rifle shooting, in which parties of the youths were practising: they are, like the Tyroleans, capital marksmen. The Styrians are passionately fond of the chase, to which they are accustomed almost from their infancy, and notwithstanding the game laws are severe, yet no species of punishment deters them from pursuing their favourite pastime.

Polenta, a thick porridge, made from Indian corn, is the principal food of the peasants: the flavour is agreeable, were it not that they have the singular custom of mixing it with sand, which I have often seen thrown in while boiling. On mentioning this custom to a medical man, at Gratz, he assured me it was very general, and that the gritty seasoning assisted digestion!—for the same purpose, they swallow cherry-stones: indeed, I observed the latter custom very general in every part of Germany, and, Heaven knows! they require something to digest their cherries, for, during the season, the whole population are eating them from morn till night.

The majority of the Styrians are Roman Catholics; and a stranger, to judge from the number of crucifixes, Madonnas, and saints, on the high roads, villages, and houses, would be led to conclude that all were of this persuasion. It is a marvel that any Protestants remain; for the bigotted Duke of Styria, afterwards Ferdinand II., indulged for years in the chase of Ketzer-Sauen, (heretic boars,) as he was pleased to call them, until the noble game became extinct.

On arriving at Pekau, a few leagues from Gratz, my companion, the miller, drew my attention to a picturesque ruin, and related a horrible tradition connected with it,—the fate of the Knight von Sarau, and the beautiful Kunigund von Durrenstein. It appears that the lady having been compelled to accept the hand of a powerful Styrian Graf, found means to escape with her lover, disguised as ballad-singers: they wandered along the banks of the romantic Mur; but the enraged husband was not to be foiled of his vengeance; and after chasing them for some time, the fugitives were discovered at this place, when his revenge was indeed dreadful; for, having ordered a barrel to be lined with spikes, he forced the unhappy lovers into it, and then caused it to be rolled down from the turrets of the castle into the Mur beneath.

Gratz (or Gradetz, the Sclavonic appellation for a mountain fortified,) derives its name from an isolated hill of considerable elevation in the centre of the town, with a citadel; this hill, with the town, was strongly fortified previous to 1809; but the French, who were determined never to be a second time bombarded from any fortress they had once captured, destroyed the whole of the works. The town is old, and its claims to distinction in point of architectural beauty very meagre; to which we may add that the streets are narrow, and generally badly paved, except the Jacomini-platz, built by an Italian; and although it is one of the most important towns in the empire, with a population of fifty thousand, yet Gratz does not possess more than one

or two public establishments of sufficient interest to attract the stranger.

The institution I have before described as common to all German towns, and serving as a social point of reunion for the inhabitants, is here called the Johanneum, in compliment to the Arch-Duke John, uncle to the Emperor of Austria; and though he is styled Governor of the Duchy of Styria, yet many pretend he was exiled here by the late emperor his brother, who never forgave him for not arriving earlier to the assistance of the Arch-Duke Charles on the fatal field of Wagram: notwithstanding, he has been to Austria a most unlucky chief, yet his private character, like that of the rest of his family, is excellent; and he is idolized in Styria. His magnificent donations of books and objects of natural history, have considerably enriched the collection of the Styrian capital; and the tourist, as he wanders through the country, will find ample reason to be grateful to him for the mountain roads and paths, by which he is enabled to explore, without difficulty, what were hitherto deemed inaccessible heights.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the splendid abbey, built by the Emperor Ferdinand II., for the Capuchiner monks, and also to commemorate the spot where he had twenty thousand Protestant Bibles burnt by the common hangman, is now a mad-house! being converted to that purpose by the reformer Joseph, who probably thought such an institution best calculated to

commemorate the memory of this insane act of fanaticism.

The esplanade, surrounding the town, is not only well kept, but affords very pretty views over the distant country: here the belles and the beaux, the gay and the idle, exhibit themselves,—for Gratz is Vienna in miniature,—and the population display the same indefatigable industry in eating, drinking, and merry-making. With materials for the former pursuit, they are admirably supplied,—for, to say nothing of other dainties, the Styrian turkeys and capons are considered the best in the whole Austrian empire; and so great is their renown, that millions are transported for the more accomplished gourmands of the metropolis. Styrian wine is no less famous,—for, who has lived in Vienna, without making an intimate acquaintance, or at least having heard of the Radkersburg wine? For these the Grätzers are indebted to their fertile valleys, and a climate much milder than that of Vienna. They also boast of having purer water, and speaking purer German; the latter is certainly spoken divested of the Austrian provincialism, and generally with a correct pronunciation.

For amusements the inhabitants have the usual resources of a German town of this magnitude: a neat theatre, always half empty, except when some Vienna star condescends to exhibit its brightness; but if the inferior luminaries of Thespis are neglected, the balls and concerts at the Johanneum always present

crowded houses; these, with the masquerade balls, an occasional levée held by the Arch-Duke, together with the assistance of numerous coffee-gardens in the environs, and coffee-houses in the town, the inhabitants contrive to prevent ennui from corroding their spirits with its rust. For, notwithstanding this town is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in nature, yet an inhabitant of Gratz never thinks of exploring the mountains in search of amusement; a tour as far as one of the coffee-gardens fully sufficing to satisfy his taste for the charms of rural life.

Gratz has been the retreat of more than one of the exiled family of France; here the consort of Charles X. resigned her breath, and her ashes are interred beneath the Church of Saint Catherine's. The university, though we cannot admire it as a structure, nevertheless holds a high rank as an academical establishment, the number of students averaging about a thousand, who, together with the garrison, animate the streets, promenades, and balls. I cannot say much of the exterior beauty of the hotels,—the best is the Wildenen Man (Wild Man), at which I put up my pilgrim's staff: the landlord informed me it was many years since honoured (I believe it is usual to apply this word to the visits of all royal personages) by the presence of Caroline, Princess of Wales, who, to his utter astonishment, and that of the good inhabitants of Gratz, descended from her travelling carriage habited à la Turque!

It appears the Styrian nobles attach as much im-

portance to quarterings as their brethren of Mecklenburg, and never admit any stranger to their society, except he can satisfactorily demonstrate the antiquity and nobility of his lineage. A few years since, an English gentleman of fortune, highly intellectual, and now a member of parliament, resided here a short time; but he was not deemed worthy of admission to the society of the exclusives, because his claims to distinction at the Herald's College would not entitle him, in their estimation, to the privilege, as they actually caused inquiries to be made in England, relative to his rank and family. It is much to be regretted that the patricians of Styria allow the pride of birth to blind them to the merits of those whose escutcheons are a blank; for they not only frequently deprive themselves of agreeable society, but this silly prejudice creates a feeling against them, not otherwise deserved by their amiable manners and hospitable dispositions.

During my séjour at Gratz, I was introduced to a fine old veteran, Colonel ——, an Irish officer, who served with distinction in the Austrian army during the late war: he has now retired to this place, to enjoy the honourable repose he has so well merited, for Gratz being one of the cheapest towns in the empire, is the favourite retreat of those veteran warriors of Austria whose finances are not flourishing. He spoke of old Ireland with all the affection of a patriot exiled from the land of his birth, and lamented that he was unable to return and spend there the remainder of his days. For the Austrian government, by a wise regulation,

prohibit their subjects, whether civil or military, from expending in a foreign country the income they derive from the public treasury. How different is the liberality, or rather extravagance, of the English government in this respect, who suffer thousands of military and civil pensioners to spend their incomes in a foreign country!

The country continued exceedingly beautiful between Gratz and Marburg, the road winding for the most part on the banks of the Mur. At Ehrenhausen the landscape assumes a wilder character, and after crossing a considerable mountain, we descend into another fertile valley, watered by the noble Drave, and perceive before us the town of Marburg, picturesquely seated on its banks; and notwithstanding it has a population of five thousand, is the capital of a district, and its river one of the chief tributaries of the Danube, yet there is but little appearance of commerce, and hardly a boat to be seen.

On quitting this town the scenery continued to improve, presenting an ever-varying succession of monasteries, castles, and ruins, with an occasional waterfall, till we arrived at Zilly, the chief town of a province, indebted for its attraction to the beautiful scenery that surrounds it, and for its fame to the mineral waters of Rohitsch in its neighbourhood; they are very much in demand, and somewhat resemble the Seltzer waters of Nassau, and, like them, are exported in large quantities. Zilly has also the advantage of being situated on a navigable river, which unites its waters with the

Save, a few leagues distant, and has consequently a direct communication with the Danube, from which we may infer what prosperity is in store for these beautiful provinces when steam navigation becomes general, as coal is abundant in the neighbourhood.

A few leagues distant, at St. Oswald, we leave the dukedom of Styria, and enter that of Carniola, through a triumphal arch. Here the manners, customs, language, and appearance of the population entirely changed; for the provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, Illyria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and part of Hungary, are for the most part inhabited by the descendants of the Wends, a northern horde of the Sclavonic race, who, after the destruction of the Roman empire, settled here, and in Upper and Lower Styria: from the latter countries they were expelled by Charlemagne, and notwithstanding they have flourished for centuries by the side of the cleanly and industrious Teutonians, yet they have preserved not only their language, but all the habits of their primitive barbarism.

Laybach, the capital of Carniola, is well known in Italy under its Italian appellation of Lubiano, and as much execrated as the name of the Bastile was in France, for here was held the famous congress whose decisions were so pregnant with ills to the beautiful peninsula. The situation of the town is very pleasant, forming a graceful crescent at the foot of the Schlossberg, from whose castle we enjoy an extensive prospect, including the town, the surrounding country, and the

distant Alps. In consequence of being so near a neighbour of Trieste, it is more commercial and animated than any of the other towns on the road.

Laybach is interesting to the lover of science, for having been the retreat of Sir Humphry Davy not long before his death: he resided in the same hotel at which I took up my quarters, and the pretty daughter of my hostess related several anecdotes respecting him. It appears he was a most indefatigable angler, and his extraordinary success in transferring the trout to his basket procured for him the title of the "English wizard;" and the scared peasants, who never could understand by what artificial means he caught the fish, shunned him as much as if he had been his Satanic majesty. He spent the greater part of the day in this rural recreation, or in geologizing in the mountains, and generally passed his evenings in the society of my fair informant, who made his tea, and was his antagonist at écarte, or some other light game; indeed, the "maid of the inn" played her cards so well, that she secured a handsome legacy from the philosopher in his will.

In wandering through the town, I observed, in the market-place, a pillar erected to the honour of the Madonna, with this singular inscription:—"Zu Ehren der Mondbezwingern!" (In honour of the conqueror of the moon.) Now, among all the extraordinary exploits of the Virgin, this was decidedly the most miraculous: I therefore returned to my hotel, and on detailing my discovery to my amiable hostess, she

related the marvellous history of the Conqueror of the Moon!

Several centuries ago, when the victorious Mussulmen were the terror of Europe, having possession of a great part of Hungary, they were advancing with the most hostile intentions upon Laybach. The inhabitants were in the greatest consternation,—some were flying to the mountains with their valuable effects, others, more pious, were supplicating the Virgin and the saints to deliver them, when, lo! a statue of the Madonna in the monastery of the Capuchiners, which had already been famous for more than one miracle, expressed a desire to be led to the field. The monks took the hint, and "a miracle! a miracle!" resounded not only through the town, but the surrounding country; the citizens and peasants armed themselves, the disheartened soldiers imbibed their full share of the celestial valour: Maria was unanimously elected generalissimo, and her statue, en grande toilette, surmounted by a brilliant crown, with the marshal's baton in her hand, was borne triumphantly to the scene of action, accompanied by a band of sturdy Capuchiners, carrying in their hands immense lighted tapers; which the valiant infidels no sooner beheld, than one half of the army ran away terrified, and the other fell on their knees and worshipped her! If the word crescent had been substituted for moon, my wondering faculties would not have been called into action, and perhaps my readers never would have been edified with an account of the Lubiano miracle!

At Upper Laybach I quitted the high road, in order to visit four very curious objects, and which, indeed, formed the principal inducement of my journey to these provinces—the lake of Zirknitz, the grotto at Adelsberg, the romantic castle called the Lueger-schloss, and the quicksilver mines of Idria, all lying within a few miles of each other. My first visit was to the lake of Zirknitz, near the small town of the same name, and about five leagues from the high road.

As I approached this wonder of nature, the country became considerably wilder, and when I got to my destination, I found, not the object of my pilgrimage, but only the spot occupied by it when it is not gone travelling; for the peculiarity of this lake is, that it periodically disappears, heaven knows where; and as the air of dry land does not agree with its inhabitants, fish and water-fowl, they disappear along with it. The commencement of its exit is announced by the ringing of the village bells in the neighbourhood, when the whole population, young and old, hasten to prevent the escape of the fish, which are then captured in great numbers; and, after the water has completely retired, corn is sowed and reaped before the return of the aquatic phenomenon; and thus the inhabitants of this country, like the Egyptians on the banks of the Nile, sow, reap, hunt, and fish, on the same spot in the course of the same year. The lake, whose circumference is about nine leagues, is entirely surrounded by a chain of rocks of considerable elevation, but which do not contain the most trifling rivulet, even during the

wettest season of the year, from which the lake might receive a supply of water.

About the latter end of June it disappears, with the exception of several ponds, which are the mouths of its subterranean reservoirs; and thus it remains from four to five months, when the valley is again filled with water in the short space of twenty-four hours, attended by its aquatic inhabitants. It is then seen rushing up through its various channels with as much violence, as if the gnomes were exhibiting their water-works. The disappearance of the lake is not regularly periodical, for its flux and reflux have been known to take place twice in the same year; and during a wet season, or the unusual prevalence of thunder storms, to remain nearly the whole twelve months. Hence we may infer, that rain has a decided influence, and also that it has a subterranean communication with some large body of water: it is also probable that the calcareous mountains surrounding it, and which abound with grottos, contain in their bosom immense reservoirs, which, being filled with the autumnal rains, overflow and form the lake. This supposition has at least more plausibility than that of the natives, who pretend that the interior of the earth is composed of a substance susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere, which absorbs the water, and again discharges it like a sponge.

Having satisfied my curiosity so far as related to the lake, and which I would recommend all travellers to visit who may be in the neighbourhood, I engaged a

guide, and proceeded to the cave at Adelsberg. The weather was excessively warm, for the sun, reflected by the huge alpine masses of rock, with little or no vegetation, emitted a heat almost insupportable. After scrambling for two hours up and down many a dangerous cliff, and along the brink of many a frightful precipice, we entered a nearly impenetrable forest, from which we only emerged to behold a repetition of the same savage scenery which accompanied us to the wonderful grotto; around which nature seemed to concentrate all her terrors, so as to render it a perfect Tartarus. A tremendous pile of rocks reared their giddy heights to the clouds, upon one of whose lesser peaks the majestic ruins of a castle threatened to crush us with its crumbling walls. The river Poick, in one place, was tearing a passage through a perfect chaos of shattered crags; in another, turning a mill, till at length it rushed in a torrent through the contracted glen beneath; and such was the violence of its current, that the frail bridge, thrown from rock to rock, over which we passed, trembled beneath us. In general, we see rivers tumbling down from the tops of mountains, and then fertilize a valley; but in this wild country, as if everything in it were to border on the marvellous, we see a river, after its descent, enter the earth and entirely disappear.

The entrance to the grotto is secured by a door; which, being opened, we were met by flocks of owls and bats, scared by the pine torches of the guides. We proceeded through a long, spacious gallery, of about

a hundred paces, when it suddenly opened into an immense cavern, of the most colossal height; but this was merely the vestibule to the most magnificent of nature's temples; for, at length, we arrived beneath a vast dome, whose altitude, by torch light, seemed immeasurable. This splendid hall was fifty feet broad, seventy feet long, and encrusted with stalactites of the most surpassing beauty, sparkling like diamonds, and appeared worthy of being the palace of the Gnome king himself. The floor is quite level; and a few wooden benches, and rustic chandeliers, told that this was the hall in which the peasants, by a merry dance, celebrate, annually, the festival of their patron saint.

From hence, the caverns branch off in different directions; not in long galleries, but in a succession of grottos. Those to the left are numerous, spacious, and lofty; while the others, though smaller, are more varied in their fantastic forms. As we advance, they become more elevated, and the columns more majestic, till, after traversing two leagues in the heart of the earth, our progress is terminated by a deep subterranean lake. It would be impossible to describe, with any degree of accuracy, the varied natural architecture of this city of stalactites. In one place, we appear wandering through the aisles of a gothic cathedral, supported by columns of the most gigantic height, sometimes uniform, and sometimes clustered together, as if fluted. Some of the smaller grottos are entirely inlaid with stalactites; and, as they reflected the burning torches, appeared one blaze of light. The sparry masses exhibited every form

which the invention of the guides could devise: in one place, we had crystal cascades, of the most dazzling brightness; in another, rows of pillars, ornamented with festoons; here, triumphal arches, and there the emperor's throne, surmounted by a crown. In short, the whole range appears as if real objects had been metamorphosed into crystal by the power of some mighty magician.

However, it is not only the beauty of the stalactites, and their innumerable forms, that arrest our attention, but the foaming river Poick, which here again makes its appearance, roaring in the horrible abyss beneath; by the side of whose frightful gorge, and across whose rocky bridges, we frequently bent our course. Here the unbroken solitude that reigned, the unearthly stillness, save the crash of the mighty flood, the supernatural appearance of every object around, might impress even the least imaginative with a sort of superstitious terror.

On our return, the guides set fire to a bundle of straw, part of which they threw into the abyss beneath, when a scene of grandeur ensued, perfectly indescribable. The whole intermediate space, from the almost fathomless gulph in which the river was rushing, to the loftiest height above, was instantly illuminated by the bright glare, forming a lively representation of the infernal regions.

Adelsberg is, indeed, the German grotto par excellence. Those at Muggendorf, in Franconia, which I described in my former volume, however interesting,

are mere mouse-holes compared with this, which equals, in colossal grandeur, its own gigantic Alps. In what other part of the world can we trace a river rushing through the bowels of the earth, or wander through an interminable succession of grottos; that is, if we have courage to pursue our researches; for it is supposed to communicate with another grotto, some thirty miles distant, near Trieste. The tour I made is that usually performed by travellers, and the most timid woman may venture thus far without apprehension; but beyond this, the aspect of the dark, bottomless gulf was not sufficiently attractive to induce me to venture forward: yet Valvassor, in his "Tour through Carinthia," asserts, that he passed the frightful chasm, and continued exploring four leagues further, without coming to a termination. He moreover relates, that such was the depth of the lake, as to render it impossible for him to ascertain its profundity by plumbing. A French officer, of the name of Petitpierre, goes still further; for he maintains, that he entered it at Adelsberg, slept a night in its interior, and made his exit the next morning at the grotto near Trieste, having swam across the lake, and thus completed a journey of thirty miles in the bowels of the earth! I was informed, that this wonderful exploit was accomplished during the time that the French occupied these provinces.

The river Poick, which we have already described, in the interior and exterior of these regions, after winding its way for several leagues through the valley, again disappears in the earth, and once more re-appears, and

forms the romantic lake of Planina, out of whose rocky portal it is seen rushing; then assumes the name of Lai, upon whose banks is built the town of Laybach, and finally escapes from all its subterranean enemies, by joining its waters to those of the Save and the Danube.

There are two other grottos in the immediate neighbourhood, equally beautiful in stalactites; the one called Johanneum, in compliment to the Arch-duke John,—has been discovered only a few years; and the other, the Magdalene grotto, much better known, is only a league distant from Adelsberg.

In the subterranean waters of these caverns is found, and, I believe, in no other part of the world, the singular flesh-coloured eel called Proteus Anguinus, and by the natives Zlovishka riba (man fish), so termed, I presume, from its colour, and its four arms, or legs, which are supplied with jointed fingers: these tiny members are the substitutes for fins, and the reptile, by their aid, impels itself through the water with surprising velocity; it also uses them for feet upon terra firma, which, however, it often finds a most dangerous element; for the viscous slime that covers its body glues it to the earth, and it perishes. When full grown they measure about fifteen inches in length.

The first recorded notice of their existence is in a work entitled "Synopsis Reptilium," published in 1768, by Dr. Laurenti. This naturalist regards them as self-generating, and gave them the name of Proteus Anguinus, which they still retain. They evince the strongest

antipathy to light, and, if suddenly exposed to the rays of the sun in the height of summer, death invariably ensues; even the slightest gleam of day-light occasions convulsions, and they make every attempt to escape into darkness; and yet they are said to be destitute of the organs of vision: this opinion is, however, erroneous, for, with the assistance of the microscope, two small tubercles, occupying the place of the eyes, may be discovered. In a state of freedom it is voracious, feeding on small fish and insects, particularly the helix therma; but, once a captive, it instantly and steadily refuses all nourishment, although it lives to a great age if kept in partial darkness, and clear water, about eight degrees of Reaumur; which, however, must be changed every five or six days. It is not less susceptible of cold than heat; for, if a piece of ice is thrown into the water, or the reptile is exposed to great cold, it sickens and dies in a few hours.

It is curious to behold the mutual sympathy the little creatures exhibit for each other. They receive a new comer like an old friend, and express their satisfaction by a slight scream, fainter than that uttered when irritated; for they are extremely irascible, and their degree of anger may be known by the colour of the skin, particularly the gills, which change to a beautiful scarlet, and being transparent, we may, with the assistance of a microscope, trace the circulation of the blood through its numerous channels to the heart, which regularly expands and collapses. I distinctly counted fifty of these vibrations in a minute; and one might

almost suppose, that this little creature first gave to Harvey the idea of the circulation of the blood.

On my return through Laybach, I was introduced to a gentleman who kept several in a large stone basin in his cellar; they had been already in confinement four or five years, and seemed very healthy, but diminished to half their natural size. The late Emperor of Austria caused a grotto to be made at Schönbrun, near Vienna, and peopled it with them, where they may be contemplated by those travellers whose curiosity will not lead them so far as their native streams [1].

A promenade of about an hour through the forest took me from the Adelsberg Grotto to the famous castle called Schloss Lueg, the Poick and my guide being my only companions; the former, as usual, rapid and boisterous; and the latter, a genuine Wend, might have passed for a faun in his native woods. His attire was most primitive, being composed of a short tunic, made of coarse linen, (which also answered the purpose of shirt,) confined by a girdle of untanned leather, from which were suspended his hatchet, long knife, and tobacco pouch; very wide small clothes, that I at first took for a petticoat, only reached the knee; a pair of sandals, also of untanned leather, were the only additions to his costume: as for stockings and hat, they were evidently considered quite unnecessary; and his dark, curling hair, which hung over his neck

[1] I have been purposely explicit in my details respecting these little reptiles, having known several gentlemen who brought them to England, but, for want of proper care, they all perished.

and shoulders, gave a most bandit expression to his thin, swarthy countenance; while the knotty club he carried in his hand, by whose assistance he bounded from crag to crag, with the agility of a chamois, would render him a formidable personage to the solitary traveller in the woods. Notwithstanding his very unprepossessing appearance, yet his countenance beamed with good-nature, which he repeatedly evinced; and when, at the close of the day, I rewarded him with a dollar and a supper, his expressions of gratitude were most fervent; he threw himself at my feet, kissed my hand, and appeared the happiest creature living.

A WEND PEASANT OF CARNIOLA.

. But, to return to the castle I was in search of. After ascending to the summit of a high mountain, we beheld, surrounded by a colossal chain of perpendicular rocks, a deep abyss, in whose centre a rock, completely isolated, started up, and upon this is built the castle. The first idea that strikes us, on seeing it, is the difficulty, or rather apparent impossibility, of reaching it. This is accomplished by a flight of steps cut in the rock to two draw-bridges, for which wooden planks, thrown from rock to rock, are now substituted. A few rooms are still occupied by the verwalter, a government civil officer, but the greater part is a ruin, and appears one of the wildest situations that a mortal could possibly have selected for his residence; nature having destined it to be the retreat of the lammergeier, for I doubt if even the chamois could climb up its inaccessible cliffs. The castle, with the exception of a few turrets, is formed out of three natural grottos, one over the other; and, if we look upwards, around, or beneath, we perceive nothing but a chaotic mass of rocks, rendered still more frightful by the magical Poick, which here again makes its appearance, boiling with foam, in the abyss.

In the middle ages, this fastness was inhabited by a long succession of powerful robber knights, who practised their depredations with impunity upon their wealthy neighbours, the Venetians; all attempts to obtain possession of their strong hold were ineffectual, owing to its having a subterranean communication with an adjoining grotto, which extends more than a German mile into the neighbouring wood, and served as an en-

trance to the lord of the castle and his band, when pursued. The entrance is now walled up, by order of the Austrian government.

The last knight who occupied this most romantic of all castles, was the Graf Erasmus von Lueger, whose ancestors resided here from time immemorial. Erasmus was a brave soldier, and distinguished himself as an officer in the imperial army, under the command of Marshal Pappenheim: however, a quarrel having ensued between them, he killed his general in the court-yard of the imperial palace, at Vienna. This atrocious act drew upon the mountain chief the vengeance of the emperor, who set a price upon his head; but this prize was easier for cupidity to wish for than to obtain, as he speedily retreated to the rocky fastness of his ancestors, and defied the whole force of the emperor. The fortress was regularly besieged, the surrounding cliffs, and every pass in the neighbourhood, were in the hands of the soldiers: in vain they blockaded, in vain they battered,—his castle was bomb-proof, and nobody but himself possessed the secret of the subterranean retreat, by means of which he procured provisions in abundance: thus the siege continued for more than a year, and there appeared not the slightest chance of reducing the brave chief, though his unerring aim caused many a daring soldier to bite the dust. At length, treachery effected what force was unable; for the commander of the besiegers having entered into a correspondence with his only inmate, a confidential servant, who had lived with

him from infancy, the traitor, by the promise of a large bribe, was won over to betray him. This he did by making a preconcerted signal, that revealed to the besiegers the moment when his master entered a particular turret, not bomb-proof, and which, by a well-directed fire of artillery, was shattered to pieces, and with it the unfortunate mountain chief, whose bravery deserved a better fate.

My last visit in the neighbourhood of Laybach, so fruitful in natural phenomena, was the quicksilver mines at Idria. The road thither is one continued ascent: and though the aspect of the abyss, round which the road is carried, is somewhat fearful, yet the traveller has nothing to apprehend, for a railing effectually protects him from danger. The town is about five leagues from Upper Laybach, with a population of four thousand, entirely supported by working at the mines, making lace, and straw bonnets. It was distressing to see their pale, unhealthy countenances, so indicative of the pernicious atmosphere they inhale.

The descent, which is computed to be about two hundred fathoms, will occupy, in one of the miners' buckets, about five minutes: this is less fatiguing; but the most interesting is that performed on foot, by successive flights of steps, when we may observe, with the utmost accuracy, the various works which have been constructed from the commencement. The passage is arched throughout with cut stone, and averages about four feet in width and six in height; the atmosphere is dry, except in the vicinity of the veins, and altogether

does not offer the slightest ground for fear, except for gold trinkets, and painted faces, which will be affected by the quicksilver. This mine, with its numerous chambers, is said to comprise a circumference of about eighteen leagues, and considered the richest in Europe, producing annually more than twenty thousand quintals of quicksilver, and upwards of a thousand quintals of cinnabar. The whole is the property of the Austrian government, yields half a million of florins annually, and employs a thousand miners, who are clothed in an uniform, and receive a daily pay of twenty kreutzers, (eight pence,) and, for this small sum, they barter a portion of their existence, as they usually sink into premature graves, the victims of pulmonary diseases.

One of the most remarkable events in the annals of Idria, was the dreadful conflagration of 1803, to which the whole of the works fell a prey; such was its frightful magnitude, that the smoke rose nearly four hundred feet out of the earth, accompanied by successive shocks, resembling those of an earthquake. This terrific fire was only subdued by turning the channel of a river into the mine: the loss to the government was immense, and, what was still more distressing, numbers of the unhappy miners perished from asphyxia; and owing to the air being impregnated with the fumes of the quicksilver boiling in the bowels of the earth, about nine hundred of the survivors, infected by the pestilential exhalations, were afflicted with the most intense pains in their limbs, which came on regularly every

day, always preceded by violent tremors, which could only be relieved by the sufferers throwing themselves on their faces upon the earth. After the fire was extinguished, the interior of the mines exhibited a scene of the most dazzling splendour: the sides of the walls being covered with particles of quicksilver, and many of the pits literally carpetted with the same glittering material.

CHAPTER XXII.

Departure for Trieste—The Karst—Bora—The town—Commerce—Voyage on the Adriatic — Pola—Cherso — Fiume — Hungarian government—Commerce—Excursion to the Carnic Alps—Passage of the Leobel—Klagenfurt — Environs — Ascent of the Speick-kogel — Spikenard—Mountaineers—Chamoix—Marmots—Judenburg—Leoben — Napoleon —Excursion to the Styrian iron mines.

After returning to Adelsberg, I continued my route to Trieste. The country now assumed a very different appearance from that of any other I have described, and though I have anathematized the sandy plains of North Germany, yet the wilderness over which I was now travelling, the Karst, was still more calculated to fatigue the eye, and weary the imagination. In the former, the stunted pine in some measure relieved the monotony with its verdure; but here, there was not even the scantiest shrub to afford shelter from the burning sun. Let my readers fancy a plain on the top of a vast mountain, upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from thirty to forty miles in circumference, partly surrounded by a chain of alpine rocks nearly sterile to their base, the whole presenting

one of the most dreary scenes of desolation, and the most striking memento of the Deluge that can be conceived. Indeed, it appears as if not more than a few centuries had elapsed since the ocean had ceased to flow over it. In one place we see colossal stones worn into huge balls by the mighty waters of the deep, in another, large masses shooting up resembling those long exposed to the action of the sea, while those of lesser magnitude, driven by the force of the current, were heaped together, like a bulwark, ridge upon ridge, as the waters gradually decreased, all smooth and glossy from the friction of the vast mass of water beneath which they had been so long buried.

The only animation of the landscape in this inhospitable region, which extends with little intermission to Fiume and Pola on the Adriatic, was a few horses, black sheep, and goats, which appeared as if they existed on air, so scanty is the herbage that supports them; but this being of the most nutritious description, and principally composed of aromatic herbs, their flesh is much prized by the epicures of Trieste and Venice. The lambs are considered such a delicacy, that they are transported to Italy and Vienna, where they are very highly valued, and fetch enormous prices; indeed, bountiful nature, as if willing to give an equivalent for the scantiness of her productions, has invested them with every quality of excellence; for even the little corn produced is preferred to every other in the country for its richness, nutritious qualities, and agreeable flavour. The horses that range over this district are

no less famous for their hardihood and sure-footedness, and generally belong to the imperial family, who have founded establishments for breeding them at Lipizza and Prostianick.

But however well animals may flourish in this rocky soil, man degenerates, if we may judge from the appearance of the swarthy, half-starved inhabitants, who seem like shadows of human beings returned to visit earth after being some time in their graves. This is principally referrible to the prevalence of the Bora wind, exposure to a most ungenial climate, and no doubt to the barrenness of the soil, and their extreme poverty.

Although the country wore the character of novelty, yet I began to grow weary long before I reached Trieste, to whose commerce I was solely indebted for all that gave animation to the road; namely, the waggons with merchandise; and although these are so heavily laden as to require from ten to twenty horses, such is the power of the Bora wind, that it frequently upsets them. Its visits are by no means periodical, and its violence appears incredible to those who have not witnessed its effects. I can at least testify its ability to overturn the carriage of a Landkutscher; for during one of my excursions in the vicinity of Trieste, it commenced one of its most furious gusts, when the combined efforts of the coachman and passengers were required to prevent both carriage and horses from becoming what an imaginative traveller would term a foot-ball for the wind. However, this is not the only inconvenience arising from the Bora: during its continuance

the transition in the climate is so sudden, that the traveller who had been enjoying the pleasures of a nap, might deem, on awaking, that he had been transported by magic from the equator to the north pole. Still he will be amply indemnified for whatever disagreeables he may have encountered in crossing the Karst, by the superb prospect that unfolds itself from the heights of Opshina, one of the most sublime in point of extent, and interesting in point of locality, it is possible to behold.

The beautiful bride of the Venetian Doge, the Adriatic, first riveted my attention, shining like molten gold beneath the beams of the setting sun, and covered with the ships of many nations, which appeared in the distance like majestic swans; and the fishing-boats, that skimmed its glassy bosom, seemed a flock of sea-gulls. Trieste itself wore the semblance of a small fishing hamlet, and the forest of masts in its port of children's toys. The eye ranges from the blue coasts of Dalmatia and Capo d'Istria, on the left, to the lofty castle of Duino, Capo Grado, and the glittering plains of Aquilla in Italy, on the right, while the lofty Alps of Carniola and Carinthia rise behind in a magnificent amphitheatre.

I now welcomed with pleasure the balmy air of Italy, which once more fanned my welcome to the land of the vine and the olive, and gladly exchanged for a time the dark mysterious groves of Germania for the more luxuriant plains of the south; but the inhabitants, —their filth and dirt, their screaming and threatening,

their dark frowning brows and swarthy countenances, their laziness and bigotry, their abject grovelling supplications for charity, almost destroy the pleasure of a tour through the fertile fields and classical cities of the beautiful peninsula.

Trieste is in the south, what Hamburg is in the north, the great maritime commercial entrance into Germany, and, like her great northern sister, exhibits the features of a highly prosperous port, extensive magazines, fine squares, and noble streets. History hardly affords an instance of a town rising so rapidly to commercial importance and prosperity, for which she is chiefly indebted to the fostering care of the Emperor Charles VI., to whose memory a marble statue has been most deservedly erected in one of its principal squares. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, she only numbered two thousand inhabitants, at present more than fifty thousand; her principal commerce is with the Levant and Italy, it is also considerable with England and North America, and the recent treaty of commerce between Austria and Greece, so favourable to the former, is hailed as the harbinger of additional prosperity.

The principal traders and merchants of Trieste are foreigners, among whom may be found a considerable number of our own enterprising countrymen (sufficient to support a neat church), and the traveller soon discovers that the town is far more Italian than German. The theatre, money, language, customs, manners, architecture, all are of the south; and in nothing is this

more strikingly exhibited than in the modulation of the voice, the deliberate, level speaking of the Germans being exchanged for the shrill tones of the Italian, screamed in alto, accompanied by violent gesticulation. A dialect of the Sclavonian is spoken by the lower orders, the Wends; and German being the language of the authorities, is much cultivated by the higher classes.

The principal street is the Corso, with its fine buildings, elegant shops, and gay coffee-houses; and the terrace of the Exchange and the Casino afford delightful prospects over the port and the sea. The church of the Jesuits merits attention, on account of the architecture and fine paintings. The palace of the governor is also an imposing structure; but the most distinguished for architectural beauty among the houses of the merchants is that built by the late Signor Carciotti: this very enterprising Greek arrived in Trieste as a pedlar, and died possessed of a fortune exceeding a million sterling. It is rather singular, that as much opprobrium is attached to the name of Greek here, as to that of Jew at Hamburg. Does it originate in a jealousy of their superior commercial enterprise and activity?

Trieste is better supplied with provisions than might have been expected from the sterility of its environs; but for this she is principally indebted to the fertility of Dalmatia, and the provinces in the neighbourhood of Venice, and being a free port, every foreign commodity is extremely cheap; nevertheless, it is a most undesir-

able residence,—the water is bad, and in summer frequently so scarce, as to be procured only at a distance of several miles; and then such a summer! the thermometer usually varying from twenty-eight to thirty of Reaumur, and the burning sun reflected with redoubled force from the semicircular chain of hills behind the town, and from the rocky soil, alike detrimental to the comfort of the feet and the eyes. I found the heat more supportable even at the base of Vesuvius.

Let not the reader imagine that the cool breezes of the Adriatic by night reduce the atmosphere to a supportable temperature: no such thing; for, unlike the boisterous seas, with their life-giving tides, which wash the shores of our own fatherland, the Adriatic is tideless, and as for wind, I can only say that I gazed upon its unruffled bosom many a livelong night, without witnessing a ripple; not that I have any particular passion for gazing either at the stars or the sea, but merely because the mosquitos and the heat, for me, had murdered sleep. If the parched native of a northern clime seeks for shade, he is conducted to what is termed, as if in mockery, Il boschetto (the shady grove): however, he must be contented, for he will find nothing higher than a fig-tree or a vine for miles. In short, the only interruption to the heat is the sirocco, or a sudden visit from the Bora! During the continuance of the latter, I would recommend the invalid to remain at home, for it is more than probable he would be blown down, or find himself in a high fever from the unexpected change in the weather.

The hotels are good, but the charges exorbitant, particularly if the traveller is an Englishman, and still more so if his passport does not indicate that he is a merchant; for whatever mercy might be extended to him in that capacity, there is none for the private gentleman; indeed, I found this feeling very general on the continent, on the supposition, I presume, that an Englishman, if not engaged in commerce, must be a Crœsus. Considering myself still in Germany, and relying upon the honesty which so eminently distinguishes the hotel-keepers in that country, I went on as usual, without making any previous arrangement; but, alas! on receiving my bill at the Albergo Grande, I was much astonished when I found that every article, at the lowest computation, was charged four times the sum I had paid in my hotel at Vienna, though the accommodations there were in every respect equal, and the price of provisions nearly the same. I expostulated, the landlord was insolent; I stormed, he raved, threatening me with the police; but this ebullition of fury, in the true Italian style, vanished before my firmness, and it ended by my honest host taking half the sum he had demanded.

Altogether, I was perfectly satisfied that I had seen Trieste, and quite contented to leave it. I therefore embarked in a snug little trading vessel, not for the Orbis Miraculum Urbs in bello potens et in concilio sapiens, the great Venice, for I had seen it before; but for Fiume, the only seaport of Hungary. Those, however, who may wish to visit the protégé of San Marco,

whose welfare, by the by, he sadly neglects, may reach it in seven hours by the steam-packet.

Although my little bark was not quite so abundantly furnished with comforts as an East Indiaman, I nevertheless heartily enjoyed my voyage. Season, wind, weather, all were propitious; even the moon was my ally; for having just entered the second quarter, she gazed most lovingly, the live-long night, on the blue waves of the beautiful Adria; and if I had been addicted to sonnet-making, I certainly had every temptation to perpetrate them in favour of her Cynthian majesty, having ample leisure till we cast anchor in the port of Pola: but, as our stay here was to be of short duration, I lost no time in hurrying ashore, being anxious to visit the Roman amphitheatre. I thus had the gratification of seeing these splendid remains lighted up by the pale luminary of heaven. This was not the first time that I had admired the beautiful effect of ruins by moonlight. The decayed fragments, and broken outlines, so palpable in daylight, were now filled up by shadow, or only indistinctly visible; and this fine amphitheatre, said to be in the most perfect preservation of any existing, presented a picture at once beautiful and sublime.

How impossible is it to behold a decaying monument of human greatness, without reflecting on the mutability of our existence! But how salutary, how beneficent,—it is not too much to say, how blessed has been the change wrought in the feelings, the opinions, and, consequently, the actions of man, since this splen-

did arena was constructed. Here an emperor and his people assembled, to amuse themselves in contemplating the sufferings of unoffending animals,—even the agonies of man. Yet these were civilized beings; these were men of the most cultivated intellects. How thankful, then, ought we to be to Christianity, for revolutionizing sentiment, for humanizing thought, till cruelty has become disgraceful, and for sending its sanctifying influence into the hearts of man, till he now recoils with horror from those very practices which he had followed with eagerness as amusements.

Soon after leaving Pola, we doubled the Punta Cheresina, and entered the Gulf of Jarrnero; and, as our obliging padrona seemed to have as many resting places as the captain of a Thames steamer, we again cast anchor. This time, it was at the small island of Cherso; and, as I have always been of opinion that a traveller can exercise his observing faculties much better than in watching the see-saw of a vessel, I betook myself to terra firma, to explore its beauties.

In the first place, I found the rocky soil reflected the heat quite as disagreeably as at Trieste. My next discovery was, that these islanders were perfectly indifferent to the charms of good roads, and that their little island produced abundance of fine olive trees and vineyards. A description of its Lilliputian capital, with its simple church, and miraculous Madonna, would not interest my readers; but its little port is, however, both safe and commodious. The natives, in their per-

sons, habits, and manners wore the stamp of the fervid south; the women, like the peasants of Italy, displayed the chemise beneath the boddice, but, being made close to the throat, with long sleeves, like a chemise d'hommes, the effect was neither becoming nor graceful. Their complexions and hair are very dark, and the fine gazelle eye may be found here in as great perfection as in immortal Greece itself. It appeared to me as if the whole population lived upon raw onions and bread; for both young and old were lounging about the streets, and, at the same time, eating their pranzo (dinner). As my stay was limited to an hour, I had no opportunity of becoming familiar with them; but should any of my readers be desirous of perusing one of the earliest pages of the volume of civilization, he may, I think, study it in the island of Cherso.

We now exchanged its fairy coast for that of Croatia, which is more bold and picturesque, gradually rising into hills; behind these, expanding into mountains, and in the distant horizon towering into Alps. This was more particularly observable as we approached our destination; and perhaps the whole of the Adriatic does not present a more lovely coup d'œil than that near Fiume. The transparent azure of the water, its numerous picturesque islands, the town situated at the base of a chain of hills, rising in terraced gardens to the summit, crowned by a picturesque monastery and church, and interspersed with temples and villas, were but a few of its beautiful features. Indeed, the very rocks seemed brought into cultivation; for the vine and

fig-tree struck root, and flourished in places where vegetation appeared impossible.

On first arriving at Fiume, it appears surprising to a stranger, that Trieste, with its many disadvantages, should be elevated to the pinnacle of commercial prosperity, and this town sinking so rapidly into insignificance; for, unlike its more fortunate rival, its beautiful harbour is safe from every gale, and open at every hour. Yet we only see occasionally a solitary sail on her seas, for commerce, she may be said to have none. Notwithstanding, it is a free port, and the only maritime outlet of Hungarian exports.

As I was anxious to enjoy the society of a friend who was living here, I procured apartments in what had been formerly the mansion of a rich merchant; but here, as if fate had conspired against my sleep while I lingered upon the shores of Adria, I found my bed peopled with such myriads of certain little nimble tormentors, that I was obliged to betake myself again to the occupation of gazing on the Adriatic. This time, I was entirely at a loss to account for my unwelcome visitors; for the furniture of my room was so clean, that it would have satisfied even a fastidious Dutchman. On inquiry, I learned, that my enemies had emigrated from a range of warehouses beneath my apartment, in which were deposited the staple commodity of the commerce of Fiume—old rags! and, in truth, with the exception of a little timber, hemp, and tobacco, this is the principal, indeed almost the only article of exportation; yet we maintain a consul and

vice-consul. That they cannot be fatigued with the duties of their office is most certain; and, fortunately for them, the investigating the contents of these animated bales of merchandize forms no part of their province.

The town is dull, though it is evident from the appearance of the buildings and the extensive magazines, that it enjoyed, at no distant period, a considerable degree of prosperity; but as the Hungarian nobles appear to have become sensible to the advantages of commerce, and among other projects for its extension are, under the auspices of the Austrian government, improving the navigation of the Danube, and carrying on the Carlovitz canal, for the purpose of uniting that noble river with the Adriatic, the inhabitants of Fiume look forward to better days. Of this there is every probability; for, being the only sea-port of the fertile Hungary, and the adjacent Turkish provinces, nothing more is wanting than the presence of a few spirited capitalists, to open a most lucrative commerce. When we remember the abundant natural resources of Hungary, and the facility of transport, we must feel convinced that they will be sooner or later converted into mines of wealth. The soil and climate are most favourable to agriculture, and the course of her rivers equally so to commerce; add to which, the level surface of the greatest part of the country affords every facility for internal communications, either by rail-roads or canals. A company of Hungarian noblemen have already completed one of the finest mountain roads in Europe

from this port into the very heart of their country. Among the productions of Hungary, the wines are little inferior to those of Spain, and the tobacco is said to be as finely-flavoured as that grown in the Havannah; every description of grain is produced in abundance, and the flax and hemp are almost unrivalled; the former is said to equal the Belgium, and the latter finds a ready market in the maritime towns of Italy: besides, there is tallow, wool, skins, &c. She is also rich in mineral productions, such as gold, silver, copper and iron; and coal abounds even in the neighbourhood of the Danube.

Would it not then be politic in our government to encourage a commercial intercourse with Hungary and the neighbouring provinces of Turkey, destitute as they are of native manufactures, and which would not only open a market for our own productions, but prove, at the present crisis, in a political point of view, of great importance: for, whatever improves their condition and resources, increases their patriotism, and consequently tends to oppose a barrier against the encroachments of their ambitious neighbour Russia.

How is it that we have become of late years so supine in taking advantage of our situation, and superior intelligence?—so negligent in forming commercial alliances? Are the most vital interests of the nation forgotten in our domestic dissensions? I can testify at least from personal observation, how highly our manufactures are prized in those countries; a Hungarian lady is as proud of her English muslin as one of our

belles would be of a Cashmeer shawl, and the gentlemen are equally fervent in their admiration of our superior cloth; and a case of razors, or needles, is almost as highly valued as one of jewels. During my séjour in that country, every article I possessed was lauded with panegyrics, from my wearing apparel, to my portfolio and pen-knife, united with regrets that they were not to be purchased in their country. I found here agents from commercial houses in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany; but from England none! Yet it is a free port, and offers every facility for the disposal of English manufactures.

It would appear as if a rocky soil were favourable to the growth of fruit; for that produced here is of the best quality, particularly the figs: nor is the Adriatic less bountiful,—for fish, so scarce at Trieste, is here plentiful, and good. It has also another advantage over its rival,—that of possessing a most abundant spring of the purest water, which, in this dry, rocky country, is nearly of as much importance as in the deserts of Arabia. The social habits, manners, and language of the upper classes, are Italian. The peasantry speak a dialect of the Sclavonian, being, for the most part, Wends; these are wild in their manners and appearance, and exhibit in their dress the same primitive simplicity as my guide in Carniola. The women wear a square, white handkerchief, which falls over the shoulders, attached to the head by a large silver pin—it has a picturesque appearance. The men, who make capital soldiers, are hardy and well-grown;

they were formerly reprobated for their predatory habits; but at present, thanks to the Austrian police, they are perfectly honest.

PEASANTS OF HUNGARIAN-CROATIA.

I am not aware that the honour conferred upon Fiume, in the early ages of Christianity, is generally known; namely, that it was selected in preference to every other town in Christendom to be the depository of the Casa Santa! It appears from the chronicles of the town, that when the Holy Land was conquered by the infidels, angels transported it, together with the sacred image of the Virgin and child, and deposited them on the hill which rises over the town, amidst the most heavenly music; but, whether owing to the iniquity of the people, or the near approach of the infidels, it again

took to flight; and the angels, a second time, conveyed Casa Santa, Madonna, and Bambino, accompanied by the same celestial harmony, across the Adriatic, and placed it in its present resting-place at Loretto!—but fearing, I suppose, that they might take a third voyage, the Pope judiciously caused them to be confined in a superb prison of solid marble. To commemorate this extraordinary event, a church has been erected over its temporary resting-place, and continues a celebrated pilgrimage for the faithful; and also for those, who, heterodox with regard to the holy legend, ascend with implicit faith in the belief of beholding a very beautiful landscape.

Of all months in the year, July is the most unfavourable for making excursions on the burning banks of the Adriatic, and this year it was particularly so; as the thermometer averaged thirty degrees of Reaumur, —so high a range, and for so long a continuance, is, however, a rare occurrence; and as it was very foreign to my habits to imitate those of the owl, like my good friends of Fiume, I bent my steps towards the alpine provinces of Austria, Carinthia, Carniola, and Styria, in search of cool shades, and mountain breezes. A slight sketch of this district I have already given in my tour from Vienna to Trieste; but, as I then confined myself principally to the great commercial road, I now determined to plunge into their more remote regions, and even ascend some of their highest Alps: for this purpose, I crossed the mountains of Croatia to Laybach, through the towns of Lippa and Adelsberg.

The face of the country wore nearly the same aspect of sterility as that in the neighbourhood of Trieste, but not quite so dreary; for an occasional woody hill and glen, with a few fertile spots appropriated to agriculture, redeemed in some degree the monotony of the rocky landscape.

During my excursions through these romantic provinces, I have had occasion, more than once, to express my admiration of the alpine roads, but this between Laybach and Clagenfurt, across the lofty Leobel, four thousand three hundred feet above the sea, is superior to any other over which I have hitherto travelled, not excepting the far-famed Simplon, which, by the bye, is only six hundred feet higher; and, though this may be inferior in scenes of savage beauty, yet it is infinitely better kept. The ascent commences immediately on quitting the valley of Laybach, and is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. The windings are inconceivably numerous, and we are frequently placed in such a position as to look back upon the spiral line we have been pursuing, lying like a border of ribband upon the sides of the vast mountain. At one time we have a glance at the river Save, at another of the deep ravine and torrent in the abyss below, with nothing interposing between us and its horrors except a wooden fence.

Still it is between Krainberg and Hirschentheur that we find the most admirable portion of this great work: here the road may be said to be cut through the solid rock, at every step we see evidence of the prodigious

struggle between the art of man and the obduracy of nature; and, notwithstanding the continued succession of tremendous precipices and lofty cliffs, the same equal slope is preserved: here the road was cut into the side of the mountain, there carried boldly through the heart of the rock, meeting darkness, and then merging into sunshine; now crossing a bridge thrown over the precipitous gulf, and then passing beneath a dome of arched rocks; while the pines above and beneath, growing in the most grotesque positions, gave a most romantic wildness to the landscape. In one place they were withered and desolate, in another torn and buffeted by the winds of heaven, many of them rent in twain by the lightning, or broken by the falling avalanches, or rocks; and then, at some turn, we have them flourishing beneath a southern sun, while the cascades, tumbling headlong from the heights, form a passage for themselves through their branches. Such is the wild and terrific scenery presented to us till we arrive at the summit, where a pyramid marks the boundary between Carniola and Carinthia.

This stupendous work has immortalized the memory of Charles VI., who effected more towards the improvement of these conductors of civilization, than any other of the monarchs of Austria. It is also well furnished with post stations and inns, where the traveller will find every accommodation. And though the timid, when contemplating the dizzy depths, may possibly feel alarmed for their safety, yet the railing is a sufficient protection; however, accidents sometimes take place,

which are indicated by the crosses and stations on the sides of the road. The pictorial representations on some of these are not a little ludicrous: at one I observed a carman in the act of falling with his horse and cart into the abyss, but having had time, I presume, to say his "Ave Maria," the Madonna is seen descending from the heavens, and seizing the terrified landsman by his hair, is dragging him, together with his horse and cart, out of the abyss!

The descent to Clagenfurt was not inferior to that portion of the road we have already described. After passing Neumarkt, we discover we have passed all the wonders of the road, and that we are gradually leaving the Alps, each hill being lower than the last; and, when we turn around, and see the vast chain behind, it appears almost incredible that we could have passed it, so little sensible are we of the enormous height we have crossed. The wild character of the scenery presently changes to hills finely wooded, and we see castles, cottages, and the fine river Drave, till at length Clagenfurt, its romantic lake and fertile valley, appear in view.

Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, possessing ten thousand inhabitants, is very prettily situated on the river Glan, and, as we glance over its beautiful environs, glowing with luxuriance, we little suspect that it is seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. A dreadful conflagration, which consumed the whole town, with the exception of a few houses, has had, at least, the good effect of causing it to be rebuilt in a

superior style, leaving it at present the handsomest mountain town in the empire; and, if we may judge from the number of lightning conductors, and the splendid pillar erected to St. Florian, the well-known protector against fire! the good citizens have now nothing to fear from this disastrous element. Would not the money have been more wisely expended in purchasing fire-engines? particularly when we remember that the saint remained most obstinately deaf to all their invocations on the last occasion.

The environs are exceedingly pleasant—the pleasure grounds and fine park of the Prince Bishop of Gurk, is a favourite promenade. The castle contains a small collection of paintings, and a select museum of the minerals of Carinthia. Among the assemblage of curiosities and art, my attention was particularly arrested by models of Vesuvius, the Great Carnic Alp, the Gross Glockner, with its glaciers, &c. They have been executed by a German, named Mutky, with the most elaborate care and precision. Clagenfurt has a pretty little theatre, and several flourishing manufactures of cloth, silk, and muslin, the latter they are pleased to honour with the name of Manchester muslin! and, if this miserable fabrication is imposed upon the Austrians for English, they must indeed marvel at the fame of our manufactures. The town wears, altogether, the appearance of life and prosperity, to which its situation, on the high road to Italy, the Tyrol, Salsburg, and Vienna, materially contributes. Here also I observed, from the cleanliness of the streets, the blue

eyes and blond hair of the inhabitants, that I was once more approaching the land of my Teutonic brethren.

One of the pleasantest excursions in the vicinity is that to Villach, along the banks of the Wörthsee. This beautiful lake, about four leagues in length, is surrounded by the finest scenery; and ruined castles, green fields, forests, hills, and alps, combine their attractions to form the landscape. On parting from the lake, we enter almost immediately the romantic valley of the Drave, which conducts us to our destination. Here I was much amused, by seeing the rapid surge bearing along a fleet of barrels, made into a sort of raft, having a pole in the centre, to which was attached a small cask decorated with wreaths of evergreens and flowers; upon the barrels were seated a troop of peasants, in their gaudy costume, with ribbons streaming from their hats, forming altogether a most bacchanalian and picturesque group, singularly contrasted with the wild country around. I found, on enquiry, that they were Hungarian peasants, who, having disposed of their wines in the mountain districts of Carinthia, had converted their empty barrels into boats, and were now returning home. During this part of my route, I was fortunate in being accompanied by an English artist, Mr. Zeitter, of London, who had travelled with me from Laybach, and to whose able pencil I am indebted for the very spirited vignette in the title-page.

Villach, although the chief town of Upper Carinthia, offers but little to interest the stranger, with the exception of the iron foundries; but no good Catholic

can pass the holy mountain Maria Luschari, in the vicinity, without climbing to the summit; to which the pope himself ascended, and with all due formality blessed, and dedicated it to the Madonna. Whether this was done with the laudable intention of preventing the remainder from falling, I know not, but most assuredly the greater part had previously given way, when sixteen villages, with their inhabitants, were buried beneath the fallen masses. This melancholy catastrophe, the most deplorable of the kind on record, occurred in the fourteenth century; and I could not help thinking, as I passed through the narrow valley of Bleiberg, on my way to the lead mines, that the mountains on each side will probably follow its example, for their disrupted masses appear merely held together by the roots of the trees.

The majority of the inhabitants of Bleiberg are descendants of a colony of Saxons, and still retain the industrious cleanly habits of their ancestors: every thing about them exhibited the most marked difference from their neighbours, the half civilized Wends. They generally bore the appearance of ill health, the effect of their unwholesome occupation and the poisonous exhalation emitted from the smelting furnaces, said to be so noxious, as to chace away the birds of the air, and deprive the trees of their verdure; the mountain stream running through the valley becomes so impregnated with the pernicious gas, that vegetation is destroyed in its neighbourhood; the fish that enter it die, and the cattle that drink of it grow thin and languid. A valley so pro-

lific in evils was not likely to tempt me to prolong my stay: I therefore returned with all possible dispatch to Clagenfurt.

It is said, that to be ignorant of a science, is to be cut off from a source of enjoyment. The truth of this I was compelled experimentally to prove during my wanderings through these alpine provinces; for my limited acquaintance with botany prevented me from examining and enjoying the rare and beautiful specimens which every where abound, the discovery of many being only of recent date; yet, destitute as I was of sufficient botanical lore, I could not remain in the vicinity of the alp Speik-kogle without ascending its summit, by which I promised myself a double gratification,—a fine prospect, and the sight of the costly aromatic herb, Valeriana celtica, growing in its own Alpine domain, and which gives its name to the mountain itself.

For this purpose, I drove in a mountain car to Schwanberg, a village at the foot of the Alp, where I took up my night's quarters, and having engaged a guide, we supplied ourselves with provisions, and commenced the ascent long before the sun had made his appearance. The weather was delightful, and the myriads of stars that shone above, and the myriads of fire flies beneath, almost made me forget the absence of the moon. All was silent as the grave, save the mournful whoop of the owl, or an animal breaking through the thicket in search of prey or scared by the light of our lamps. At length, after two hours walk, the first gleam

of day began to crimson the East, like the blush of glad surprise mantling the cheek of beauty; and by the time we reached the mountain hamlet of St. Anna, the first purple streaks of the sun lighted up the summit of the majestic Alp we were approaching. It was glorious to behold the various tints and changes as they rapidly succeeded each other; we had rose, violet, and vermilion, while the bright concave of heaven shone like burnished gold, contrasting beautifully with the fleecy folds of mist that hovered around—at one time veiling the brilliance of the firmament from our view, at another concealing the entire landscape from our gaze; now affording glimpses of the wildest sylvan scenery, and then disclosing a frightful abyss. Who can contemplate these gigantic scenes of nature irradiated with the glories of the morning sun, without being reminded of the inexpressible greatness and power of God, without admiring the all-surpassing beauty of His works!

At the little inn of St. Anna we breakfasted, and now, enlivened by the songs of the tiny feathered warblers, the cool morning breezes, and the fragrance of a thousand aromatic herbs, we made rapid progress; but these agrémens were not long our companions, for we soon entered an immense forest bearing evident marks both of a remote and recent hurricane: gigantic trees torn up by the roots lay stretched across our path; others broken off to within a few feet of the ground, now afforded nourishment from their mouldering remains to their successors; parasitical plants of every

species crept up their steep sides, or were festooned in grotesque exuberance from stem to stem: such was the leafy labyrinth through which we now sought our way.

After winding up the sinuous sides of a precipitous cliff, we entered a new region, where the scenery entirely changed. The bright green of the oak and beech was now succeeded by the gloom of the cheerless pine; the blythe carol of the singing birds, by the hoarse croaking of the birds of prey, and the loud roaring of the cataract by the faint murmur of the tiny cascade; but even these were soon passed, and we arrived at the region of eternal winter: here the few remaining shrubs, stunted and crippled, looked like so many dwarfs, maintaining their verdure amidst everlasting snows and wreathing icicles; even these in their turn disappeared, and after an ascent that occupied eight hours, we stood on the highest peak of the Schwanberger Alps, without a shrub or even a projecting cliff to shelter us from the elements (which fortunately were most mercifully inclined), except a pyramid erected by the loyal inhabitants of Carinthia to immortalize the visit of the late Emperor Francis, and his two brothers John and Regnier. However, the tiresome ascent was amply, most amply repaid by the splendid prospect that disclosed itself.

The world appeared spread out beneath us: not a cloud, not even a mist obscured the glorious expanse: the hills which had cost me many a weary step to ascend appeared melted into the plain, and the mountains into

a billowy chaos of precipices and abysses, at once bewildering and frightful, to which the dark foliage of the pine gave a character wildly supernatural; but this was merely the foreground to the vast landscape. From the south to the west, the extensive chain of Alps that separates Carinthia from Carniola sweeps the horizon; in the intermediate space the eye wanders over the greater part of lower Carinthia, in the centre of which the Drave is winding its course like a mighty serpent, along whose banks we distinctly trace the town of Völkermarkt, and numerous villages and castles; behind these more south, but separated by a high mountain, rises the city of Clagenfurt with its broad regular streets, and white-washed houses, together with the extensive lake the Wörthsee. The prospect to the north and east is not less beautiful and extensive; it embraces the Hungarian frontiers, a great part of lower Styria with its capital Gratz, the rivers Mur and Save, the fertile valleys of Sulm, Sagau, Lavant and Lasnitz, with their rivers, towns and villages, among which Ehren-hausen with its fine castle is the most beautiful feature—thus presenting to the beholder at one glance two capital towns, Clagenfurt and Gratz, although severed by a distance of sixty leagues. This view is bounded to the north by the magnificent Alp the Wechsel, in the Duchy of Austria, and to the east by a vast range of mountains, those in the foreground strong in outline and depth of shade, the more distant vanishing into vapour, till they become blended with the horizon. In short, at every point of the vast landscape, we see

Alps towering upon Alps, their snowy crowns glittering brilliantly in the sun.

This is decidedly the most magnificent plateau for enjoying a splendid prospect upon which it was my fate to stand; for owing to the great altitude of the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, the objects beneath appear one undistinguishable chaos; but from hence every separate feature of the extensive panorama might be traced as in a picture.

I now turned my attention to the alpine plant, Speik, (spikenard), whose growth is here principally limited to a small domain of about five hundred feet in circumference, and although it flourishes on this spot more abundantly than in any other, yet it is found on most of the Styrian and Carinthian Alps. The plant is drawn out of the ground with the roots attached, and left to dry in its own region, then packed in barrels and sent to Trieste, from whence it is exported to the Levant, where it forms a considerable object of commerce to Egypt, Persia, and the East Indies. It is much used for imparting an agreeable flavour to tobacco, also for pastiles and the bath. The peasants of these provinces avail themselves of it for driving away rats and vermin, whose dislike to the odour is so great, that they assured me it effectually gets rid of them. I found its aromatic perfume so powerful, that the few plants I carried with me to England, imparted it so strongly to my clothes, that they retained it for several months.

We now descended the long declivity of the mountain,

re-entered its virgin forest, once more traversed its mazes, glens, ravines and precipices, and arrived at a little alpine inn at the Glasshüte, just as the sun had warned man from his labour, and the birds to their nests, while at the same time we were enduring the twofold evils of fatigue and hunger; and although I think the practice some travellers pursue, of registering their dinners and suppers, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance; yet on some occasions it may be useful to their successors, in guiding them to the delicacies which the locale produces; for instance, should he be in alpine districts, let him demand Schneehuhn (ptarmigan), Auerhahn (cock of the wood), Wildpret (wild venison), and Forellen (trout), and he will find no cause to regret his choice; and to give my readers an idea of the price of my supper, I paid for trout, roast ptarmigan, potatoes, bread, cheese, and a cup of coffee, eight-pence; and this is generally the charge at all the remote inns in this lovely country.

No part that I have explored of these interesting provinces affords more diversified scenery than the Lavant-thal, and the mountains between this Alp and the town of Judenburg. The beautiful and the frightful, the soft and the majestic, the fertile and the savage, rapidly succeed each other. There are cascades, lakes, and fertilizing rivers, hills covered with the varied foliage of the forest, and meadows and pastures with numerous flocks and herds. As the traveller wanders among these glorious Alps, he has nothing to fear from the attack of the bandit, and in the poorest hut he is

certain of a hospitable welcome; and from the innkeepers and guides, there is not the slightest fear of imposition, for at many of the village inns where I stopped for refreshment, on demanding the amount of my reckoning, the answer was, " Ach bezahlen sie was sie wohlen" (pay whatever you like); and you cannot offer a greater insult to the peasant who regales you with refreshment, than by tendering him money as a recompense.

In this little patriarchal world, the chief occupation of the inhabitants is tending their flocks, cutting wood, and burning charcoal; and that of the women spinning, and the avocations of the dairy. The cattle seem to possess a sagacity and an affection for their masters, approaching the canine; they live together on the most friendly terms, and each answers to his separate name. The shepherds relate, that should the wolf make his appearance during their absence, the cows form a quarré with their horns round the calves and sheep, and either beat off the enemy, or remain on the offensive till the dogs come to their assistance. In these secluded districts wolves are numerous, even the bear and lynx are frequently met with; but the enemy most dreaded by the shepherd is the lammergeier, which carries away in its talons lambs and sheep, and instances are recorded of their attacking children and men; hence the bold hunter who is successful in destroying these enemies to pastoral repose, receives the honours of a conqueror from the inhabitants of the village, and he is always distinguished by the brilliance and number of

the feathers in his cockade. One fine youth was pointed out to me, who, being attacked by a bear near the edge of a precipice, in their death-struggle he was dragged down, locked in the embrace of his fierce enemy, who being the heaviest, first reached the bottom and broke the fall, when the knife of the courageous hunter drank his life's-blood.

The horned cattle are not remarkable for their beauty or excellence, except the goats, who have fine long hair, not unlike those of Angora, and in no other alpine district have I seen a greater number of chamois; they generally keep together in flocks of a dozen or more, and never settle to graze without appointing a sentinel, who may be seen standing in the most commanding position upon the summit or ledge of a rock scarcely a foot wide; the slightest sound, even a whistle, is sufficient to drive the whole herd to instant concealment. Each flock has its leader, who is always the strongest and boldest, and wherever he bends his course they blindly follow, even to the very jaws of destruction. Notwithstanding their extreme caution and agility in eluding pursuit, yet these interesting little animals are on the decrease, not altogether from the cupidity of man, but from the attacks of their formidable foe, the lammergeier, to which we may add their own temerity in springing from rock to rock, as they not unfrequently fall into the abysses beneath.

In these provinces, I also observed, for the first time, the marmot, in its wild state. Like the chamois, they inhabit the most inaccessible rocks; never venturing

out of their fastnesses without appointing their sentinel. During the summer months, they associate in pairs, and have their separate dwellings; but in winter, the whole troop assemble together, under the command of a chief, and lie together dormant, from October to April. On the approach of winter, they render their intended residence comfortable, by means of grass, leaves, moss, &c., and secure every part effectually from cold. Several interesting stories are related of the cunning of these little animals, such as throwing themselves on their back, and thereby becoming a vehicle for the transportation of their winter stores, in which state they are dragged along by their companions. Like the beaver, their little dwellings display considerable architectural skill,—being composed of several apartments, and so admirably arranged, that they are always clean and dry. They are very gentle, subsisting on insects, roots, fruit, &c. Their flesh is much prized, and their fat fetches a high price.

Highly pleased with my pedestrian excursion, I arrived at Judenburg. I would not, however, recommend any stranger to attempt these Alpine tours without a guide, or he may get into a maze as difficult to thread as the Cretan labyrinth.

Judenburg, the capital of Upper Styria, is pleasantly situated on the Mur. The town is old and dull, with narrow, ill-paved streets. It was founded by a colony of Jews, who gave it their name, but who were most inhumanly massacred in the fourteenth century by the

Christian fanatics of that horrible age; since which time, no son of Israel has ever settled in the dukedom of Styria. The hatred of the Germans towards these unoffending, industrious people, has been, in all ages, deep, and appears implacable. The page of history is stained with many a revolting tale of the massacres, cruelties, and confiscations to which they have been doomed from the earliest ages of Christianity, and, we may add, to the present time; for the disgraceful scenes so recently exhibited at Hamburg show, that the feeling of animosity still exists towards them in a very violent degree. Indeed, in all my tours throughout Germany, I observed that this feeling, so unworthy an intellectual nation, was cherished with a rancorous bitterness by the majority of the people; and although, while penning this, I cannot forget that England, in some degree, merits reproach, yet I must also remember, that the reproach applies not so much to the people, as to the legislature.

The country on the great road to Leoben, though mountainous, wears a fertile, pleasing appearance, enlivened by the rapid Mur, and several flourishing villages. Leoben is famous for the peace concluded there, between the Archduke Charles and Napoleon, in 1797. This silly peace, considered at the time of so much importance, has been immortalized by a monument, representing the genius of peace, holding in one hand the olive branch, and in the other a trumpet, to proclaim the glad tidings; reposing on a granite pedestal,

intended, I suppose, to be typical of its duration, with, the inscription—

"Pax, xviii. April, 1797, Austriacus inter et Galles Duc Archiduc. Carol. Bonaparte Comitum de Gallo et Meerfeld Fecceal."

Perhaps the late war does not offer a more signal instance of the triumph of Gallic bombast,—and assuredly the lucky star of Bonaparte never shone with greater lustre, than it did at Leoben. This will be perfectly understood when I explain to my readers his very critical position, and the dexterous manner in which he extricated himself, with all the honours of a conqueror. The young general relying, perhaps, too confidently on the sympathies of the mountaineers in his favour, had the temerity, or, rather, madness, to advance as far as this town, when he found himself completely shut up in the confined valley of the Mur, and surrounded by an overwhelming force, in possession of all the mountain passes. The Arch-duke Charles had taken up a most formidable position in front, and the gallant Marshal Laudon, with a numerous army, hung on his rear; most effectually cutting off the possibility of retreat or communication with the army in Italy. On one side, the Hungarians were advancing, in tens of thousands, across the range of mountains that separate their country from the Duchy of Styria; while the other presented a chain of Alps, which formed an impenetrable barrier to any retrograde movement in that quarter.

In this most critical position, what course did the

talented commander pursue? Why, well knowing that resistance would be followed by defeat, he sought for peace; relying, with something like confidence, upon Austrian bonhommie. In his overtures, he commenced by pathetically lamenting the calamities of war; expressing his own ardent wish, and that of all France, to behold a cessation of hostilities! saying, that this alone was the motive which induced him to invade the imperial territories! and wound up the hypocritical tirade with these memorable words:—"If my proposals of peace should be the means of preserving the life of the humblest individual in our armies, I shall consider my triumph greater than if wreathed with the laurels of the conqueror, when stained with the blood of thousands!"

Whether the Austrians were really duped by this semblance of sincerity, or were doubtful of the issue of the contest, I cannot pretend to say. However, the desired peace was accorded, and the crafty Corsican returned in triumph to the grand armée; no doubt exulting on the conquest he had achieved with so much facility over Austrian good-nature and credulity, and probably ruminating over the scenes of glory that awaited him in his future contests with such an enemy.

At the time this peace was concluded, all Germany was infected with Napoleomania. He was termed the high-minded warrior; the illustrious conqueror; the elect of God, sent to break the chains of despotism, and to give freedom to the enslaved nations. His

name was the watchword of liberty, equality, and independence, and echoed with gratitude by millions, who fancied themselves slaves! At that frenzied epoch, the united intellect of Germany was exerted in his favour. He was the idol of the profound Göthe, the divine Klopstock, and the graphic Wieland, whose soul-inspiring strains were wafted to heaven in his praise, and England was denounced as an ambitious intriguer, warring for her own selfish purposes!

The Germans too late discovered, that their bravery was merely intended to accelerate the ambitious projects of the French emperor; and the language of his intellectual admirers underwent a total change; for in the decline of his career, we find them not only denouncing him as the ruthless enemy of Germany, the enslaver of nations, but calling their compatriots to arms.

On leaving this neat little town, I bade adieu to my impetuous companion, the fertilising Mur, and entered the wildest district in Upper Styria, on my way to the famous iron mines at Eisenerz, the most important in the Austrian dominions. The aspect of the country is wildly romantic, the dark glens and sterile rocks present little appearance of vegetation, save the cold pine; and the few inhabitants met with are either wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, or employed in the iron foundries; and from the incessant clang of the hammers, and the lurid glare of the fires amidst the gloomy foliage, an imaginative mind might deem he was wandering through the country of the Cyclops. On approaching

Vordernberg, the scenery becomes still wilder, as the road is carried through a frightful gorge, formed of mountains of dark rock, which rise perpendicularly, and are not unfrequently suspended in huge masses over our heads. The sight of those vast fragments which have already fallen into the torrent, are well calculated to excite apprehension that others may follow, and crush us during our passage; indeed, they do occasionally fall, and life is the sacrifice, as the crosses and little temples eloquently tell us; however, as this is a rare occurrence, we travel gaily on, undisturbed by any gloomy anticipations.

At Vordernberg may be seen some of the largest smelting furnaces in Styria, and the situation of the little town itself is wildly picturesque, being built in the cleft of a rock, whose rugged sides rise at least a thousand feet above it, leaving barely sufficient room for the road, and a row of houses on each side; here we commence ascending the lofty Prebuhl, three thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and, like the other Alpine roads in Austria, extremely well kept. It is impossible to behold these stupendous roads, with their frightful precipices, dizzy ravines, and bridges thrown from cliff to cliff, without being impressed with a high idea of the efforts of human industry, which surmounts every obstacle interposed by mountains, rocks, precipices, torrents, &c.

On descending the steep declivity, I was soon reminded, by the distant knocking of the iron hammers, multiplied tenfold by the mountain echoes, that I was

approaching the principal town of the Styrian iron mines; and as the sun had already expired in the west, the glare of fire from the furnaces illuminating the surrounding pine forests gave to the landscape an appearance at once beautiful and unearthly.

Eisenertz, embosomed in the rocky mountains, wears an air of comfort and independence, the result of the industry of its inhabitants. The town is probably very ancient, for the church on the summit of the rock is considered to be one of the oldest in Germany; at all events it has the date anno 712 legibly engraved, and its architecture certainly bears the stamp of great antiquity. In the immediate neighbourhood is the source of all the prosperity of this part of Upper Styria, the Erzberg mountain, which has produced iron ore from time immemorial, and is considered inexhaustible: however interesting the works may be to the people of Germany, an Englishman can learn nothing by inspecting them, as they are conducted in a very primitive style: he would also most probably come to the conclusion that time and labour were most unnecessarily squandered.

Having satisfied my curiosity by visiting them, I set forward to pay my devotions at the shrine of the renowned Maria-Zell, second only in Christendom to that of the all-potent Maria of Loretto. In this pious excursion I was accompanied by an English naval officer, whom I unexpectedly encountered in the wilds of the Prebühl, where I was not a little surprised to hear myself addressed in propria persona by a man

in a peasant's cart, whom I had some difficulty in recognizing, so widely had he departed from the costume I had been accustomed to see him in at Manheim. His person, which was much inclined to embonpoint, was enveloped in the scanty folds of a German reise-kittel; his umbrella, sandwich-box, wine-flask, tobacco-pouch, and pipe, were slung half before and half behind his back, and his large round face was trying to shade itself under the narrow brim of a German student's cap. Knowing him, notwithstanding his eccentricities, to be a very worthy man, I was heartily glad to meet with such a companion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Excursion to the shrine of Maria-Zell—Legend of the Miraculous Image—Saltzkammer-Gut—Berchtoldsgaden—Wildbad-Gastein—Excursion to the Alp Gross-Glockner—Salzburg—Journey to Munich—Bavarian Wedding.

THE elders of the Church of Rome could not have selected a more appropriate spot for the residence of the miraculous Madonna than Maria-zell, or one more adapted to exalt the feelings of the devotee to the wildest enthusiasm. Approach the holy city from which route you may, whether from Vienna, Lintz, Saltzburg, Eisenertz, or Leoben, you pass through the most romantic scenery: the overhanging rocks come so nearly in contact, and the wood entangles itself so thickly around the steep acclivities, that we only emerge from one ravine to enter another, till the summit of the holy mountain appears, crowned with its sacred pile, like a vision of enchantment in the wilderness. At every turn we see the emblems of believing piety—crucifixes, chapels, saints, and Madonnas; and

at the same time, the number of booths for the sale of schnapps show that the pilgrims are not inattentive to another mode of spiritual refreshment.

On arriving at the foot of the mountain, a new scene presented itself; numerous bands of pilgrims were ascending, some on their knees,—and others, who seemed to think labour an essential part of devotion, were dragging up huge crosses; in one place they were singing in chorus, in another lay stretched on the earth in silence: the whole of the men were uncovered, and the hair of the women dishevelled, forming altogether a spectacle, which none other, not even Loretto, can parallel.

The holy city is built, like Rome, upon seven hills; its ordinary population is about fifteen hundred, but during the seasons of the pilgrimages, it accommodates fifty thousand, and it is said, that the number of the visitors before the reign of Joseph averaged a hundred thousand, and at the celebration of the sixteenth jubilee of the miraculous image in 1757, three hundred and eighty thousand pilgrims paid their homage. This calculation seems doubtful from the size of the town, but we must remember that every house on these occasions is converted into an inn; and the immense size of the beds, and the number in each room, show how large a share of patience is inspired by piety. About half a dozen years previous to our visit, the church was consumed by fire; but the means to rebuild it with increased splendour were speedily afforded by a generous emperor, and the contributions of the faithful;

from which it would appear, that the influence of Maria of the Zell has not very sensibly declined. The chapel selected for her dwelling is small and gloomy, situated in the centre of the church, and dimly lighted by a single lamp, whose faint radiance is eclipsed by the lustre of the gems with which she is adorned, and the gold candelabra and silver angels that surround her.

The entrance is guarded by a costly silver fence, around which the kneeling devotees are seen supplicating their various boons from the miraculous image within, which is only indistinctly visible; we, however, soon discover the Virgin, supporting the infant Jesus in her arms; and as she stands, glittering with diamonds, she might be taken for the queen, not of heaven, but Lilliput, for she is only a foot and a half in stature. Why St. Luke, whom the faithful believe to have been the artist, preferred such miniature proportions, and a sable complexion, remains a mystery, even beyond the voluminous traditionary lore of the Sacristan to explain.

This gigantic son of the Church, whom nature seemed to have formed rather for a grenadier than a lazy monk, now commenced enlightening us with the veritable history of the miraculous image. It appears, some ten or twelve centuries ago, that a horde of barbarous Wends made an irruption into Styria, and not only plundered the inhabitants, but burned the towns and villages; amidst the general conflagration one object escaped unhurt, the sacred image which now sheds her sanctity over Maria-Zell. She was conveyed by a

priest to this mountain, and a rude church reared as quickly as possible for the holy visitor; when, however, divine service was about to commence, a heavenly light shone forth from the clouds, and the Madonna appeared, with the infant Jesus in her arms: at the same time, a voice was heard like the rushing of mighty waters, saying that "the mountain should be for ever blessed, and that her ear would always be open to the supplications of the faithful." As the fame of the miracle soon spread through Christendom, a splendid monastery and church were erected, a thousand acres of land were assigned for her support, and she continued to receive the most costly presents till the reign of Joseph II., when the shrine of Maria-Zell was exceeded in wealth and splendour only by the Madonna of Loretto; but that heretical unbeliever Joseph most profanely applied the treasury of the holy Maria to the service of the state, melted down not only the four massive silver angels that guarded the high altar, but, like an unnatural son, even the figures of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, the votive offerings of the pious Maria Theresa.

These sacrilegious spoliations were, however, in some degree replaced by his more devotional successors; and one of the first acts of the present emperor and empress was a propitiatory pilgrimage to this all-powerful dispenser of prosperity. "The treasures," said the communicative sacristan, are "unguarded, save by the sanctity of the queen of heaven; for such is the awe the image inspires, that the most hardened bandit trembles in her

presence, and is impressed with the belief, that were he to purloin her wealth, the lightning of heaven would instantly consume him." Like Loretto, booths are erected around the church, for the sale of books, rosaries, tapers, relics, and herbs, which the credulous multitude are made to believe are antidotes against every misfortune and disease!

However much the advocates of religious processions may defend them, as calculated to increase devotional feeling, they must allow, that their effects upon the morality of the pilgrims is anything but salutary; for the influence of the Madonna is proved to be altogether ineffectual to keep within wholesome restraint so large an assembly of the idle, the dissipated, and the ignorant. How deplorable, then, is it, that a government which has already done so much to ameliorate the social condition of the people, does not attempt to exalt their intellectual state;—does not endeavour to wean them from such superstitious extravagances, which have no other tendency than to enrich the coffers of designing monks, bring religion into contempt, and generate scepticism among the intellectual classes of society.

Whatever effect these, and similar mummeries, may have had, in the earlier ages of Christianity, of making converts, by wedding the pure simple doctrines of our religion to the vain, gorgeous rites of Paganism, the continuance of the practice in our enlightened age is not only impolitic, but culpable; for it is a melancholy fact, attested by every traveller who has familiarly mixed with the well-educated classes of Catholic coun-

tries, that numbers have mentally abjured Christianity, disgusted, no doubt, by ceremonies so totally at variance with common sense; while the simple rites of the early Christians, as practised by the members of the reformed Church, and which address themselves rather to the understanding than the senses, are gradually bending beneath their sway, not only the more enlightened portion of civilized Europe, but the remote corners of the globe: and would it not seem that, as the bird, in its passage, carries the seeds of Indus to the Pole, so England may be the destined instrument of heaven to convey and propagate the knowledge of vital Christianity to the extremest parts of the earth; since her ships glide over every sea, her commerce extends from the deserts of Africa to the ice-bound regions of the north, and it is no figure of speech to add, that the sun never sets upon those countries that speak her language, that acknowledge her supremacy.

But let not my Catholic friends in England suppose, that, by making these statements, and denouncing the foolish ceremonies, processions, &c., encouraged by the elders of the ancient faith on the continent, that I am actuated by a desire to bring into contempt the ritual and observances of the Roman Catholic religion, as practised in Great Britain; for, divested as it is there of these puerile absurdities, it may indeed be termed a reformed religion. I repeat, nothing can be further from my intention, and I am proud to number among my friends many professors of Catholicism as intel-

ligent and liberal, as they are pious and tolerant; and who are as little friendly to superstitious observances as the most rigid Calvinist.

The traveller, who may be desirous to go to Vienna from Maria-zell, will find an excellent road through Lilienfeld and Kloster Neuburg; but, if he wishes to make a picturesque tour, he will be more gratified by following the course of the Enz to Lintz, on the Danube. We took an opposite direction, and wound our way along the banks of the Salza, through Hieflau and Liezen, and from thence on the great military road through Aussee and Ischl, to Salzburg: the greatest part, however, of this road can only be traversed by a pedestrian; but the varied beauty of the landscape I have rarely seen equalled, and I should probably incur the charge of prolixity, were I to describe with any degree of minuteness the romantic scenery which is momentarily presented to the eye of the traveller; I shall, therefore, merely allude to the Iohnsbacher-Thal, which I mentioned while describing the rocky labyrinth of Adersbach, in Bohemia.

After leaving Hifelau, and the hamlet of Iohnsbach, we enter a narrow pass formed by two stupendous rocks perfectly isolated, as if nature had intended them for a portal to the defile, or rather a labyrinth composed of rocks of every variety of form: here the traveller, if he is imaginative, may picture pyramids, statues, ruined castles, and, in short, all the conjurations which guides on such an occasion so readily call up; but these are not the only attractions of this valley

of wonders,—for we have in addition, a number of picturesque cascades, which increase in romantic beauty as we ascend the mountain, particularly where the Enns forces its waters through the clefts of the rocks in a mighty torrent, and dashes down the flinty wall, tearing huge masses in its progress. However, this splendid cascade is only seen to advantage in the spring after the snow has melted on the Alps, when the volume of water is so great, that the whole defile for several leagues exhibits the appearance of a tempestuous lake, which no dam or dyke has power to resist; indeed, we every where perceived vestiges of its destructive powers.

Soon after leaving Lietzen, we enter the Saltzkammer-Gut, and in no other part of my tour through these romanic provinces have I enjoyed more real pleasure; it takes its name from the lofty Saltzberg and its inexhaustible salt mines. This district is situated between Salzburg, Lintz on the Danube, the Duchy of Styria, and Berchtoldsgaden in Bavaria, and usually denominated the Austrian Switzerland. Here we see alps with their snowy crests towering to the heavens, and more than twenty lakes, each more beautiful and more romantic than the other, roaring cascades, and mountain streams sparkling with trout. But however enchanting the scenery may be, I found the inhabitants still more interesting; since these very remote mountains and valleys afforded an asylum for the Protestants of Austria during their long persecution by the Jesuitical court of Vienna: these patriots

instead of emigrating like their brethren to a milder clime, clung with affection to their fatherland; for, however sterile and inhospitable, still it was Germany. Thus, during more than a century and a half, did this interesting people, without a pastor, without a church, transmit from generation to generation the religion of their forefathers, till the reign of the enlightened Joseph. This philanthropic monarch, instead of attempting, like his predecessors, to convert his heretical subjects by sending them to colonize in Transylvania by the side of the Turks (which however was the most lenient punishment that awaited them), countenanced and protected them, built them churches, and appointed pastors; and we now find their descendants, not only the most virtuous, but some of the most industrious and wealthy peasants in the Austrian empire, —and, whether we wind our way through the valleys of the Enns, the Traun, or the Zeller, they are easily discoverable by their cleanly habits and numerous herds of cattle: the oxen I only saw equalled in Hungary, and the horses the emperor himself might covet.

Throughout the whole of the valleys of these alpine provinces we perceive the Indian corn growing most luxuriantly. This beautiful plant is indeed the staff of life to these mountaineers, and its wholesome and nutritious qualities are sufficiently attested by their robust forms: it is generally made into bread, but is also used for thickening milk and soup; in short, whatever way prepared, it is extremely agreeable,—made into bread, mixed with half its weight of wheaten flour, is,

however, I think the preferable method. The crops are generally most abundant, and amply repay the husbandman for its cultivation, since he finds a ready market for the surplus, as food for horses and poultry; the latter, I was informed, thrive on it remarkably well, in short, every part is valuable, for even the husks and leaves are available for fuel and stuffing mattrasses: and I cannot but think, that it might be more generally introduced into England with much advantage, and certainly tend to improve the condition of the lower classes; here, as well as in the Tyrol, it is the surest produce, being less liable to atmospherical influence than any other species of grain.

I passed from the Salzkammer-gut into Berchtoldsgaden, an alpine province of Bavaria; and I never remember to have seen, in so small a space, such diversity of scenery, suddenly changing from fairy vales with their lakes and fertilizing rivulets, to views terrifically sublime; here we see alps, with their glaciers, rising from six to eight thousand feet high, and waterfalls tumbling from a height of from two to four hundred toises; and, had they only a sufficient volume of water, no others in Europe would surpass them. This district is rendered more interesting by its limited extent, comprising a space of only eight German square miles, and so entirely walled in by a range of majestic alps, as to form in itself a miniature world. But perhaps the most romantic feature in it is, the lake called the Königsee, about two leagues in length, and averaging half a league in breadth.

I found in the little harbour a fleet of boats, whose owners vociferated quite as loudly for employment as if their apprenticeship had been passed at London bridge; their little barks, with awnings and cushions, were superior to any other I had seen on the lakes of Germany, and the men seemed to understand their business perfectly well; six of them now undertook to convey us to our destination. This lake is as dangerous as it is romantic, and should a violent storm overtake us at a distance from its only port, destruction would be inevitable; since, even an excellent swimmer would be unable to save himself, as there is no place where it is possible to land; owing to its being completely surrounded by perpendicular rocks rising to a height of from three to six thousand feet, and, in some parts, they are not more than a musket shot distant from each other. In this respect the lake resembles that of Wallenstadt in Switzerland, but is considered even more wild and perilous.

On account of this foreknowledge of danger, and the caution it inspires, lives are seldom lost; but a storm sometimes arises unexpectedly: this was the case when several boats containing forty persons were overturned, and, as we are informed by a tablet in the rock, every one of them perished. In order to guard against any such mishap from occurring to us, our chief before he set out invoked the protection of the saints, particularly the patron of the lake, St. Bartholomew, who, it appears, is very solicitous for the safety of aquatic travellers; for when our boatmen demanded of

him, saying, "Heiliger Bartholomäus komm ich zurück? Sage Ja!" (Holy Bartholomew, Shall I return? Say, Yes!) the propitious good-natured saint immediately answered "Ja!" (yes) at least a dozen times. This auspicious response has some foundation for the character it bears of veracity, as, when the atmosphere is heavy, in consequence of an approaching storm, the echo is silent. To us, however, the winds and waves were equally propitious; and after making the tour of the lake, we landed at its pretty island called the Kessel, a bijou of neatness belonging to a merchant, who built a hermit's cell, and laid out its little domain as a pleasure ground; here are also two beautiful cascades issuing out of the cleft of a rock.

As we caught some fine trout on our voyage, we lighted a fire, when they made a most agreeable addition to the contents of our basket, which on this occasion we took care should be abundantly stocked; for, if the weather were to become boisterous, we might have been detained close prisoners on the island for several days, which has been more than once the fate of travellers, as no boat can venture out during a gale of wind. The water is perfectly transparent, and as we glide over its glassy surface, the stupendous rocks with their dark pines, green pastures, and woodmen's huts, together with grazing cattle, and not unfrequently a chamois and a lammergeier, are so faithfully mirrored, that we might deem we were beholding a world beneath us.

" On one of those ambrosial eves,
A day of storms so often leaves,"—

my friend and myself were fishing in one of the mountain streams of Berchtoldsgaden, when we were joined by a Bavarian nobleman, equipped perfectly à l'Anglaise; his fishing tackle was of true London make, and, at first, we really believed the stranger a compatriot, for he had just returned from England, and spoke our language with very little accent. He was, in fact, an Anglicized German, or, as his countrymen would say, raving with Anglo-mania. England, he declared, was the wonder of the world; the women angels; and only in London was it possible to procure a coat fit for a gentleman to wear; concluding his complimentary harangue by saying that he had made arrangements with English tradesmen for receiving every article of dress from that renowned city. This prepossession of the wealthy of every country for the productions of foreigners, recalled to my recollection a similar instance that I witnessed some years since, while journeying in the steam packet, between Dieppe and Brighton. Our party happened to consist of young men, with more money than wit, whose only conversation consisted of details of their dress, and plans for receiving the whole of their wearing apparel from Paris. "An English artist," cried one, " cannot work a button-hole."—" A Frenchman will fit you like a glove," said another; while several contended that boots and shoes made in London were fit only for gentlemen graziers!

Although I could not admire the patriotism of our

Bavarian acquaintance, he was, nevertheless, a most agreeable companion; and to his politeness we were much indebted, for he was our guide through several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, particularly to the most romantic of all mineral baths, Wildbad, at Gastein, in the Duchy of Salzburg, situated at a short distance from the great alp Gross-Glockner. Wildbad, which takes it name from the wild country that surrounds it, is now a small mountain village, though formerly one of the most famous baths of Germany. We have records of its springs being in use so early as the sixth century, and the well-known physician, Theophrastus Parcelsus, the Cagliostro of his age, has bequeathed us a voluminous dissertation on their great efficacy. The emperors and sovereign princes of Germany were accustomed to use them; and history records that the warlike emperor, Frederic the Second, owed to their virtues the cure of his wounds.

The springs, which are most abundantly supplied, are transparent as crystal, entirely destitute of smell, and the taste is a mixture of bitters and salt, not unlike Epsom salts. Their heat, which rises to thirty-nine degrees of Reaumur, they retain at all seasons of the year. This water also possesses the singular property of requiring eleven hours to reduce it to twenty-eight of Reaumur; which experience has proved to be the most favourable temperature for bathing; and its chemical properties are considered more valuable for their admirable combination, than for the separate strength of each; for when analysed, they were

found to be inferior, both in quantity and quality, to those composing the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle and Carlsbad, which proves that the healing powers of these mineral waters consist not so much in their strength, as in their chemical amalgamation. The predominating property is salt, of which we may have ocular demonstration by repairing to the source, where we see the rocks crystallized with it.

The waters are considered to be of much efficacy in gout, rheumatism, contractions of the limbs, impurities of the blood, cutaneous diseases, indigestion, consumption, &c. They are also said to be particularly valuable in that class of diseases requiring mercurial medicines. Nearly all the other mineral baths that I have visited in Germany appear to have been more the resort of the gay and the fashionable, than the invalid; but here we see an assemblage of unhappy sufferers, most of whom return home with their health perfectly restored; and what hope of recovery will not be inspired into the patient who is about to prove the efficacy of their life-giving powers, to learn, that, if he holds the branch of a tree in the bud over the hot steam, the leaves will presently expand in all their summer beauty, withered flowers recover their lovely hue, and fruit ripens. In short, if Wildbad-Gastein were better known, it would again assume a high rank among the baths of Germany; but its very remote situation, the great height of the bath, which is upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the want of good hotels and comfortable lodging-houses, will prevent those

persons from visiting it, who are more partial to the luxuries of life, than the charms of alpine scenery; those, however, who are admirers of this in its wildest forms, will long remember Wildbad. Close to the bath is the splendid waterfall of the Ache, which descends from a height of five hundred feet, in three successive leaps, at each of which, roaring like the discharge of cannon, it breaks in clouds of spray over the rocks: and, when glittering in the rays of the sun, displays all the varied tints of the rainbow. The best point for beholding this very beautiful cascade, is from the wooden bridge thrown over the fall itself, from cliff to cliff, from whence we can command a complete view as it tears down the rocks into the abyss beneath.

We now continued our route, in company with several other tourists, to the Gross Glockner. After winding our way for some time through the valley of the Trau, we entered that of the Möll, with its impetuous river descending from the glaciers above us. We had now got to a height of four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the aspect of the country was wild in the extreme; a perfect fac-simile of the famous valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrun: it may, indeed, be termed the valley of cascades, for nearly at every turn we find one dashing down the sides of the gigantic rocks, through dusky pines, and then adding its volume to the rapid torrent that rushes beneath; but, of all the cascades we find among these rocky scenes, that called the Jungfernsprung is the most interesting, and requires the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to describe:

it descends from an immense height, in the form of a bow, with such force and volume, that the traveller may sit under it without being wetted. The bear and lammergeier find here their true home; the few hares we saw were white, and the squirrels jet black; for, in this icy region, the spring is in July, the summer in August, the harvest in September, and the remainder of the year winter.

Highly delighted with our tour, though somewhat fatigued, we arrived at Heiligen-blut, an alpine village, upwards of five thousand feet above the level of the sea, from whence we have a splendid view of the snowy pyramid of the Gross Glockner, rising from its bed of ice to a height of seven thousand feet. This stupendous alp, which takes its name from its resemblance to the form of a bell, is the boundary stone between Carinthia, Salzburg, Styria, and the Tyrol; and justifies the raptures of every traveller who beholds it.

The ascent of the Gross Glockner was first achieved in 1799, and is considered, by alpine travellers, to be a feat of much greater difficulty and peril than that of its more lofty rival Mont Blanc, owing to the sides being more precipitous, and to a succession of frightful abysses, which must be crossed. It will occupy eight hours to walk from Heiligen-blut to Salmshöhe, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, where the bishop of Gurk, a prince of the house of Salm, munificently erected a châlet: thus far the ascent offers but little difficulty: from hence the summit is usually reached in seven hours; it is, however, an enter-

prize of considerable danger, and can only be accomplished with the aid of the most experienced guides, rope-ladders, &c. Schultes, and other German writers, who performed the hazardous exploit, tell us that they distinctly beheld the Adriatic, that the Swiss and Tyrolian Alps appeared merely like light spots in the vast expanse, and that mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, were mingled together in one undistinguishable chaos.

I have always, I confess, found more gratification in contemplating alps than in ascending them higher than seven thousand feet, as I once got a complete surfeit of alp-mounting on the Chimborazo, the highest peak of the Andes, when the physical inconveniences (to say nothing of the danger and the toil) I experienced will effectually deter me from ever repeating the experiment. I therefore returned by the same route, and took up my quarters at a comfortable hotel in Salzburg, where I was compelled to rest for a few days, the rainy season having set in; and, in truth, the imposing mountain range that surrounds this fine old town, partially shrouded as it then was with mists and hanging clouds, offered a scene much more beautiful and varied, than if it had been gilded by the rays of the sun: at one time the vapoury mass opened, and displayed the lofty Hohensalzburg, with its castle and extensive fortifications; then it rolled in fleecy folds down the vast sides of the mountain to the plain, when the whole melted away, and the horizon became serenely clear, until another gust of wind collected the darkened mass, and again shrouded the entire landscape.

No town in Germany is more advantageously situated than Salzburg for a tourist to take up his head-quarters, as he may occupy himself for months in exploring the beauties of the neighbourhood. First, he is within a few leagues of Berchtoldsgaden and the Salzkammer-Gut, whose romantic charms have, I presume, already captivated my readers; to which we may add the valley of the Salza, with the defile of Lueg, and the splendid cascade called the Guringfall, near Gölling, on one side, and the valley of the Traun, with its impetuous river and fine waterfall, on the other; and, although we have not space for a detailed description, they are, however, equally interesting as the scenes I have already described. Besides these, there is the valley of the Inn, that conducts to the Tyrol, and the lovely country extending from the Lech to the Salza. The traveller can also visit the lake of Kuffstein, curious for having, like mineral springs, a subterranean connexion with earthquakes; as it has been known, when these concussions take place, to emit flames and melted dross. He can also ascend the lofty Peissenberg, which commands one of the finest panoramic views in Germany, comprising the whole range of the Carnic and Tyrolian alps, and the immense plain lying between the Lech and the Iser.

Salzburg, owing to the number of its churches, profusion of marble statues, and flat-roofed houses, reminds one of an Italian city. It would, however, have a much more cheerful appearance, if vegetation (i. e. grass) were not so abundant in the streets and squares; but

its principal distinction is conferred by the beauty of the environs. The rapid Salza, that rushes through the centre of the town, with its ill-shaped boats, render it somewhat commercial, and certainly picturesque. One of the greatest lions of Salzburg is its famous gate-way, hewn through the rock, and forming a tunnel, four hundred and twenty feet long, a Pausilippo in miniature; only, instead of Virgil's tomb, we have a clumsily-executed crucifix. But, to the amateur of music, the greatest attraction is the tomb of Michael Haydn, in St. Peter's church; and the house of Mozart, in the market-place; both of whom were natives of Salzburg. Those who are partial to a fine prospect would do well to ascend to the castle of Hohensalzburg and the Capucinerberg. This latter mountain is one of evil omen in the annals of Salzburg; for, in 1609, a part of it fell, and entombed a cloister, church, and thirteen houses, with their inhabitants, amounting to between three and four hundred.

Provisions are exceedingly cheap at Salzburg; and I have rarely seen, in any other market of Germany, a finer display of vegetables and fruit, together with the more substantial articles of subsistence: and it would be a most eligible residence, were it not for the goître, which generally attacks those strangers who may here take up a lengthened abode. I witnessed its effects in an English family, who had been residing here for two or three years, attracted, no doubt, by the beauty of the country and the cheapness of provisions; and, singular to say, every one of them who wore the appear-

ance of robust health, displayed symptoms of the disease, while those of a delicate constitution escaped. However, if proper means are instantly resorted to, it is easily removed; a powder, made from calcined sponge, is the usual remedy, to which the English add sea-bathing: indeed, I should think a removal to a country not mountainous indispensable to complete the cure. The supposition that the peasantry only are afflicted with it is erroneous; they certainly, by neglect, aggravate the malady, but let a stranger visit a ball-room, filled with the higher classes of any mountainous district in Germany, and he will soon discover an incipient goître lurking in the throats of too many of the fair ladies; custom, fortunately, allows the men to conceal, in the many folds of the cravat, that want of symmetry so apparent in their fair companions.

An enumeration of the various causes I have heard assigned as its origin, would fill a chapter; it is often ascribed to the water, but I am inclined to refer it, principally, to the currents of cold damp air, pent up in the narrow glens, and valleys of mountain districts. In passing through these I have frequently observed, that the inhabitants of that side of the hill which basked in the health-giving beams of the sun were nearly exempt, while those who lived in the chill shade opposite, were, with few exceptions, its victims; again, those who dwelt towards the summit of the mountains, exposed to the free breath of heaven, generally escaped. Another curse attendant on alpine countries is the number of Cretins; their appearance

is exceedingly distressing: it is, however, in Switzerland, that we most frequently meet with these abortions of humanity.

On leaving Salzburg, for Munich, the country gradually changed; we lost the sublime scenery to which we had been so long accustomed,—hills succeeded to mountains, and these almost insensibly melted into knolls; the soil was fertile, and the sides of the hills prettily variegated with fine masses of dark wood, green pastures, and corn-fields; villages and hamlets were more frequent, and for the most part well built, and scrupulously clean. The number of labourers in the fields (the majority women) also gave evidence that we had arrived in a more populous district, and I was much pleased to observe the apparently comfortable condition of the peasantry: they were well-dressed, well-fed, and an expression of good-humoured contentment was visible on almost every countenance. I was also happy to find that we had entirely left the region of the goître.

We took up our quarters for the night at Wasserburg, on the Inn, and found at the hotel a large party of the peasants, who had met to celebrate a wedding; this, in Germany, is a very gay affair: the whole party first go to church,—the bride I more than once saw attired in colours, while her youthful companions were in white; but, however dressed, one ornament is never omitted, the jungfrau-kranz (a virgin wreath), which formed of myrtle, is placed on the head of the bride, and being a testimonial of untainted

reputation is prized accordingly: the bride-maid's song in Weber's "der Fruischütz" has reference to this. If the ceremony is celebrated in the reformed church, the clergyman delivers an extemporary exhortation, at the conclusion, on the duties the newly-married couple have undertaken to perform. The afternoon is spent in feasting and waltzing, when the friends of the new married lady present her with some memorial of attachment, which may be useful for her ménage; these are displayed for the admiration of the company. On the present occasion, I could not help smiling at the anticipatory kindness which had provided a quantity of baby-linen; the little caps and petticoats were suspended on lines across the room, greatly to the delight of the donors, and the amusement of the large party assembled.

The whole way between Wasserburg and Munich, we passed over a continuous plain, not very fertile; but, to console us, we had an excellent well-kept road, and the nearer we approached the capital, the villas with their flower gardens multiplied, and the number of equipages, prepared us for the magnificence that awaited us. We were also much amused by the great concourse of peasants returning from the market, whose costume arrested our attention. The men displayed artificial flowers in their round hats, leathern belts embroidered in colours, red waistcoats with silver sugar-loaf buttons, suspenders over the waistcoat either gaily embroidered or made of painted velvet, round blue jackets, tight black breeches, and white stockings;

the women were still more gaudily attired,—there was no longer the short petticoat of the mountaineer, with its hundred folds; and, instead of the broad-brimmed hat, they were generally adorned with a cap of gold tinsel, or a silver head-dress confining the hair and forming a tiara in front, a boddice of blue, red or gold brocade, and a smart coloured cotton skirt, with a flowered muslin apron, formed the distinctive national costume of the peasantry in and around Munich. These gaily-attired damsels have a striking effect in the picture, and the traveller will not easily forget the brilliant appearance produced by such an assemblage of gold and silver tiaras and boddices; and however the reader may laugh at my minuteness in describing them, I confess I always derive great pleasure when I see a peasantry retaining their ancient national costumes.

BAVARIAN COSTUMES NEAR MUNICH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Munich—Table d'hôte—German Amusements—Horsemanship—Shooting-parties—Fine Arts—The King of Bavaria—Palace—People—Manners—Journey to Augsburg—The City—German Casinos—Route to Stutgard.

I ENTERED Munich as the tolling of the bells announced it was twelve o'clock, that important hour when the whole population of Germany are either seated at dinner, or hastening to secure it; and the traveller, unacquainted with German habits, who should then be passing through this very lively city, would record it as one of the most triste-looking towns he had ever entered; the only persons visible being a few men hastening with most un-German-like strides to the table d'hôte, apprehensive of losing their soup, or a few servants carrying their master's dinner from the restaurant, in little, deep earthen-ware dishes, made to fit one into the other, and the whole pile of seven or eight safely packed in a high basket, just large enough to contain them. If this custom of sending out dinners were introduced into England, it would be found very useful

to bachelors and small families, and in consequence of its economy, is daily becoming more general in Germany: the number of customers is probably the reason that the restaurateurs can afford to serve them so cheap.

I put up at the Schwarze-Adler, where I met with good accommodation and moderate charges. Upon taking my seat at the table d'hôte, I found the party to consist of nearly forty persons, the majority military men and civil employées, and it would be impossible to meet in any country with men of more gentlemanly manners. I was placed between two sons of Mars, with most warlike mustachios, a privilege which distinguishes the Bavarian officers from their brethren in Austria. My gallant neighbours displayed towards me the most polite attention, anticipating as far as possible even my wishes; and this marked courtesy was extended merely because I was a stranger. There was no greedy desire displayed to appropriate the contents of the récherché dishes, which I have seen in some other towns in Germany, no endless category of questions as to whence I had come, and whither I was going; there was a sufficient interchange of civilities, which led to a world of courtesies, without that most uncivil cross-questioning, to which I have in a former chapter alluded, so that I absolutely felt as if dining among a party of friends. Add to this, we had an excellent band of music, the dinner was good and well-dressed, and we paid, without wine, forty-eight kreutzers (one shilling and four-pence).

Immediately after dinner, the company broke up; some formed small parties, and commenced playing cards or chess, while others sauntered to the casino to read the daily papers. We are surprised to observe the little exercise that suffices for the frame of a German. The better classes rarely fatigue themselves more violently than in playing a game at billiards, while their humbler brethren content themselves with one at nine pins. Hunting is unknown, and a game at cricket, or a rowing match, such as we have in England, would certainly throw the whole nation into a fever. When a German rides on horseback, he most considerately restrains his steed within a gentle trot; he sits perfectly erect, and appears as immoveably fixed in the saddle as the equestrian statue in Don Juan. On the other hand, he considers us most ungraceful horsemen, worthy successors of Johnny Gilpin; and I have repeatedly seen the inhabitants of whole villages shouting with laughter, as a party of English gentlemen rode past, although they displayed the most approved style of horsemanship à l'Anglaise.

The Germans, however, are by no means despicable horsemen, and make excellent cavalry officers; but the military mode of riding, when exhibited by the Bourgeoise, has, to an English eye, a very ungraceful effect. This mode is, however, general throughout the whole continent; but those foreigners who practise it at an English fox chase will find, to their cost, that we are not quite such novices in the art of riding as they in their simplicity may be pleased to suppose; for I have

generally seen them thrown out of the saddle in five minutes after starting.

Target shooting is much practised in Germany, and the Bavarians, especially, are capital marksmen; for this being a lazy amusement, perfectly accords with the indolent habits of this very quiet people. The principal diversions, however, of the higher classes are shooting parties; so totally different from those we are accustomed to enjoy in our own country, that an Englishman who has attended one, during the depths of winter, must certainly be insensible to the cold, or have a most unnatural propensity for slaughtering the inhabitants of the forest, if he is induced a second time to become a German Jäger.

On these occasions a large party are invited, frequently by the sovereign, consisting rarely of less than from fifty to sixty persons, all of whom must conform to the rules of the Jagdmeister, who places them in certain points of the circle, intended to be the theatre of the chase, from whence they are not allowed to depart. This part of the forest is entirely surrounded by peasants, to prevent the escape of the game. When every thing is arranged, they beat the woods, and drive the animals into the power of the Jägers, each of whom takes his turn to fire; hence the deer and hare are indiscriminately slaughtered. This is all very well until the space becomes contracted, and the animals very numerous; then all order is forgotten in the eagerness of the huntsmen to fire, who, only anxious to secure their prey, shoot in every direction; consc-

quently, if the Jäger returns home without being wounded in mistake by some of the less skilful Nimrods, he may deem himself fortunate. I have seen many of the Kammer-Herren, evidently more accustomed to handle the cue than the gun, and a billiard ball than a bullet, firing as chance might direct: now hitting a tree, and then grazing a hat. In the last shooting party I attended at Gratz in Styria, I actually saw an unhappy son of Esculapius receive the whole discharge of a gun; fortunately it was only a dose of leaden pills, for had it been a bolus, more serious consequences might have ensued than merely protracted lameness. This wholesale method of killing game has, however, the effect of preventing deer and hares from multiplying too rapidly, and supplying the markets most abundantly.

However fascinating this mode of enjoying the chase may be to Germans, it is not so to us; for how is it possible to derive any amusement from shivering for hours up to one's knees in snow, and with hands almost frozen to the gun? These expeditions are always attended by servants with abundance of provisions; but my readers must agree with me, that a fête champetre in the depth of a German winter is any thing but agreeable.

I was much pleased with the general appearance of Munich, which has kept pace with Vienna in the march of modern improvement. This is every where visible; for we see new and splendid streets, extending

in all directions, fine palaces and public edifices, many of them magnificent, surrounded by extensive pleasure-grounds, with fine walks and drives; in short, every object we behold tells us that it is flourishing beneath the sun-shine of peace. Next to Berlin, Munich is the third city in the empire; for, though Dresden, from its beautiful localities, is more captivating, yet this is more striking: add to which, the one is dull and stationary, while the other is lively and attractive, and continually advancing in prosperity. Munich can also boast a gallery of paintings, which gives fair promise of rivalling that of Dresden; for even at present, whether we regard the number or excellence of the pictures, it is surpassed by few in Europe. If we find a greater number of the Italian school at Dresden, we have here a much better collection of the Flemish and German, including some of the finest works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Ruysdael, and many others whose excellence every traveller of taste will immediately recognise. Besides the Munich gallery, there are several private collections worthy the attention of a traveller.

The Glypthotheck is equally entitled to our admiration; not only for its fine architecture, (being universally considered one of the most chaste and beautiful buildings in Europe,) but for the treasures it enshrines. This splendid edifice has been only recently completed, and reflects the highest honour on the taste and munificence of his present majesty, who, although the

monarch of only a small state, with a large family and slender revenue, has reared one of the proudest monuments to the fine arts in Germany; a monument that will transmit his name to posterity, as one of the most accomplished princes of his time.

In no other part of Germany have the fine arts met with such fostering encouragement as in Munich; not even in the wealthy Vienna itself: this they owe to the munificence of the nobility and the king. It is indeed his majesty's favourite object to cherish and rear to perfection the first germ of genius which may develope itself in any of his subjects; we cannot, therefore, feel surprised that Munich has in modern days produced a Cornelius and Julius Schnorr, artists who rank among the highest in Europe. I am sorry I cannot extend my commendations to the literature, which unfortunately here, as in every part of Germany, is not in a flourishing condition. How can it be otherwise? restricted as it is by the surveillance of the censorship. How can an author write with spirit and energy, when he knows that his productions must be submitted to the decision of a man perhaps incapable of comprehending any thing beyond mere matters of fact, and possibly unintellectual and vulgar, who may misconstrue as too liberal that which he has not sufficient depth of mind to appreciate? Again, Munich, like every other city in Germany, is inundated with spies; a mode of preventing mischief, I should have thought, altogether unnecessary, when we remember what an orderly people the Germans are, and none more so than the natives of Bavaria.

I am conscious that, by stating these and similar facts, I shall provoke the ire of the German press, which is restrained from promulgating ought but what is consonant with the wishes and sentiments of the all-potent Bundes-Tag; but, as I love truth more than I fear the anger of its writers, I shall continue to describe things as I find them; and in England the scissors, thank Heaven! is only seen on the fair fingers of our women.

The laxity of public morals in Munich is said to exceed even that at Berlin or Vienna, and it is much to be regretted that high example was, formerly, not wanting to give fashion to libertinism. We will, however, charitably hope that time may have effected a reformation; but if the king has perhaps too openly braved censure in this respect, we must not forget that he is otherwise a very estimable man, and can claim the high distinction of being the most intellectual sovereign of his day. The splendid collection of paintings and sculpture at Munich have been principally selected by his refined taste; many of the magnificent edifices and various improvements, both in the capital, and other parts of his dominions, also acknowledge him as their author; for the plans were all submitted to his approval, and in many instances furnished by himself. As a linguist, he is highly accomplished: I have frequently heard him converse in the court circle in six different languages, to which, I was informed, he adds some of the Oriental languages. Indeed, every man of talent, whether Ger-

man or foreigner, who approaches the royal family of Munich, will be certain of meeting with a most courteous reception. The king is fond of intellectual society, and admires the man whose brow has been wreathed by fame, however obscure his birth, more than an empty-headed possessor of a gilded coronet. (What an admirable example for German princes!) The Queen Theresa is extremely affable: nor is this her highest praise; for she has been through life a pattern of domestic virtue to a fine family of children, and to a people who never mention her name but with admiration and respect. But, however highly we may estimate the character of the Queen of Bavaria; it is but justice to add, that this eulogy is equally deserved by nearly the whole of the princesses of Germany, who are, with scarcely an exception, high examples of female excellence.

Those who are admirers of fine sights and wonders, will not fail to be amused and delighted by a ramble through the Königs-Schloss, famous for containing a bed which cost eight hundred thousand florins; the weight of the gold ornaments alone is upwards of two hundred and twenty pounds. I must, however, say that I was far more interested by some well-executed ancient tapestry, delineating the deeds of the great founder of the Bavarian dynasty, Otto von Wittelsbach. The palace treasury, which is very rich, contains a beautiful copy of Trajan's column, in lapis lazuli, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, with a diamond crown, not less valuable for its materials than as a

work of art; but the most costly gem of the whole is the statue of "Saint George and the Dragon," ornamented with a profusion of brilliants, pearls, and other precious stones, rivalling in value and beauty the famous bouquet of Maria Theresa, at Vienna.

The public institutions of Munich are, in every respect, admirable, and not inferior to those we have already described at Berlin and Vienna. There are schools and hospitals, an academy of sciences, a university, and a very fine public library. The inhabitants are equally well provided with amusements; for, independently of the galleries, there are extensive and well laid-out pleasure grounds, abundance of coffee gardens, the casino, and theatre: the latter is a fine building, and operas are very well given; with respect to the ballet, I shall only say, that any other mode of dancing than the waltz, appears foreign to the Germans.

One regulation in force at Munich, and indeed throughout Germany, with respect to servants, deserves to be mentioned: by this each servant is provided with a book, in which his master, when parting with him, inserts a testimonial of his good conduct, and also affixes his own name and address; this the domestic must carry to the chief officer of the police, who countersigns it. This regulation is imperative upon servants of both sexes; and no person takes a servant, without first ascertaining that the attestation is properly entered. Would not the adoption of a similar plan tend to improve the conduct of this class of persons in our own large towns?

The climate of Munich is by no means favourable to those afflicted with pulmonary complaints; this is partly owing to its elevated situation, which is nearly sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and partly to a keen, cutting wind, which blows occasionally across the plain, from the neighbouring chains of the Carnic and Tyrolean Alps: this in winter is most piercing, and even in summer its chill blasts occasion such a sudden change in the atmosphere, that cloaks and furs are scarcely sufficient to protect us from its effects.

During the time I was at Munich, the Emperor Nicholas delivered his insane tirade at Warsaw; and I have seldom witnessed a more indignant burst of public feeling than it excited in every society; indeed it formed the topic of conversation among all classes. It animated the usually taciturn Bavarian: the military, generally so reserved on political subjects, were communicative; and even the presence of Russian and Prussian spies, who are known to visit all the soirées, failed to repress manifestations of popular feeling. The Russians were silent, unable to vindicate what they dared not blame; but, as Prussians must talk, they went the length of pronouncing the emperor's language to be uncalled for!

Previous to leaving Munich, I ascended the tower of Notre Dame, which commands a fine prospect over nearly the whole limits of the Duchy of Bavaria, the Vindelicia of the Romans, the ancestral territory of the very ancient house of Wittelsbach. The sove-

reigns of Bavaria owe the title of king and the extension of their territory to Napoleon, who more than doubled it at the expense of Austria and the surrounding princes; so that we now find Bavaria the third power in Germany, and its sovereign ruling over a territory of fifteen hundred German square miles, including some of the most fertile countries in the empire, Franconia, part of Swabia, and the Rhenish provinces, with a population of five millions.

Although the charge of immorality made against the citizens of Munich is, I fear, but too well founded, yet this censure cannot be extended to the inhabitants of the country; indeed, I know of none among the people of the Germanic nations, that rank higher in the scale of morals than the Bavarians; they are also honest, manly, and straightforward, a character equally applicable to their neighbours, the Swabians. These are genuine Germans, unmixed with Gallic or Sclavonic blood, and the similarity between the peasantry and our own is most striking. The same robust forms, the same love of truth and fair dealing, and the same attachment to beer drinking! The lower classes of Bavaria are, however, still ignorant and superstitious; for we find images of the Virgin and of the Saints in nearly every house; and thousands of deluded devotees annually journey to pay their adorations at the shrine of the miraculous image of Maria-Zell. Previous to the reign of the late King Maximilian, the whole country might be said to have been under the jurisdiction of the monks. To this enlightened monarch

the country is much indebted, and the Bavarians of every class speak of him with as much enthusiasm as the French do of Henri Quatre.

The route between Munich and Augsburg offers little to interest, except the ruined castle of Dachau, once the residence of the celebrated Otto von Wittelsbach, which the traveller would do well to ascend, as it commands a fine prospect over Munich, and the immense plain that surrounds it, together with a distant view of the Tyrolean alps. The aspect of the country over which I now travelled, though mountainous, was, for the most part, fertile, and generally under a good system of husbandry; but the absence of farm-houses, and the immense fields, without hedge or enclosure, render the landscape tiresome to the eye of an Englishman.

This plain is singularly infested with field mice, and in no other did I ever observe such quantities; the sides of the roads were every where burrowed, and myriads of the nimble little animals were skipping about in every direction. When I expressed my surprise to the peasants, they informed me the vermin were on the increase, as every means hitherto resorted to for destroying them had proved ineffectual, and that their depredations were incalculable.

I also observed such vast fields of cabbage, that a stranger would be led to believe them intended as food for the quadrupeds, not deeming it possible that the bipeds could consume the whole; but sauer-kraut is the national dish of Germany, and I should be very

glad if it was introduced into general use in England. The German method of preparing the cabbage not only destroys its tendency to generate gas in the stomach, but renders it easy of digestion. However, a volume written in its praise would not be half so convincing as the strong, healthy-looking peasantry in many parts of Germany, with whom I know it formed the principal article of food; and it is quite as popular with the higher classes. The Germans consider it more economical than the potatoe, and not so liable to suffer from the weather, particularly early frosts; and it has at least one advantage to the rich man, who may be partial to an extra bottle of wine, that it is a preventive against intoxication; for there is such an antipathy between the cabbage and vine, that, if planted in the vicinity of each other, the latter, however luxuriant it may previously have been, will in a few weeks droop, and eventually die.

Those among my readers who may be desirous of making sauer-kraut, a vegetable which is daily becoming more fashionable in England, and has already been adopted as an article of food in the navy, will find it in the following receipt:—

When the cabbage has arrived at maturity, or even beyond it, that is, when white and very hard, (for the crops are left on the ground till late in autumn,) the outer leaves are first peeled off, the cabbage is then divided, and the stalk entirely cut away. It is now placed in a machine, which sets in motion several sharp blades, that cut it much in the same manner as we do pickled

cabbage, but finer; this process being completed, the whole is closely packed in barrels, and between each layer of cabbage is placed a sprinkling of salt, carraway seeds, and juniper berries; when the barrels are full they are closely covered, and pressed by heavy weights; in three weeks or a month it is fit for use, and will keep good for years. Care must be taken, when any part of it is removed, that the remainder is left covered with its own brine. During the season for preparing the sauer-kraut, thousands of persons are employed in cutting the cabbage. It requires four hours to boil, and is usually served with salt meat. The Bavarian method is, after it has been boiled, to mix with it butter and red wine.

Augsburg, formerly a free imperial city, is one of the finest old towns in Germany. The Maximilian Strasse is a noble street, more than three-quarters of a mile in length, wide and airy, with lofty well-built houses, and ornamented with several fine fountains. Of these it is impossible to speak but in terms of praise; every town and village in Germany is furnished with them, thereby affording a plentiful supply of water to the whole population, without any expense, except the labour of fetching it; and, perhaps, no scene is more characteristic of a German town, than the fountain of a summer evening, when we see all the maid servants in the town surrounding it, employed in washing salad for supper—

"And then they talk—ye gods, how they will talk!"

This was now the case as I entered my hotel, the Drei Mohren (Three Moors).

This very ancient city, the Vindelicium of the Romans, made no inconsiderable figure in the history of the middle ages: here the Lutherans presented the confession of their faith to the Emperor Charles V., and laid the foundation of that dreadful religious war which lasted thirty years. Heaven grant that mankind may never witness such another! In 1616, Augsburg numbered eighty thousand inhabitants; at present, in conjunction with the garrison, hardly thirty-five thousand: at that time she was one of the most commercial towns in Europe, being the principal depôt for merchandise between Venice and Antwerp; and the fame of her gold and silversmiths extended throughout Christendom: these, in the present day, are succeeded by manufacturers of bad earthenware, and still worse glass, together with nails that no Englishman would use.

Her rich citizens, the Fuggers, Welsers, and Peutingers, were the Rothschilds of the age. The founder of the house of Fugger was originally a weaver, an occupation he deserted for commerce, and in which he was so successful, that he not only lent a million of florins to Charles V., but entertained him and his court on their way to Vienna for several days, in the most sumptuous manner: and to make the concluding banquet worthy of an emperor, he performed the well-known act of burning Charles's bond for the million

of florins in a fire of cinnamon and spices. The monarch was so impressed with the generosity of his host, that he created him a count, and, what was still better, gave to him and his descendants large landed estates; so that, in process of time, "As rich as a Fugger" became a proverb in Germany.

The Rathhaus is the finest edifice in the town,—the splendid hall, supported by eight columns of red marble, will not fail to interest the man of taste. It is ornamented by several good paintings, among which those by A. Dürer, Rubens, Vandyke, Carlo Dolce, and Caracci are the most distinguished. Taken altogether, Augsburg, notwithstanding it is sadly shorn of its ancient glory, is still an interesting town; and a few days spent in visiting its lions will not be thrown away: there are also several fine promenades and subscription gardens, where the society is select; those under the patronage of the military hold the highest distinction—they have all bands of music. These musical performances in the public gardens and pleasure grounds, together with the opportunity of hearing the military bands that play every evening in summer in all the towns of Germany, are not only a source of great enjoyment to the people, but disseminates a pure musical taste among all classes; for we hear some of the finest compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, &c. extremely well performed.

The casinos also form another distinguished feature in German society; every town in the empire possesses one. The principal inhabitants, together with the

military and resident strangers, are the members, who are admitted by ballot; but the Jews, with an illiberality which reflects no credit on the Germans, are invariably excluded. The annual subscription in populous towns rarely exceeds eighteen florins (thirty shillings) a year. This sum entitles the subscriber to the use of an excellent library, a reading room, liberally supplied with newspapers, reviews, the periodical literature of the country, and very generally those of England and France; also a free admission to the concerts and balls,—the former are given twice a week, and the latter monthly; but, during the carnival, still more frequently. The committee of management procures music, lights, attendants, performers for the concerts, fuel during the winter, &c. These establishments have also attached to them restaurateurs, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms, to which none but subscribers are admissible: the prices are regulated, and generally moderate. Strangers are usually introduced by their banker: to these admission is gratuitously accorded for the space of one month, when they are eligible to become subscribers. Ladies who subscribe are excluded from the reading-room; it being, I suppose, apprehended that their bright eyes would prove more attractive than the scanty political details with which the newspapers are furnished; but they may peruse them, with the books, at their own houses.

Thus, for a very trifling expense, the inhabitants of provincial towns in Germany are provided with a pleasant point of re-union, without the rivalry and

expense which we too often see in England. I have purposely given a lengthened account of these institutions, as I cannot but think that their introduction into our towns would not only tend to much rational amusement, but disseminate a more intellectual taste, a more social feeling, and certainly have a material influence in promoting the prosperity of literature.

The country wore the same monotonous aspect between Augsburg and Ulm, which characterised that between the former town and Munich. After crossing the Danube, we enter Wurtemberg, and very shortly after, leaving Ulm behind us, we again find ourselves in a mountain region, the Swabian Alps, upon one of whose peaks is situated the ruins of the castle of the Hohenstaufen family, once the mighty rulers of Germany, but long since extinct.

The first town we came to worthy of notice was Geislingen, situated at the base of a mountain, and though picturesque enough when seen from a distance, yet on a nearer acquaintance, every poetical idea is dispelled by the sight of its miserable inhabitants, and as it happened to be market-day, I observed that numbers of the peasantry displayed unequivocal symptoms of the goître. The pavement was wretchedly bad; but that did not exempt me from paying a heavy tax in the form of pflaster-geld (pavement money). The demand for this is the first sound that greets the ear of the traveller as he enters a German town, and the money is said to be expended in keeping the pavement in repair; but as I have passed through very many

which did not seem to have undergone any improvement since the days of Charlemagne, I must conclude that pflaster-geld is frequently merely a figurative expression, the literal meaning of which is—money for the pockets of the Burgomaster and the corporation. The roads are, however, well kept; and they have also the convenient custom in this part of Germany of affixing the name of each town and village in some conspicuous place near the entrance, together with finger-posts at all the cross roads. The traveller also is not detained by turnpikes, as on entering Bavaria, he pays at once, to the inspector of roads, the whole amount of toll money for the distance he intends to traverse: the same method of administration is likewise pursued in Würtemberg; but in no part of Germany have I found better roads, better posting, and cheaper tolls, than in Austria.

On leaving the little town of Bochingen behind us, we once more enter the land of the vine; the appearance of the population sensibly improved, and the whole route from hence to Stutgard lay through a country of great beauty and fertility, being a succession of orchards and vine-clad hills crowned by fine forest trees. Soon after passing Esslingen with its old gothic tower, the beautiful chapel on the Rothenberg disclosed its picturesque form, the Neckar rolled at our feet, and, as it was the festival of the vintage, the cabarets were filled with the peasants sacrificing to Bacchus, and mingling the sounds of their boisterous mirth with those of music and dancing. The scene was even still more lively as beneath the shades of

evening we entered Stutgard, which, surrounded by a chain of hills with terraced vineyards, presented a coup d'œil really beautiful: the countless summer-houses dotted about the hills were illuminated; rockets were blazing in every direction, and repeated discharges of fire-arms broke the silence of the night.

COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTS OF WURTEMBERG.

CHAPTER XXV

Stutgard—King's Palace—Theatre—Dannecker—Anecdote of Schiller—Environs—Ludwigslust—Hohenasperg—Journey to Strasburg—German Emigrants—Kehl—National Character of the Germans—Strasburg—Cathedral—Departure for Paris—Concluding Remarks.

STUTGARD being the capital of a little kingdom, with a population of one million two hundred thousand, and the seat of government, we behold, while rambling through its streets, quite as much military parade and court splendour as if we were in Vienna; and the king's palace is far more magnificent than any I have seen belonging to the Emperor of Austria. It is certainly a most imposing edifice, and has the advantage of being situated at once in town and country; on one side it opens into a fine park, and on the other into a spacious square, planted with trees, fronting the Königs Strasse, the finest street in the town: from hence, in whatever direction we turn our attention, we have a pleasing picture of the encircling hills, mingling their variegated foliage with the buildings of the town. But however we may admire the beautiful architecture of

the palace, yet we must condemn the bad taste which permits the unsightly wooden theatre to remain united to one of its splendid wings.

Stutgard wants what Munich has in too great abundance, water and air. As for the first, there is nothing but a dirty ditch running through the centre of the town; with respect to the latter, being situated in a deep hollow, it is in winter enveloped in mists and fogs, and in summer the inhabitants find it necessary to emigrate to the mountains, to escape the malaria. In short, Stutgard does not offer a single inducement to the traveller to prolong his stay, unless he is partial to studying old books and moth eaten MSS. in the king's library. There is no gallery of paintings, nor any other collection of works of art, such as we find at Munich. The king, however partial he may be to the ballet, is no patron of the fine arts. He is just one of those negative characters, who, contented to exist for themselves, never think of extending their sphere of usefulness for the benefit of others.

I was much pleased at the theatre with Seydelman's performance of Macbeth; he certainly deserves the praise of being one of the best tragic actors in Germany;—in his style I thought he resembled Talma. Demoiselle Stubenrauch is another of the theatrical luminaries of Stutgard, and though a good singer, and first-rate actress, yet since she has advanced so high in the good graces of a certain illustrious personage, she has declined in favour with the public.

I was indebted to a friend at Stutgard for an intro-

duction to the Geheime-Rath, M. Lehr, who conducted me into one of the rooms of his house in which Schiller wrote his "Robbers." We spent the evening with Dannecker, who, though seventy-eight years of age, still retains, in a great degree, the vivacity of youth. He is a well-informed man, of the middle size; and his large blue eyes even yet sparkle with the fire of that genius which has obtained for him the wreath of immortality, while his gray locks impart a venerable appearance to his fine, intellectual-looking head. He pointed out to me the bust of Schiller, with whom he lived upon terms of the most intimate friendship. This beautiful work of art, said to be a most faithful resemblance of the original, is finished, in its minutest part, with an elaborate exactness that astonishes the beholder, and almost appears breathing with animation. He considers it his best work, and though he has been repeatedly offered the most extravagant prices, yet such is his attachment to the memory of his friend, that he has refused to part with it.

How many clever men has not Swabia produced? This was the land of Wieland, Spittler, Moser, Paulus, and Schiller. My friend related an interesting anecdote of the latter, which, I believe, is not generally known in England.

When Schiller was a young man, he was extremely desirous of assuming the profession of an actor; at length the happy moment arrived that was to introduce him as a candidate for histrionic fame. It was

the birth-day of the late Duke of Würtemberg, in 1780. Being an intimate friend of the manager, he was allowed to select his own play, when he chose Clavigo, by Göthe, (who was also his friend,) in which he was to play the principal character. Young, sanguine, ardent, and imaginative, he expected to make such an impression on the audience, as would at once stamp him an actor of first-rate excellence; his style of acting was to constitute a new era in dramatic history, and entirely eclipse that of any son of Thespis who had preceded him. The important evening arrived, the hero in prospective was on the stage, the curtain was withdrawn: but, when the hitherto confident debutant cast a bewildered glance on the crowded house, and found himself exposed to the gaze of all the rank, beauty, and fashion, of the court and town, he lost all self-command, stammered, hesitated, and was silent. The cheers of the audience so far re-assured him, that he was enabled tremblingly to proceed; but his air-built castles of fame having vanished, and with them his buoyancy of spirit, he played in such a style as to convulse the audience with laughter; and our actor was at length obliged to quit the stage, overwhelmed with hisses. The sensitive mind of Schiller sunk beneath the blow, and he continued in such a state of despondency, that it was feared he would terminate his existence. His friends attempted to console him, by suggesting that some of the greatest dramatic writers, such as Otway, Jonson, and Voltaire, had been equally unsuccessful in attempting to excel as

actors; still he refused to be consoled, till they added, that even Shakspeare was one of the worst performers that ever trod the stage: the magic name of England's immortal bard aroused him from his lethargy, he remained for a few minutes buried in thought, then suddenly exclaimed with energy, "I will be Germany's Shakspeare." In what manner he redeemed his pledge posterity have decided.

The environs of Stutgard are far more interesting than the city; the surrounding hills afford endless excursions to the pedestrian. The mineral springs at Kannstadt are the favourite resort of the beau-monde, to which we are conducted through the fine park of the king. There is also another mineral bath in the mountains, called Wildbad, distant some six or seven leagues, of considerable fame for the efficacy of its waters, and the beauty of its scenery. In the immediate vicinity of the town, on the banks of the Neckar, is Rosenstein, the fine summer residence of the king, not less remarkable for its very tasteful architecture, than the splendid prospect it commands over the surrounding country. From hence we may direct our steps to the chapel on the Rothenberg, erected as a monument to the memory of the late Queen Catherine, formerly Duchess of Oldenburg. In this beautiful little temple divine service is celebrated every Sunday, according to the rites of the Greek church. I cannot leave Stutgard, without mentioning my hotel, the König von England; and those of my readers who may happen to pass through the town, will find it one of the best in Germany.

On my route to Carlsruhe, I visited the palace at Ludwigslust, the residence of the late Dowager Queen of Würtemburg (Princess Royal of England). I was much gratified to hear that her virtues had endeared her memory to all classes; she encouraged and protected the fine arts, gave numerous pensions to the poor, and her loss will be long regretted by the inhabitants of Ludwigslust.

Not far distant from the palace is Hohenasperg, the bastile of Würtemberg; within whose dark walls pines a victim to the vengeance of the Bundes-Tag, Capt. ———; a most excellent man, whose only crime consisted in a written allusion to the profligate character of Ludwig, the late Duke of Baden, although it was previously known throughout all Germany. This indiscreet publication in a despotic country has blighted all his earthly happiness, and ruined the publisher, M. Franck of Stutgard.

Soon after leaving Ludwigslust, we pass through one of the most charming districts in Swabia; the country is every where finely diversified with wooded hills and fertile valleys stretching across each other, in most of which even the vine is not a stranger; here and there might be seen a picturesque castle on the heights, while the boisterous Enns rolled its rapid stream beneath; but on passing the commercial town of Pforzheim we leave the beautiful hills behind us, and perceive the vast plain of the fertile Pfaltz, which we very shortly enter.

I remained a few days at Carlsruhe, where I learned

that the allied powers of the North had taken possession of Cracow. This step has created a great sensation in Germany, being the first event of any importance that has occurred since the conference at Töplitz. May we not, then, reasonably conclude that it will be succeeded by events of still greater importance?

On my way to Strasburg the weather was extremely cold, the snow not being entirely melted on the hills; yet I met whole families of poor German peasants on their way to Havre de Grace, there to embark for America. It was melancholy to see the poor little children in cradles, suspended from the carts, exposed to the keen blasts of a March wind. Their parents were, in general, strong, healthy-looking Swabians; they gave me a most deplorable account of the poverty of their compatriots, who they represented as borne down by excessive taxation; and this, be it remembered, in a country where there is neither commerce nor manufactures: thousands, I understand, annually emigrate, and tens of thousands more would follow if they had the means. The distress in Germany is principally owing to the large armies at present maintained on the war footing.

Perhaps, no town in Europe has suffered more from the ravages of war than Kehl; thrice it was entirely reduced to ashes, more than a dozen times partially destroyed, and so late as 1822, the church was rebuilding for the fifteenth time! The neighbouring fields have been so often the theatre of deadly strife, that

they are still strewed with the whitened bones of myriads. After the annexation of Strasburg to France, Kehl became the key of the empire, and was strongly fortified; since the destruction of the works during the late war, they have not been rebuilt, and Germany is at this point totally unprotected.

Although want of space obliges me to bring my sketches to a close, yet no critic will be more ready to assert, than I shall be to admit, that many particulars, relative to the country, character, manners, and customs of the Germans, remain untold. But how would it be possible to comprise the various details, which such an extensive empire supplies, in two small volumes? I must, therefore, content myself with a few general observations.

The Germanic empire is inhabited by two distinct races,—Germans and Sclavonians: we find the former in the centre, south-west, on the shores of the North Sea, and part of the Baltic; the latter predominate in the provinces north-east of the Elbe, on the banks of the Moldau, and in the south-eastern provinces of Austria. It is difficult to say which of the two races are most proud of the origin of their name—the one, Germani (men of war), and the other, Slawa (men of renown). After the destruction of the Roman empire, the Teutonic or German tribes assumed a high rank among the nations. They subdued Gaul, Italy, Britain, Spain, and North Africa: their bravery was the dyke against the devastations of the Huns, the Tartars, and the Turks: they gave the name of Franks to the Gauls,

of Engelland to Britain; and Germany claims as her sisters Scandinavia, Belgium, Holland, and Great Britain. Notwithstanding Germany is situated in the centre of Europe, her shores washed by the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Adriatic,—to which we may add that the Danube connects her with the Black Sea, and that she is intersected by fifty navigable rivers, many of which might be connected with the ocean by means of canals to the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Oder, yet her rank as a commercial nation is very low. This is not so much referrible to the want of industry, or supineness of the inhabitants in availing themselves of their natural resources, as to the long wars of which that country has been so frequently the theatre.

The population is very nearly divided between the professors of Catholicism and Protestantism: we find the former predominating in the south, and the latter in the north; but we rarely meet with fanaticism, except in the remote districts of the Austrian and Bavarian provinces; and we may confidently assert, that the great majority of the people of both communions are attentive to their religious duties: still we find here and there a considerable number of metaphysical doubters, and not a few sectarians professing the most wild and extravagant tenets; but we may, without fear of contradiction, assert that, taken upon the whole, scepticism is not on the increase in Germany, neither is it countenanced by the better classes.

The theological authors of Germany deservedly rank

high; but more for deep research and profound thought than brilliant eloquence: this, indeed, is seldom found in any class of German writers, nor in their public orations. Perhaps our expectations are raised too high, knowing as we do that the language is rich to exuberance, and capable of embodying the loftiest flights of eloquence. Must we not then seek for the cause of the deficiency in the character of the people? In jurisprudence, history, mathematics, medicine, the fine arts,—in short, in all the various departments of knowledge, the works of the Germans are valuable additions to the library of the student; and in no other country do we find the blessings of education more generally diffused. Numerous universities, with professors deservedly celebrated for their extensive scholastic attainments, place the higher branches of learning within the reach of the better classes; and there are a sufficient number of schools not only in Protestant, but in Catholic Germany, to rescue the mass of the population from the evils of ignorance.

One of the first features that attracts the attention of the stranger, after being in some degree familiarized with the national character of the Germans, is their attachment to order and regularity: nothing annoys them more than a compulsory deviation from their usual routine; and in many instances to effect this is impossible. An Englishman, who has been accustomed to see in his own country nearly every consideration sacrificed to the love of gain, feels surprised to find that money will not induce an Italian to forego his amuse-

ments, nor a German to put himself out of his way. How heartily will every traveller assent to the truth of this, who has attempted to transact business in Germany, between the hours of twelve and two, when the whole flood of affairs stands still throughout this vast empire. All the public offices are closed, and in many of the towns even the shops. The detention this causes the traveller, with respect to passports, letters, &c., is most annoying; nor is it less so when he finds he has arrived half a minute too late at his banker's, or money changer's. I assure my readers, that more than once I found the worthy chief, though in the act of locking the door of his comptoir, yet positively refused to return: expostulation and entreaty were equally unavailing, unless he happened to be a Jew.

Indeed, the sons of Israel adroitly take advantage of this feature in the German character, and accordingly we find them, in every town throughout the empire, generally thriving and wealthy; for they bend to circumstances, instead of vainly trying to make circumstances bend to them. Nearly allied to this characteristic of the German is his firmness, with the good and bad qualities connected with it—perseverance, obstinacy, &c. On the one side, if a German commences an undertaking, no discouragement will deter him from prosecuting it, and that with an unremitting assiduity, which generally succeeds; and when this patient industry is united to genius, productions of the very highest excellence are of course the result. To

this characteristic is also owing that, in a young country, the Germans succeed better as settlers than the natives of any other nation; for we always find them, in consequence of their ability to bear privations, their patient industry, and perseverance, more flourishing than their neighbours. Indeed the Germans themselves admit that their character always improves by transplanting, and that they flourish better in a strange country, than if they had remained on the parent soil. On the other hand, if the judgment of a German has ill-directed him in the choice of his enterprise, he is rarely wise enough to abandon it till too late; for he clings with pertinacity to whatever he has once adopted: to the same cause we may also ascribe his strong attachment to the customs and usages of his forefathers—these he holds inviolate, and is much inclined to regard novelties with contempt.

As the Germans are heavy, serious, and thinking, we cannot feel surprised at the scarcity of wit, playfulness, and humour, both in their conversation and literature; and we must also be of the opinion, that they do not excel in the fabrication of those articles which require taste and fancy; neither are they quick in comprehension, quick in action, nor, in short, quick in any thing: but, at the same time, they are free from the follies which are so frequently exhibited by a more volatile and quick-witted people. A dislike to innovation, and a determination to bear present ills, rather than rush madly on unknown evils, for the sake

of uncertain good, is also another trait in the German character; in this, as well as in every other respect, they differ most widely from their neighbours the French; and in nothing more, than in the absence of vanity.

Although, as we before observed, the Germans are a sober, reflecting people, yet, singular to say, on some occasions none evince a greater enthusiasm, or are more violently infected with a national epidemic; of this I could give many instances by referring to history, but I shall merely content myself with alluding to the striking manner in which this was exemplified at the close of the Polish revolution:—then, in open defiance of the known wishes of the authorities, the exiles were received with the warmest acclamations,—their progress to France every where resembled a triumph, and it is no exaggeration to say that the poorest man in Germany would have divided his last kreutzer with a Pole. For instance, I witnessed even the peasantry sharing with the distressed fugitives their bread, wine, and, in short, all they had to give, showing to what a degree of enthusiasm a German may be aroused.

The manners of the Germans are, for the most part, mild and conciliating; the lower orders are respectful to their superiors, and civil to each other; and the higher classes courteous: this they sometimes carry to excess. They receive strangers kindly when introduced, but are shy of making the first advances towards acquaintanceship. While upon this subject, perhaps it

may be as well to mention, that it is etiquette in Germany for the stranger to leave his card, and not for the residents to pay the first visit. I have known many an English family, ignorant of this custom, offend all the principal inhabitants of a town; while the English, on their part, were equally angry at the churlish, unsocial manners of the Germans.

Caution, in many cases approaching to timidity, forms another constituent of the German character: hence their want of commercial enterprize; hence the absence of any public works begun and carried on by the people. But in nothing is this caution more strikingly evinced, than in matters affecting their health: every family pays a physician a certain sum annually; and no German will even venture on a dose of rhubarb, without consulting the Herr doctor! consequently the whole system of wholesale and retail quackery, so friendly to the interests of the undertaker in this country, is unknown in Germany; with that class of medical men known in England as apothecaries, they are also unacquainted. There is the physician and surgeon, who give advice, and the druggist (Apotheke), who supplies the medicine. A rule imperative on the latter is, I cannot but think, very useful in preventing suicide and murder: poison, in whatever form, is forbidden to be sold, except an order from a medical man is produced. If a law to the same effect were established in England, at least with regard to the more deadly poisons, such as arsenic, &c. would it not hinder the perpetration of many a deed of horror?

From the sketch I have attempted to give of the character of the Germans, it will appear probable that crime, in its worst form, is not frequent, and, on inquiry, we shall find our supposition confirmed by facts. This, I presume, may be owing partly to the absence of large overgrown cities, and partly to the power of endurance which a German possesses, and which will lead him to bear many evils before he resorts to crime for deliverance; and also that the great mass of the people are not engaged in manufactures, which are certainly more favourable to the wealth, than to the morals of a nation: to this we may add, he does not exhibit any inordinate thirst for gain; nor must we forget, that he is rarely cursed with a wife who sets the laws of sobriety at defiance, as German women, for the most part, practise this virtue most scrupulously; hence the poor man, at least in this respect, enjoys domestic comfort.

On crossing the Rhine into Alsace, there is nothing to remind us that we are really within the territories of la belle France except the national ensign, and the dark, sallow complexions of her southern soldiers; the peasantry are distinguished by the same broad shoulders, broad faces, and fair complexions, exhibited by the people we have just left, and we still find the same openness and sincerity that characterise the Teutonic races in every part of the world; and although there are many French residing in all the towns and villages of these ancient Germanic provinces, and the

French language that of the pulpit and government, yet two centuries have not been able to eradicate the differences in manners, language, &c.

Strasburg has the double misfortune of being at once a fortified and a frontier town, and consequently full of stagnant moats, custom-house officers, and soldiers. German writers tell us, that the town fell into the hands of the French solely through the treachery of its burgomaster, in 1682. The citadel, with the inscription, "Servat et Observat," deserves to be inspected; and no man of taste will pass through the town without visiting its fine cathedral, and although it has been so often criticized and condemned for real and imaginary faults, yet, taken altogether, it is one of the first Gothic buildings extant. Who can behold the symmetry of its proportions, the delicacy of its workmanship, the absence of tawdry ornaments and crowds of statues, without being charmed? The admirable harmony and beauty of the architecture is perhaps most striking in the spire, which, rising to a height of five hundred feet from the pavement, is at once so slender and delicately carved, that we almost wonder how it is supported. The interior, with its majestic columns, lofty aisles, and dim perspective, is equally imposing, while the faint light streaming through the exquisite painted windows, imparts to the whole edifice an air of devotional, solemn grandeur.

The church of St. Thomas, devoted to the reformed worship, contains the celebrated production of Pigale,—the monument erected to Marshal Saxe, by Louis XV.

The whole is in marble, and the figures are the natural size: the composition is admirable, and the first impression captivating; but, if we examine it in detail, we shall find all the beauties and defects exhibited by the French artists of the last century, and indeed of the present—an exaggerated tone in the attitude and expression of the figures.

To the curious in gourmandizing, Strasburg offers the attraction of her celebrated patés; which savoury edifices are constructed of game, poultry, truffles, and, in short, of the most récherché materials employed in the Cuisine Française; and that those who reside at a distance may enjoy the dainties, they are carefully packed in small wooden boxes, and exported; and the Strasburg hams are only rivalled by those of Westphalia.

I wish I was writing in 1815, then I could vent my feelings in a description of a French diligence: the German Eilwagen is certainly clumsy enough, yet it eclipses the other in neatness and expedition; as to comfort, perhaps the traveller who is not partial to sitting in a tobacco vapour bath would give the preference to the French vehicle, for life is death to a German without his pipe. At the first sight of the French machine, we perceive it to be a union of the stage-coach and common waggon, loaded with boxes and packages to the height of a pyramid,—this, with the rough-coated meagre horses, knotted rope-harness, and unique postillion, offers no temptation to perform a journey under such guidance; yet, if we are so fortunate as to procure a place in the coupé, which is tole-

rably commodious, with large windows in front, we shall have no great cause to complain of any thing except the pace, which, including stoppages, is about five miles an hour.

The traveller, who may be doomed to traverse France at this season of the year, will discover little to admire, even in Alsace, one of its most beautiful provinces; true it is, we shall find finely wooded hills, the mountains of the Vosges, &c. still these are very insufficient substitutes for the absence of a rural population. There are no gentlemen's seats, surrounded by extensive parks, and clumps of evergreens, which breathe an air of comfort and wealth; no farm-houses, with their bleating flocks; no groups of shooting parties, no athletic sportsmen, mounted on their fleet hunters, as we see only in England, and which at once ornament and give life to the winter landscape. Instead of these, we look out upon a dreary extent of uninclosed land, seldom varied by the meanest cottage,—the peasants of the country being as great enemies to solitude as their lords; for the one reside in Paris, and the other live together in villages. But this is not all; for if we alight at an hotel to pass the night, the cold aspect of the sitting-room, with its red tiles, and one or two smouldering pieces of half-burned wood on the hearth, is sufficient to make a man abjure travelling for ever; for fuel, so indispensable to winter comfort, is very expensive in France; and although the stove of Germany is much inferior to the blazing coal fire in England, yet we are certain in that country of a warm

reception, even in the most remote alpine village. Indeed France is not an attractive country at any season of the year for a tourist who is partial to beautiful scenery; neither shall we find the vine replete with all the charms so liberally bestowed upon it by our northern imagination,—a field of hops presents a coup d'œil more stately, and quite as picturesque as a vineyard, and, when viewed from a distance, a field of waving corn is a far more beautiful object, in the landscape.

Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, is the most attractive town on the road between Strasburg and Paris, and well deserves the soubriquet of le petit Paris. The grand square is spacious, and well-built; the streets are wide and airy, terminating in handsome gates; there are also fountains, a good theatre, and an extensive well laid out park and pleasure ground, which altogether impart an air of grandeur and vivacity to Nancy, rarely found in the provincial towns of France; and, being a cheap residence, we cannot wonder to find it filled with English absentees. But those of my compatriots who may come here for the purpose of studying the French language, or perhaps with the intention of economizing time and labour, by endeavouring to learn two languages at once, will find, to their cost, that they have acquired neither; for, though we meet with abundance of French society, yet in Lorraine, as in Alsace, the Teutonians predominate, and a German patois is spoken by the great mass of the people.

I had, for my compagnon de voyage to Paris, a

worthy disciple of vive le carnage, or, as he called himself, a philosopher of the first revolution; and, notwithstanding the snow of age was scattered o'er his head, yet he had not lost one iota of his acrimony against royalty, religion, and rank. He denounced Louis Philip as a tyrant, at once perfidious, rapacious, and selfish; this was, however, but a small portion of his harangue, which consisted of little else than ridicule of religion, and a tissue of slander against the reigning family. The diadem of la belle France is assuredly a pretty toy; but, if we may judge from general report, and the care-worn countenances of the illustrious pair who now wield the destinies of that great country, it has conferred upon them a very small share of happiness. I remember, only a few years since, when his majesty, while Duke of Orleans, was the idol of France, and his amiable consort as popular as her numerous virtues deserved; may we not therefore say with the poet—

> "Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
> Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain,—
> Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
> And fickle as a changeful dream;
> Fantastic as a woman's mood,
> And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood;
> Thou many-headed monster thing,
> Oh! who would wish to be thy king?"

Perhaps the inhabitants of no two countries in Europe present a broader contrast to the observation of the

traveller than those of France and Germany, more especially the mercurial natives of Paris. This is particularly striking to the man who has resided some years in the latter country. The difference consists not so much in the manners, customs, and habits (though these are widely separated), as in the irritable, volatile temperament, and love of excitement apparent in the people; we see this not only pervading the literature, drama, and amusements, but the fine arts. If we wander through the galleries for the exhibition of the works of contemporary artists, we shall find that the favourite pictures—those which attract around them crowds of admirers—depict some of the most sanguinary scenes of the July revolution. Should we enter the salon, or the cabaret, we shall hear politics discussed with a frenzied vehemence, which would certainly create a doubt in the mind of a quiet Viennese, or even a loquacious Berliner, as to the perfect sanity of the speakers. Nor does the theatre redeem the national taste from the charge of a morbid passion for excitement; but, on the contrary, confirms it: for the dramatic pieces that draw the most crowded houses, are those which depict the very worst passions of our nature. The cause of all this is not difficult to discover,—the mass of the French people want religious principle, and its inseparable attendant, pure moral feeling. The churches are desolate, the clergy despised, and the press unfortunately lends itself to assist in demoralizing public opinion. This powerful engine could do more towards

purifying sentiment, and creating a taste for virtue, than could be effected by any other means. May we, therefore, hope that those who control its movements will be induced to make the attempt! We have the stronger ground for believing that such an intervention would be ultimately crowned with success, as the whole of the French nation render the deepest homage to literary talent.

APPENDIX.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ADDRESSED TO THE TRAVELLER.

It is not easy to explain why Germany is so little visited, and consequently so little known,—there are few countries more deserving attention, few more closely linked with interesting historical recollections, and romantic associations. Its latitude is also one of the most agreeable in Europe, the heat being no where oppressive, nor the cold severe—the most southern point is the Adriatic, and the most northern, the Island of Rugen, in the Baltic. In South Tyrol, and on the shores of the Adriatic, we find the fig and the olive, and in the self-same land we have corn ripe in June, and the grape in September. The fertile banks of the Rhine, the Maine, and the Neckar, offer the luxuriance of Italy: and the fame of their wines has spread throughout all lands. Swabia is the corn magazine of Switzerland, while Bohemia and Silesia furnish abundance to the mountain districts of Saxony, and the sandy deserts of Hanover and Prussia. Vast forests cover the high lands, abounding with game, and at the same time furnishing the inhabitants with plenty of fuel; and the mountains and Alps are not only rich in precious stones and rare botanical plants,

but present the traveller with what Switzerland has not—the most singular fantasies of nature, grottos, caverns, labyrinths of rocks, &c.; there are also glaciers, romantic lakes, noble rivers, cascades, &c., and in some parts of the country every hill is crowned with a ruined castle, imparting a still more picturesque character to the landscape.

Thus we have a country presenting all that can charm the eye, all that can gladden the imagination, together with numerous cities and towns, an intellectual people, and a fine peasantry, with their ever-varying costume,—a people particularly interesting to an Englishman, for, "In the manners of the Germans," says Blackstone, "lie concealed the springs of all our political institutions." And yet, while every part of France, Switzerland, and Italy, are industriously and perseveringly explored by English travellers in search of the picturesque, or novelty, scarcely one among the thousands who annually migrate to the mineral baths of Germany deviate from the high road, and when arrived at their destination, instead of visiting the sublime scenery by which they are generally surrounded, they confine their promenades to a region in which they inhale nothing but the impure air of fogs impregnated with sulphur (for nearly all the baths are either situated in a deep hollow, or narrow valley). Some lose their health, time and money at rouge et noir, and others pass the day at the Cursaal, for the purpose of display, admiration and gossip.

For the guidance of the traveller, we shall now proceed to point out the most interesting excursions in the immediate vicinity of the mineral baths of Germany. The springs of Nassau are surrounded by the Taunus mountains and the Westerwald. Those of Franconia, Bruckenau, Kissingen, and Boklet, by the Rhöngebirge, the fine forest of Spessart, the picturesque country of Thuringia with its innumerable ruined castles, and at no great distance are the Hartz mountains. Baden, in the

Grand Duchy of Baden, lies in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest, the valley of the Murg, the Cataract of the Rhine, and the lake of Constance. But perhaps none afford more delightful excursions than the mineral springs of Bohemia, Carlsbad, Töplitz, Liebwerda and Franzbrun, to which we may add Alexandersbad, not far distant from Egar; for within a few hours' journey of these we have the Böhmerwald, Saxon Switzerland, the Riesengebirge, with the labyrinth of rocks at Adersbach, together with the Fichtelgebirge, and the romantic grottos at Muggendorf, in Franconia.

But this is not all; for the traveller who may sail down the Danube from Ulm, or Ratisbon, passes through the finest river scenery to Vienna, from whence he may explore the alpine provinces of Austria to Trieste—return by the Tyrol, and visit the Gross Glockner, with the romantic mineral bath Wildbad-Gastein, on his way to Salsburg and Munich. Even the monotonous plains of North Germany are not without attraction: there is the far-famed Berlin, the pride of every Prussian; the fine old Hanseatic towns on the North Sea and the Baltic; the lakes of Holstein and Mecklenburg, and the picturesque island of Rügen.

We will assume that Germany is a delightful country for the tourist who is desirous of travelling for a few months. In order, therefore, to facilitate his progress, and render his tour agreeable, by obviating the inconveniences to which ignorance of its manners subjects a stranger in a foreign country, I shall now add a few observations, that I hope will be found useful, and which could not be introduced appropriately into the body of the work—the records penned by a traveller and the guide book being essentially different. Let us then suppose our traveller about proceeding to Germany, the preliminary step will, of course, be a passport. This may be obtained at the French ambassador's, if he intends to land at a French port; if at Rotterdam, from the Dutch; or if at

Ostend or Antwerp, from the Belgian; but he must remember that the passport given by the representative of the latter power will not admit him within the dominions of the King of Holland, in case he wishes to return home by Rotterdam. Should it be his intention to select Hamburgh, he must apply to the Consul of the Hanseatic towns; this, like all consular passports, must be paid for—those from ambassadors are given gratuitously. If, however, the traveller is desirous of avoiding future trouble, he will procure a passport from the Foreign Office, and get it countersigned by the representatives of all the powers through whose dominions he intends to pass; but most good things are expensive, and so is an English secretary-of-state's passport. If, therefore, on the contrary, he wishes to be economical, he must get his ambassador's passport countersigned at the first town where there is an English ambassador, and then by the representatives of the powers whose territories he designs to visit. It is also advisable not to specify any particular town, but to apply for a general permission to travel through their dominions; otherwise, if he is in Austria, he will not be allowed to move an inch beyond the town specified in the passport. I have been more explicit with regard to passports than many may deem necessary; but I have seen travellers exposed to so many difficulties and inconveniences, through unconscious informalities, that I am desirous of preventing these, if possible. In some instances, they have been obliged to retrace their steps, or remain under the surveillance of the police, while their passport was being sent to the nearest town in which an English ambassador resided, and there countersigned by the authorities.

The monetary system of Germany is even more tiresome than the passports. How often will the traveller wish that the commercial league, which has equalized the custom-house duties, had at the same time equalized the coin! but instead of this, we have in every new state a new coinage, of little or

no intrinsic value, called three and six kreutzer pieces, current only in the states which issue them. The money most eligible for the traveller, and by which he is certain not to lose, are ducats, louis d'or, friedrichs d'or; the dollar of Brabant (kronen-thaler), the conventional dollar (conventiones-thaler), rix-dollars, *i. e.* Prussian dollars, to which may be added the ten and twenty kreutzer pieces of Austria: with respect to the gold coins, we rarely find them in circulation,—they are to be had at bankers and money-changers, but an agio is charged.

The traveller, however, cannot consult his own convenience better, than by taking letters of credit for small sums from a London banker, by which means he will not be encumbered with a large amount in specie, nor subjected to the loss which always accrues on changing money. The circular bills of the Messrs. Hammersleys, Pall Mall, are extremely convenient, and their agents on the continent I always found to be highly respectable men. English sovereigns are becoming in more general circulation in those countries bordering the Rhine and the Hanseatic towns; but English bank-notes are never advisable, as most German bankers, except those residing in the ports, refuse them altogether.

In the German provinces of Austria, there are two sorts of money in general circulation, the one called guten-münze (conventional money), and the other most appropriately termed schein (delusive or false money); the latter is of little or no value out of these provinces. Both denominations are reckoned by guldens (florins): the former is worth about two shillings English, and the latter tenpence; and as the Austrians generally count in schein guldens, a traveller ignorant of the circumstance would probably not find some of the tradesmen sufficiently honest to explain the difference, should he by mistake pay his bills in guldens of guten-münze.

In Germany they reckon either by guldens, rix-dollars, or marks; in the former there are two conventional standards: that of Austria is twenty guldens, in which the pound sterling is worth ten guldens guten-münze, more or less, according to the rate of exchange, making in schein twenty-five guldens, while that of the standard of twenty-four guldens is universal throughout the whole of Bavaria, Franconia, Swabia, Hesse Darmstadt, Frankfort, and those countries bordering the Rhine [1]; in this latter standard the pound sterling is worth twelve florins, more or less. In Prussia, where they reckon by rix-dollars, it is worth six Prussian or rix-dollars, seventeen silver groschens, and ten pfennings, more or less. In Hamburg, Lubeck, &c., where they count by marks, its value is about fifteen marks banco.

Presuming that the traveller has satisfactorily arranged his passport and pecuniary affairs, he will in the next place select a steam-packet: to assist him in this, I have affixed at the foot of the page a list of those that regularly leave London for the continent [2].

[1] In the Prussian Rhenish provinces, the monetary system of that government has been introduced; hence they now count in rix-dollars and silver groschens.

[2] The General Steam Navigation Company's Packets leave London twice a week for Hamburg, with the mail, throughout the year; this voyage is usually accomplished in fifty hours: from that city to Lubeck the distance by land is only thirty-five English miles; and from thence the traveller may take another steam-boat to St. Petersburg or Copenhagen: the journey, by this route, from London to the Russian metropolis will only occupy about a week. To Rotterdam, the Company's Packets, with the mail, also sail twice a week, throughout the year; they have been built expressly for this station, as the extreme shallowness of the Rotterdam river renders vessels in general liable to run aground, an inconvenience from which these are by their peculiar construction exempt. To Calais and Boulogne three times a week in summer, and once a week in winter. To Ostend once a week; and to Antwerp twice a week in summer, and once a week in winter. Travellers going to Germany will find the Ant-

In Germany there are three modes of travelling,—posting, the eilwagen, and the lohn-kutcher; the two first are under the direction of the government, and well conducted: the eilwagen carries the mail, and journeys night and day at the rate of five miles an hour, including stoppages: the third, a carriage that travels the whole day with a pair of horses, is the most economical; and when a party of four persons engage the whole vehicle, agreeable enough; but the traveller must not be pressed for time, as they never perform more than between forty and fifty miles a day. In summer, it is rarely necessary to hire one of these carriages express, as they will be found returning daily from nearly all the great towns on the leading thoroughfares. These return vehicles may usually be seen standing opposite the principal hotels, with boards affixed, indicating the name of the town to which they are destined, and the day upon which they intend to depart: for these conveyances there is no fixed price, but a man who is adroit in making a bargain will never find them expensive; a single place for a day's journey ought not to exceed four florins, including trink-geld (douceur), and it would probably be much less. The drivers are exceedingly well conducted; during my extensive tour through Germany, I do not remember having seen one of them intoxicated or otherwise disorderly. But in making an arrangement with the drivers of these carriages, it is necessary for the traveller to receive a small sum

werp route the pleasantest, as they will pass through a beautiful country, and the fine towns of Malines, Louvain, Liege, Spa, Verviers, and Aix-la-Chapelle, to Cologne, thus avoiding the monotonous banks of the Rhine from Rotterdam to Cologne, and entering at once upon its finest scenery from the latter city to Mayence. Perhaps it may be necessary to add, that a steam-packet sets out every morning during summer from Cologne up the Rhine to Manheim. Every additional particular the traveller can require may be obtained at the General Steam Navigation Company's Office, 69, Lombard-street, and 37, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, London.

of money to make the agreement binding; he should also be careful to have every expense included in his bargain, otherwise he will be exposed to various trifling demands in addition.

With respect to hotels, the traveller had better always select the best; the masters of these are respectable men, who will not present him with a bill of double the amount they intend to take: the prices should seldom exceed the following, and in a good inn he will rarely find them less. For a sleeping room, from thirty-six to forty-eight kreutzers (one shilling to eighteenpence); breakfast, consisting of tea or coffee, with bread and butter, thirty-six kreutzers (one shilling); dinner at the table d'hôte, a gulden with wine (one shilling and eightpence); and supper à la carte, with the prices attached. At Frankfort, and most of the large towns of Baden, Bavaria, and Würtemberg, the prices are such as I have specified.

It is not customary in Germany for the traveller to make a specific agreement with the hotel-keepers, as is the practice in Italy and France, except when he is served in his own apartment; then, if he wishes to be economical, he had better order his dinner from the bill of fare of the house, as the Germans set a high value upon any extra labour. A douceur (trinkgeld) given to the principal waiter will suffice for the remaining servants of the household, as it is divided among them. The hausknecht, *i. e.* ostler and boots, not being included, must receive a separate gratuity.

In the character for honesty which truth obliges me to give the German innkeepers, I must especially except nearly all those on the banks of the Rhine, who appear to regard an Englishman with the same sort of feeling as the robber-knight of the middle ages, intrenched in his Rhenish stronghold, did a wealthy citizen of the Hanse towns; for I have frequently met with Englishmen, who complained of being charged for a single bed by the night, five, six, or even seven shillings, and

every article of refreshment equally exorbitant. We can sometimes hardly wonder at the impositions practised on the banks of the Rhine, when we remember the multitudes of our countrymen who annually migrate thither, totally unacquainted with the language, customs, coinage, &c., of the country; and who, merely stealing a few weeks' suspension from the cares of the counting-house, take a sum of money, with the determination of expending the whole on a tour of the Rhine. This class of persons I have frequently seen travelling, whose proficiency in foreign languages was limited to a few phrases from a French vocabulary; and who, when the bill was delivered, gave their purse to the host, to pay himself, to the great amusement of the more prudent and economical German, who marvelled much at the folly, credulity, or *spleen*, of the English.

But to return to the hotels of Germany, the traveller must bear in mind, that the prices I have specified, supposes that he conforms to the German hours, for, if he dines in his own apartment, at an hour when the servants are preparing supper, he must expect to pay high for disarranging the economy of the household; as, by so doing, he provokes the ill-humour of the master and his domestics, which the landlord will not forget when making out the bill! In parts of Bavaria and Austria, particularly the latter, the charges are still more reasonable than those I have mentioned; but, if the traveller journeys through Saxony, or Prussia, his expenses will increase as he advances, yet his accommodations be considerably worse: and, when he arrives at Berlin, he will find the hotels quite as dear as those of London, without their comforts and conveniences. Tea, so indispensable to the comfort of many Englishmen, is often badly made in Germany, as the natives, not content with the natural taste, flavour it with cinnamon and lemon peel: the traveller would therefore do wisely to infuse it himself.

The map which accompanies the work is from the latest authorities; it indicates not only the great leading routes, but many of the bye-roads, particularly those to the remote mineral baths, which do not usually appear in a map of Germany: the traveller will also find the Alps and mountain ranges, while the names of the principal towns are given in German and English; and should he follow the routes I have taken, it may be as well to add, that the distances mentioned in the work have been computed either in German leagues (*i. e.* stundens), or German miles, two of the former making one of the latter; and if he wishes to know the exact relative proportion between this and the English mile, fifteen German miles make one geographical degree; a degree being sixty-nine and a half English miles, which, divided by fifteen, gives four and five-eighths, consequently one German mile is equal to four miles five-eighths English.

Having already adverted to the different modes of travelling en voiture, we will next offer a few hints for the consideration of the pedestrian tourist. This way of travelling, in a mountainous country, is unquestionably very healthy; the gentle exercise, the pure air, the beautiful scenery, the plain food with which he is obliged to be contented, all tend to renovate the frame, and brace the nerves; consequently a pedestrian is generally in good health during his tour: the inequality of the ground, sometimes hill and sometimes dale, calls into action the different muscles of the limbs, hence we never experience the fatigue and lassitude felt in walking over a plain: besides, a pedestrian is at liberty to pause wherever he pleases, and to examine the most trifling object; he relishes the coarsest food, and the most indifferent bed is equal to one of down. Long walks before breakfast are never advisable, as the fogs and mists of a mountainous country are then very pernicious; for, although the song of the early bird, the dew-bespangled grass, the splendour of the sun-rise, and the wreathing mountain

mists, all sound well, and though it is certainly desirable to advance as far as possible on our route before the noon-day heat, yet the traveller should never neglect taking some slight refreshment previous to setting out,—he will afterwards relish, with greater zest, a more solid repast. Even the experienced traveller, accustomed to regard diet with indifference, ought not to disdain anticipating his wants. For this purpose, he should be provided with a well-filled sandwich box, and a flask of brandy, as he will find this, diluted with cold water, a very refreshing beverage, and far preferable to wine; these, for the sake of convenience, should be slung across the shoulders à la militaire; perhaps a little tea would be also advisable, for he is certain to find bread, sugar, and milk, in the most remote districts.

The dress of the traveller must likewise engage some portion of his attention: it ought not to be heavy, but yet adapted to protect him, in some degree, from the changes in the weather; for this purpose I should recommend a jacket, made of some light woollen fabric, trowsers of a similar material, and cloth button boots, which at the same time support the ankles, and prevent the entrance of gravel; his broad-brimmed hat may be straw, or any other manufacture of that description, with an oiled silk cover for wet weather; a German reise-kittel (linen blouse) will shelter him from the dust, and a Mackintosh from the rain,- the latter ought not to be worn except when absolutely necessary, as it obstructs porous circulation. With such a costume an umbrella is unnecessary; but a mountain-staff, some eight or ten feet long, with the horn of a chamois firmly fastened at one end, and the other shod with iron, will be found extremely serviceable, when it is requisite to spring over rivulets, or to climb the precipitous sides of rocks, as, by fixing it in the brushwood above, the summit may be easily attained.

When ascending the Alps, it would be desirable for the

guide to carry additional warm clothing, together with plenty of provisions; and our tourist must provide himself, for these excursions, with mountain shoes, which may be procured at all the Alpine villages.

In warm weather, a pedestrian generally experiences great inconvenience from blistered feet; this can be effectually prevented by placing, every morning, before he sets out, löschpapier (blotting-paper), soaked in brandy, cut the shape of the sole, inside the shoe, in the same manner as we see lamb's-wool soles used by invalids, only that they must be somewhat larger, so as partially to cover the foot. By adhering daily to this practice, I have frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a day, without feeling the slightest annoyance, and that when the thermometer was twenty-four degrees of Reaumur. Might not this be adopted with advantage in the army? The feeling of fatigue, consequent on a long day's journey, will be relieved by bathing the joints and feet with warm red wine. Weinhefen (yeast of wine) is still more efficacious, when it can be obtained: indeed, apart from all consideration for tourists, this is a favourite, and really valuable remedy, much used in wine countries, for debility of the limbs.

It is scarcely necessary to expatiate on the advantages of recommendatory letters; one of the best introductions in German society is a title; and, let not the traveller neglect to display at the soirées the ribbons of any order he may happen to possess, for it does not enter into the comprehension of many a German, accustomed as he is in his own country to such a profusion of honours, that a man can be a gentleman who only prefixes plain Mr. to his name; and, even though the lord of thousands of acres, yet, without a title, Mr. Common-council-man would be received with greater distinction. Still, whether provided with, or destitute of introductory letters, he may generally rely confidently on the good offices of Germans, if they are courteously solicited. I have

invariably found them anxious to minister, in every way, to the comfort and amusement of the stranger; and no Englishman can long reside among them without estimating, at their full value, the moderation, industry, honesty, and truth of the Germanic people.

THE END.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

00085911

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016